VOGUE

60c

DECEMBER

This is the month:

to give
something dashing

to wear
something devastating

to see
beauty unseen before

to keep
your looks about you

to hear
some masters of music — at home

to read
something memorable

to strike
a more-art than-money find

to have
the year's best parties

The ways are all in this December issue of Vogue

®MUTATION MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION American mink—world's finest

Virginia Thoren

PREREQUISITE FOR GREATNESS: AMERICAN **EMBA**® BRAND

Almost incredible, that a fur could be as beautiful as this prize from America: LUTETIA® brand, EMBA® natural gunmetal mutation mink, matched only by its profound shaping and tailoring. Dress—Christian Dior, New York Jewels—Harry Winston

"LUXURY FURS"

J. Weinig & son

333 7th AVENUE, NEW YORK

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Jasmine® brand, Emba® natural white mutation mink

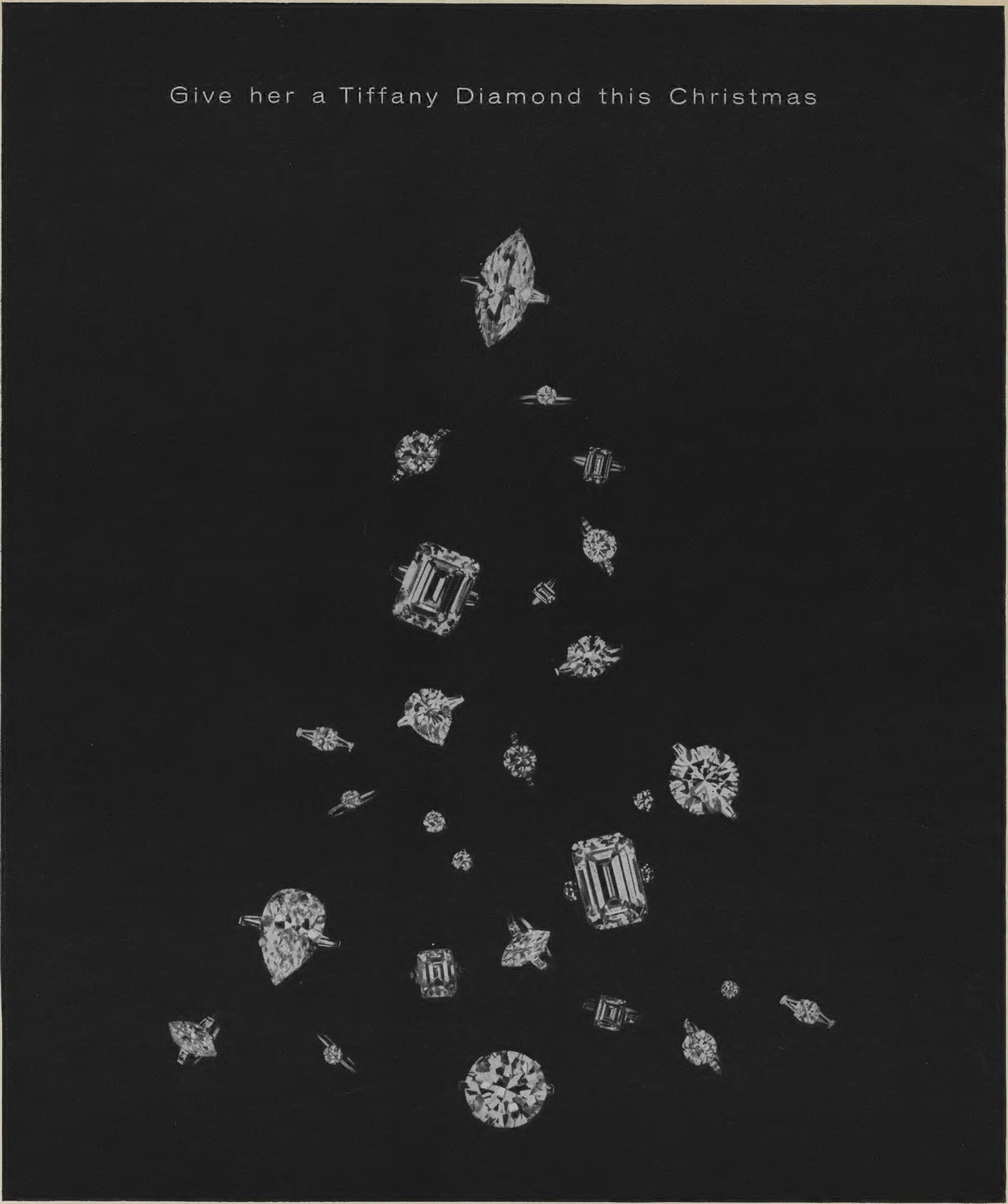
®MUTATION MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION American mink—world's finest

Evening hair-bow by Halston of Bergdorf Goodman

Virginia Thoren

The great fur highlights the Season: JASMINE® brand, EMBA® natural white mutation mink, designed by EMERIC PARTOS and custom-made in our own fur workrooms.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET


Give her a Tiffany Diamond this Christmas

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK

VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

DECEMBER 1960

COVER

PENN

Something-devastating to wear—tear-shaped emeralds, getting the drop on a magnificent necklace of leafy diamond links. Diamond and emerald earrings; jewelled, rose-coloured opera glasses (for viewing, perhaps, the dazzling rose-coloured dress in *Manon Lescaut*). Necklace and earrings by Schlumberger of Tiffany. Opera glasses by Fabergé, from À La Vieille Russie. Coiffure by Kenneth of Lilly Daché; the colour—where brown comes into its rich, chestnutty own—by Clairol.

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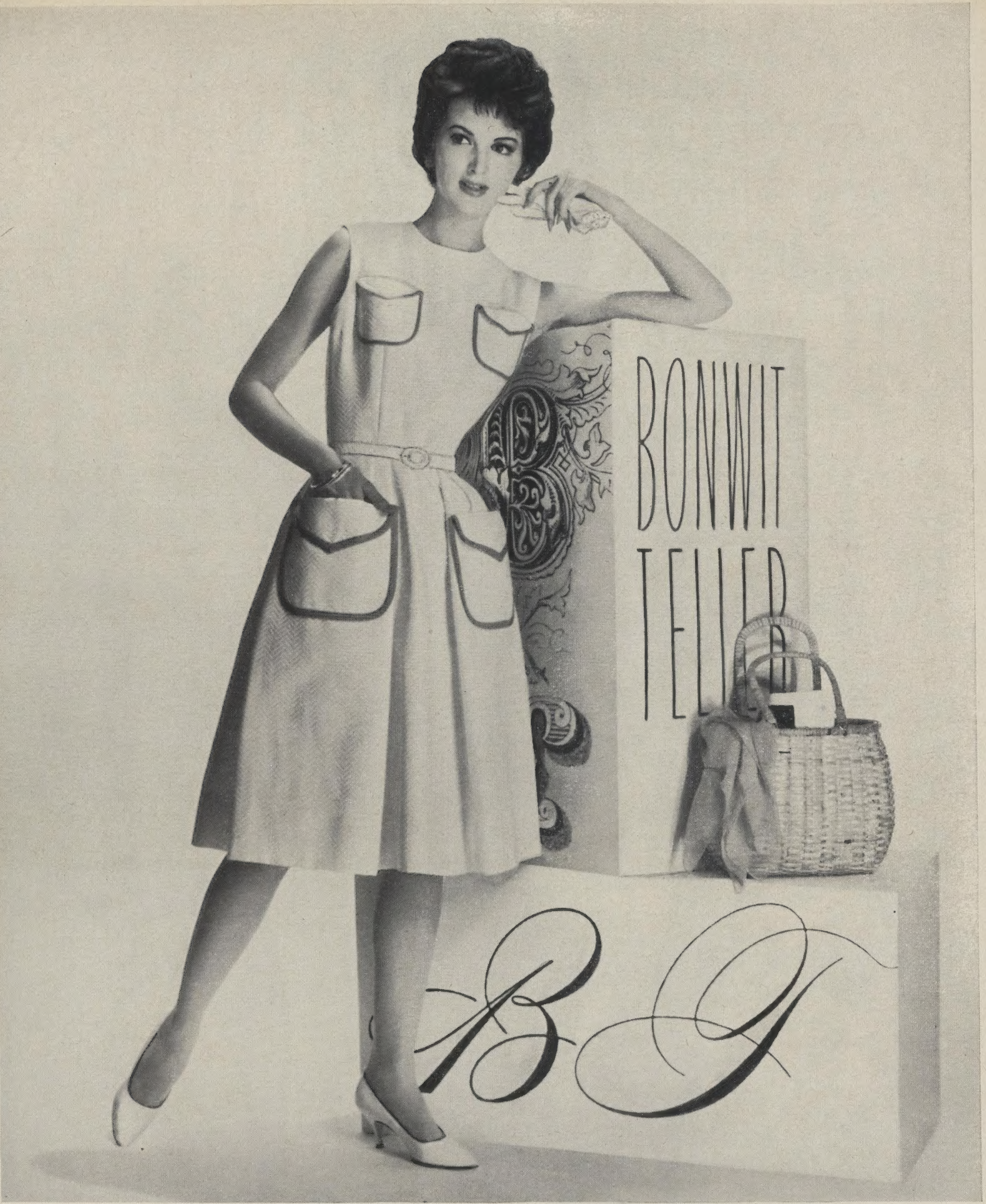
CRESCENDO

the new fragrance by Lanvin

LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE



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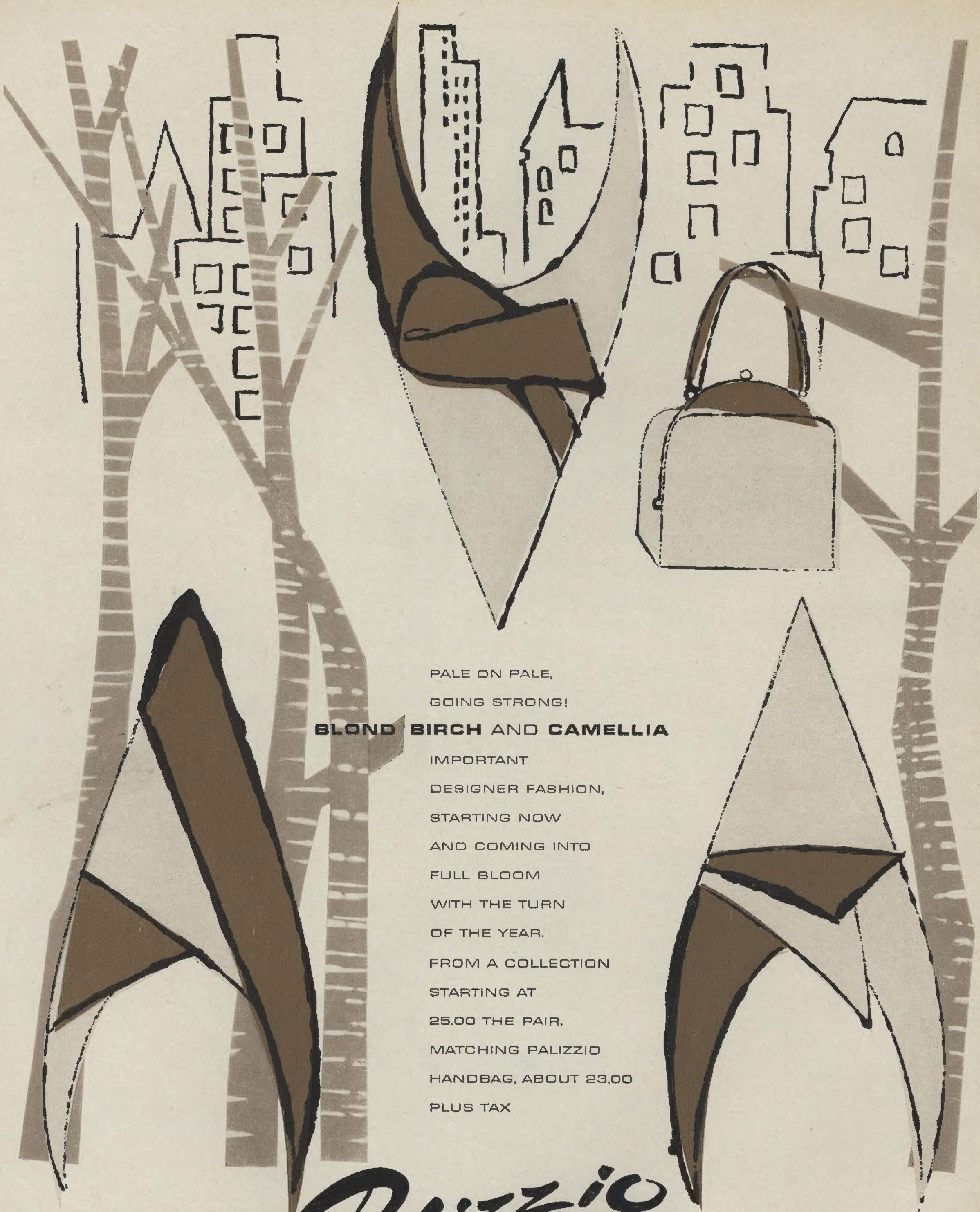

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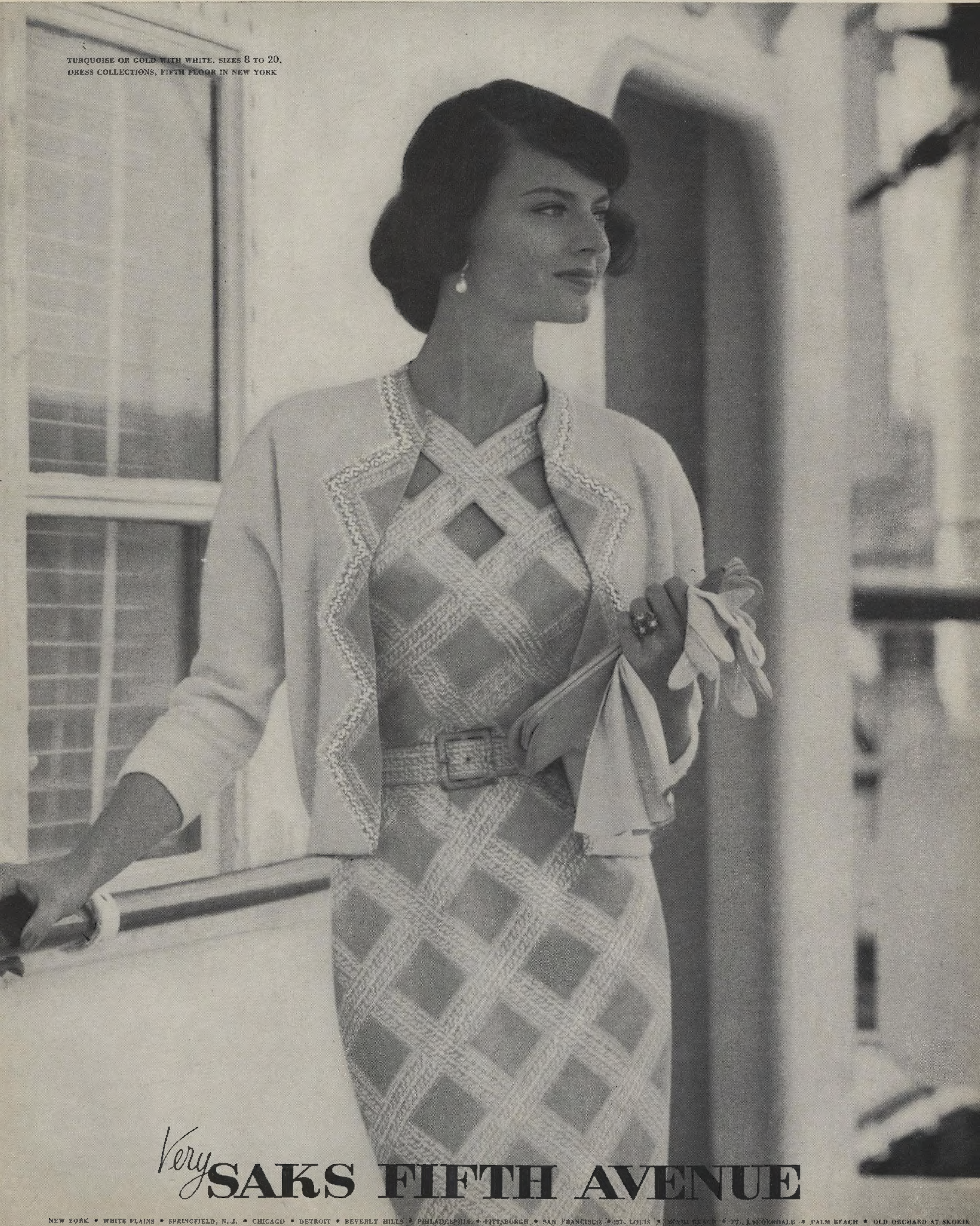

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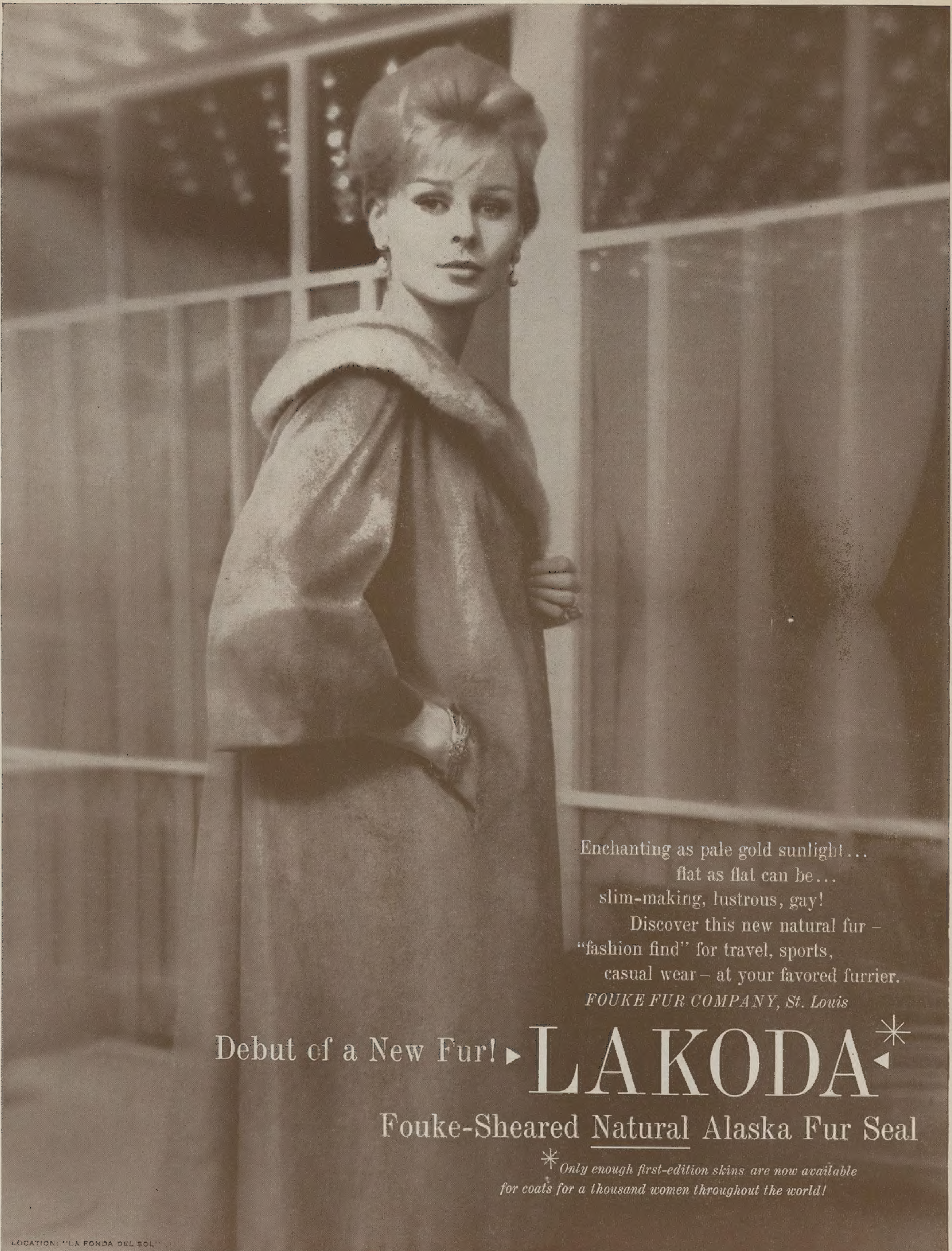

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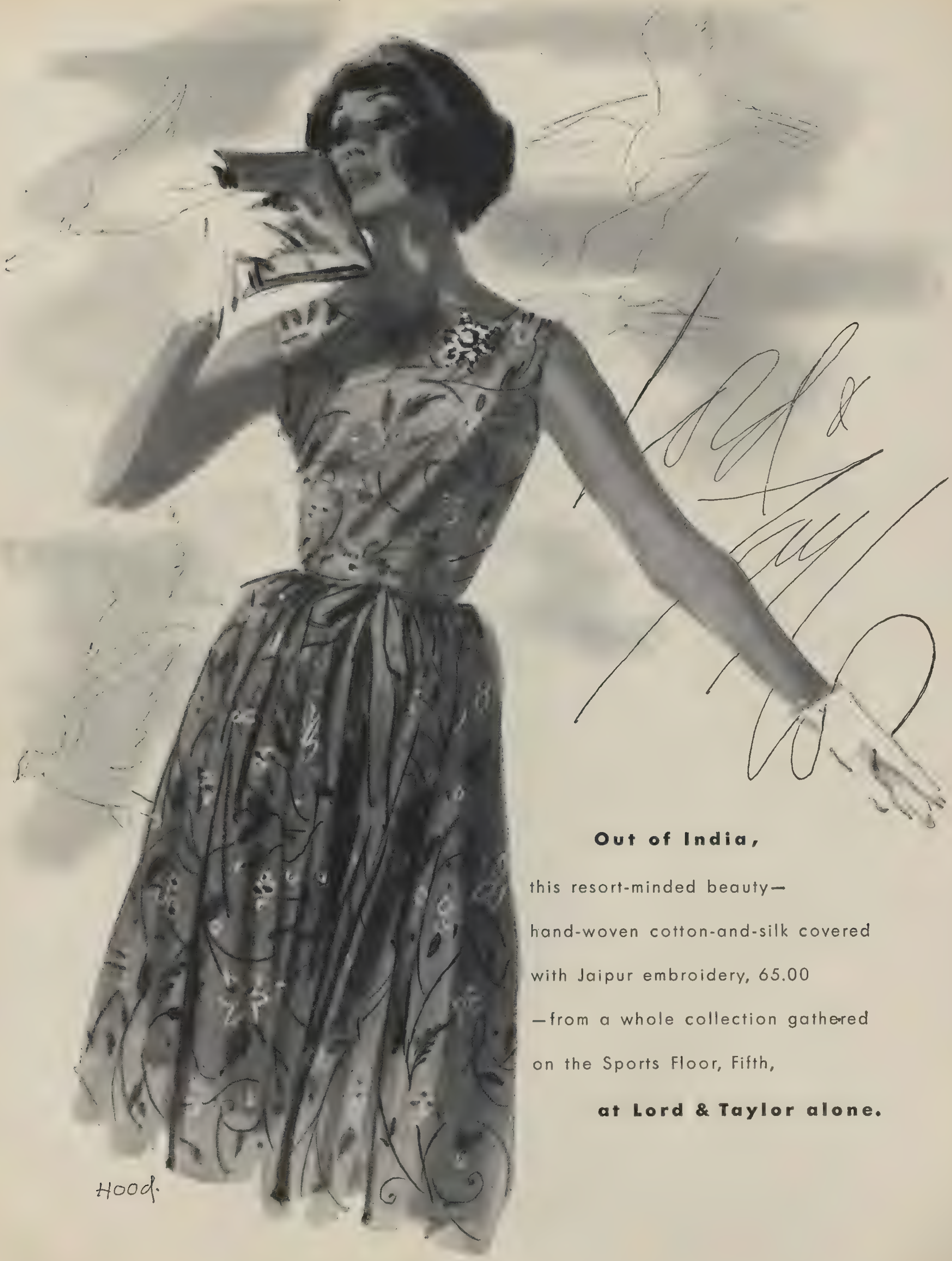

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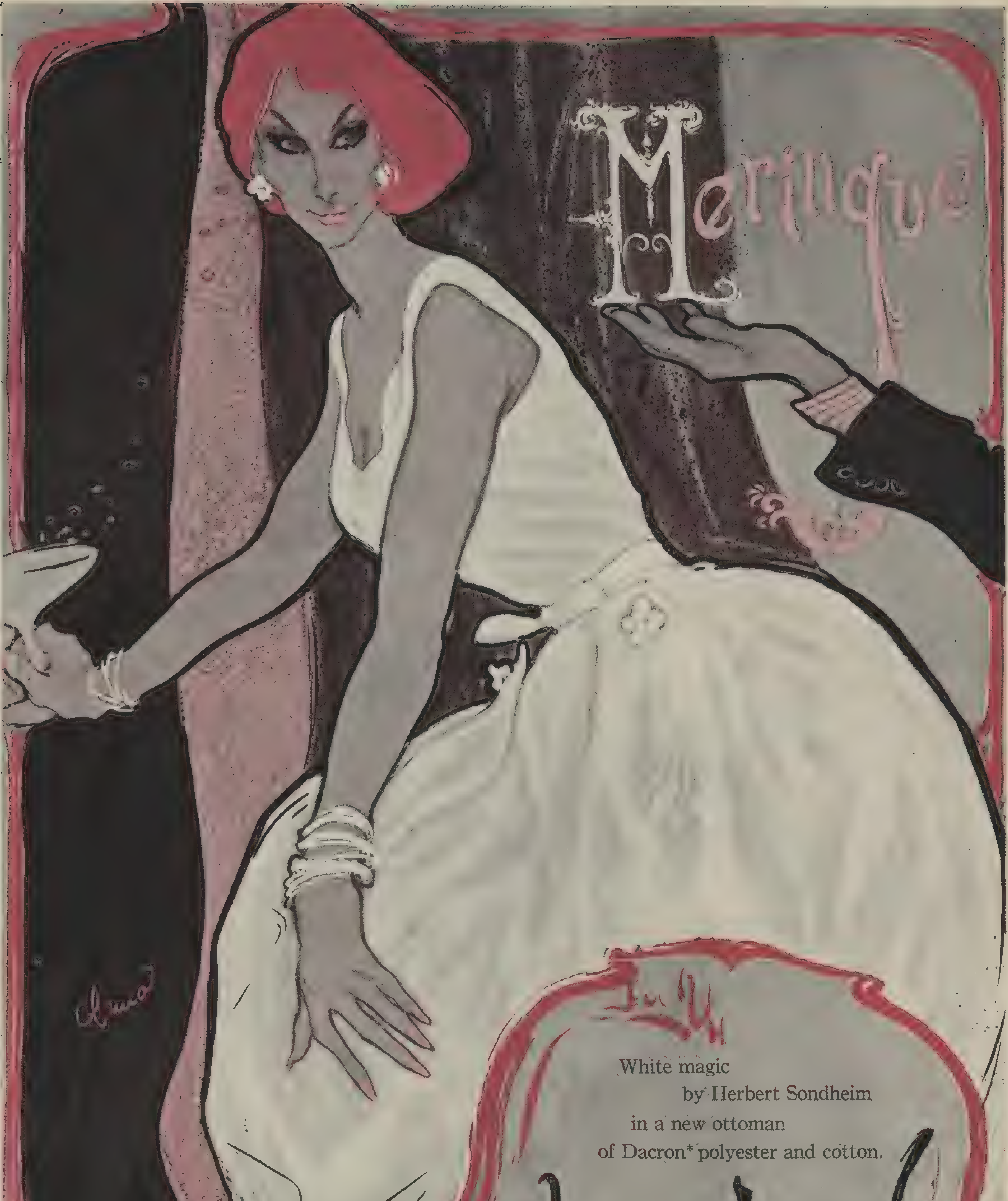
TURN TO PAGE 184 FOR STORES IN OR NEAR YOUR CITY.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of Dacron* polyester and cotton.

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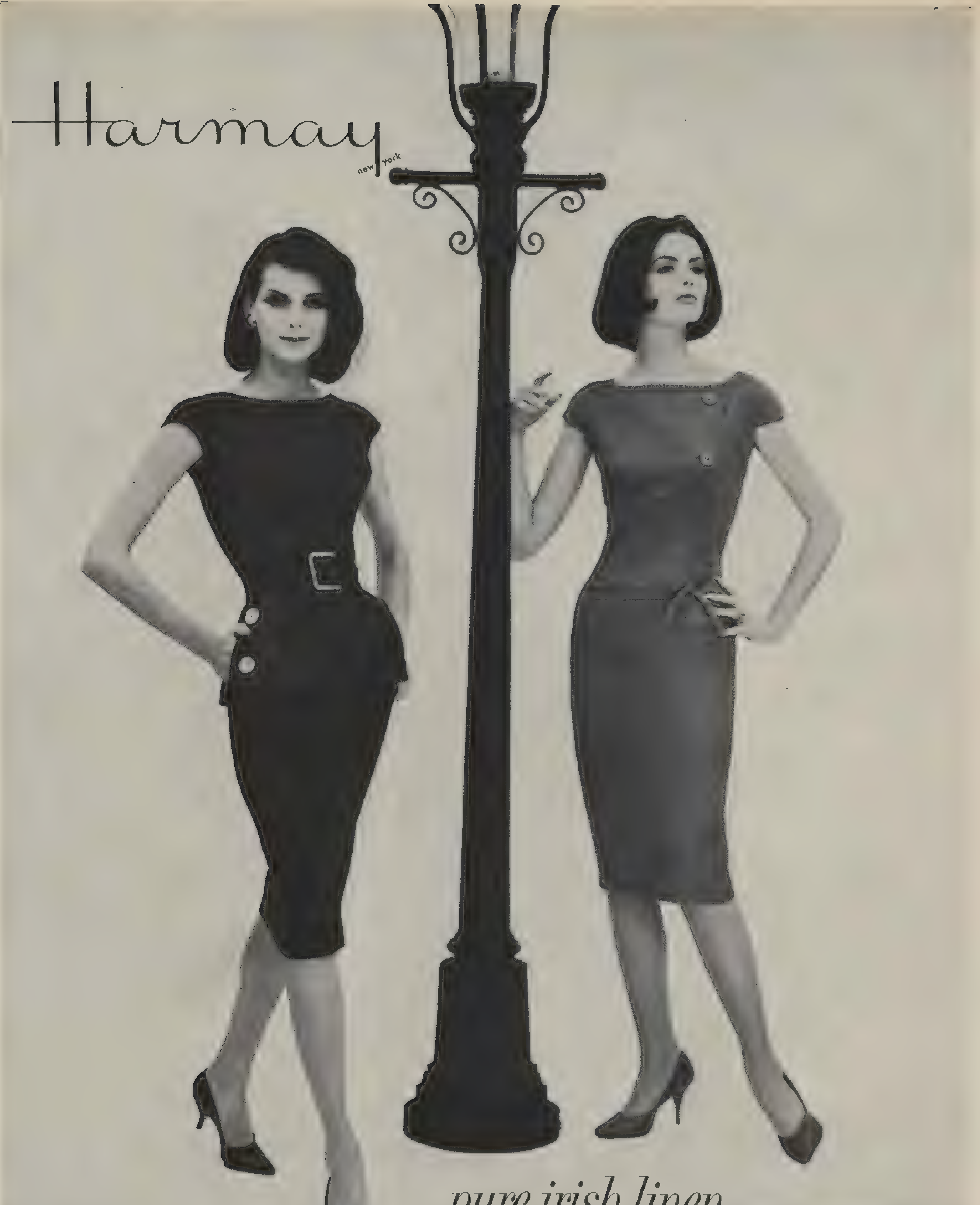

Harmay
new york
pure irish linen by Irish Looms Associates

Left: navy, suntan, cornflower, white. Right: red, powder, navy, cornflower. Best & Co., New York/J. P. Allen, Atlanta/Burdines, Miami/Hutzler Bros., Baltimore/Jordan Marsh, Boston/Joske, San Antonio/Levy's, Memphis/I. Magnin Co., all stores/ Gus Mayer Co., all stores/Ruth McCulloch Shop, Evanston and Winnetka/Millers, Chattanooga/Millers, Knoxville/Montaldos, all stores/Al Rosenthal, Oklahoma City/B. Siegel Co., Detroit/Stewart Dry Goods, Louisville/Young Quinlan Co., Minneapolis

IF YOU CAN ONLY TAKE OFF YOUR MAKE-UP ONCE A DAY...

One of these night-time cleansers is wrong for you...one is right...

Do you know how to choose?

Revlon
PINK
'clean
AND
clear'
THE GREASELESS
CLEANSING LOTION
FOR COMPLEXION MAGIC

ANSWER THESE 9 QUESTIONS (be very honest, please) and find the perfect cleanser your skin needs.

1. Are you frequently bothered with a shiny nose? YES ☐ NO ☐
2. Do you have little lines around the eyes? YES ☐ NO ☐
3. Is your skin susceptible to blackheads? YES ☐ NO ☐
4. Does your skin feel taut and tense? YES ☐ NO ☐
5. Does sun seem to help your skin? YES ☐ NO ☐
6. Would your skin dry up without a night cream? YES ☐ NO ☐
7. Have you noticed coarse, enlarged pores? YES ☐ NO ☐
8. Does your skin seem sluggish and unable to throw off impurities? YES ☐ NO ☐
9. Do rich foods make your skin break out? YES ☐ NO ☐

If you have more 'yes' answers than 'no' answers you should use Pink 'Clean and Clear.'

If you have more 'no' answers than 'yes' answers you should use White 'Clean and Clear'.

The most important moment of the day for your complexion is the thorough clean-up before you go to bed.

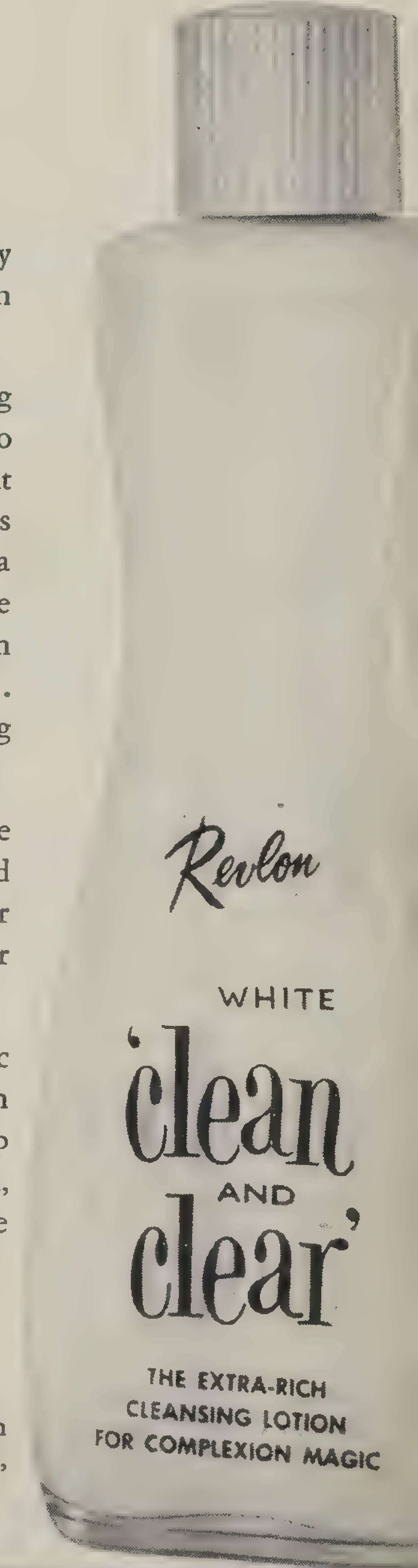
That's when you *must* get off dirt, flaking skin and the new clinging make-ups so your skin will be free to breathe all night long. And the very best way to do it is with 'Clean and Clear' because it is a light liquid that melts deeper into the skin . . . scientifically removes foreign matter . . . and rinses or tissues off . . . without enlarging the pores, or making your skin look coarse and old.

Use all the make-up you need, but be *sure* your bedtime cleanser is 'Clean and Clear' . . . and you'll find your skin never felt so clean . . . your complexion never looked so clear!

Visit your favorite Revlon Cosmetic Counter for expert advice on complexion care, as well as any other make-up problem you may have. No obligation, of course . . . except the one you owe yourself!

PINK 'CLEAN AND CLEAR'*
New greaseless lotion that treats as it cleanses by carrying purifying hexachlorophene into your pores.
**also available in a new plastic bottle*

WHITE 'CLEAN AND CLEAR'
Moisturize as you cleanse. Watch your skin change day by day to a younger-looking, fresher complexion.



'CLEAN AND CLEAR' by Revlon . . . Scientific cleansing formulas for a woman's delicate skin chemistry.

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Invitation to Elegance

Cartier

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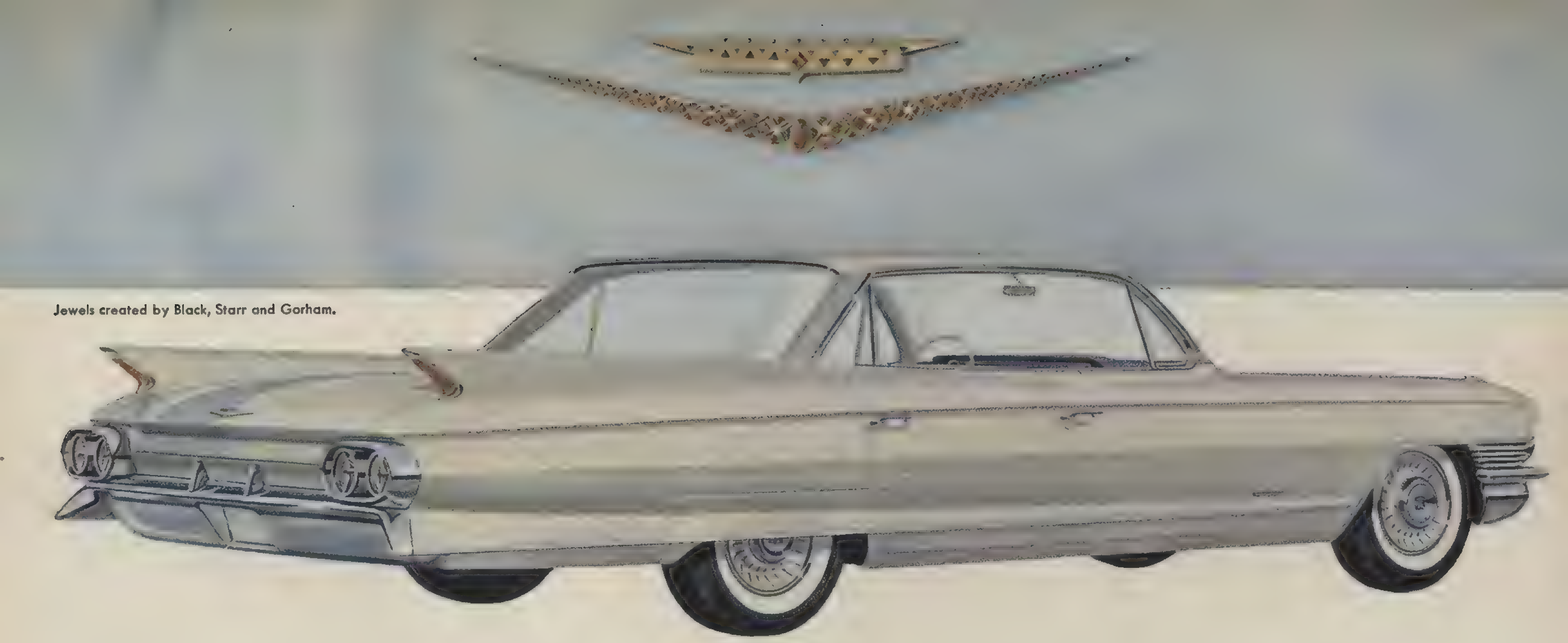

Jewels created by Black, Starr and Gorham.

It will be a lucky lady indeed who welcomes a new 1961 Cadillac into her life. The car is consummately beautiful. Its interiors are spacious and luxurious as never before. And it is wondrously smooth, quiet and agile in motion. Driver or passenger, she will find that in a very real way it notably enriches the hours of every day. Why not discuss the possibility of a new Cadillac with your family? You might just be that lucky lady.

Cadillac

CADILLAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Opera Gown and Cape by Norman Norell, photographed at the San Francisco Opera House

In this bottle there is romance, excitement and 'Bon Voyage'

BON VOYAGE: A DAZZLING NEW PERFUME IMPORTED FROM FRANCE.

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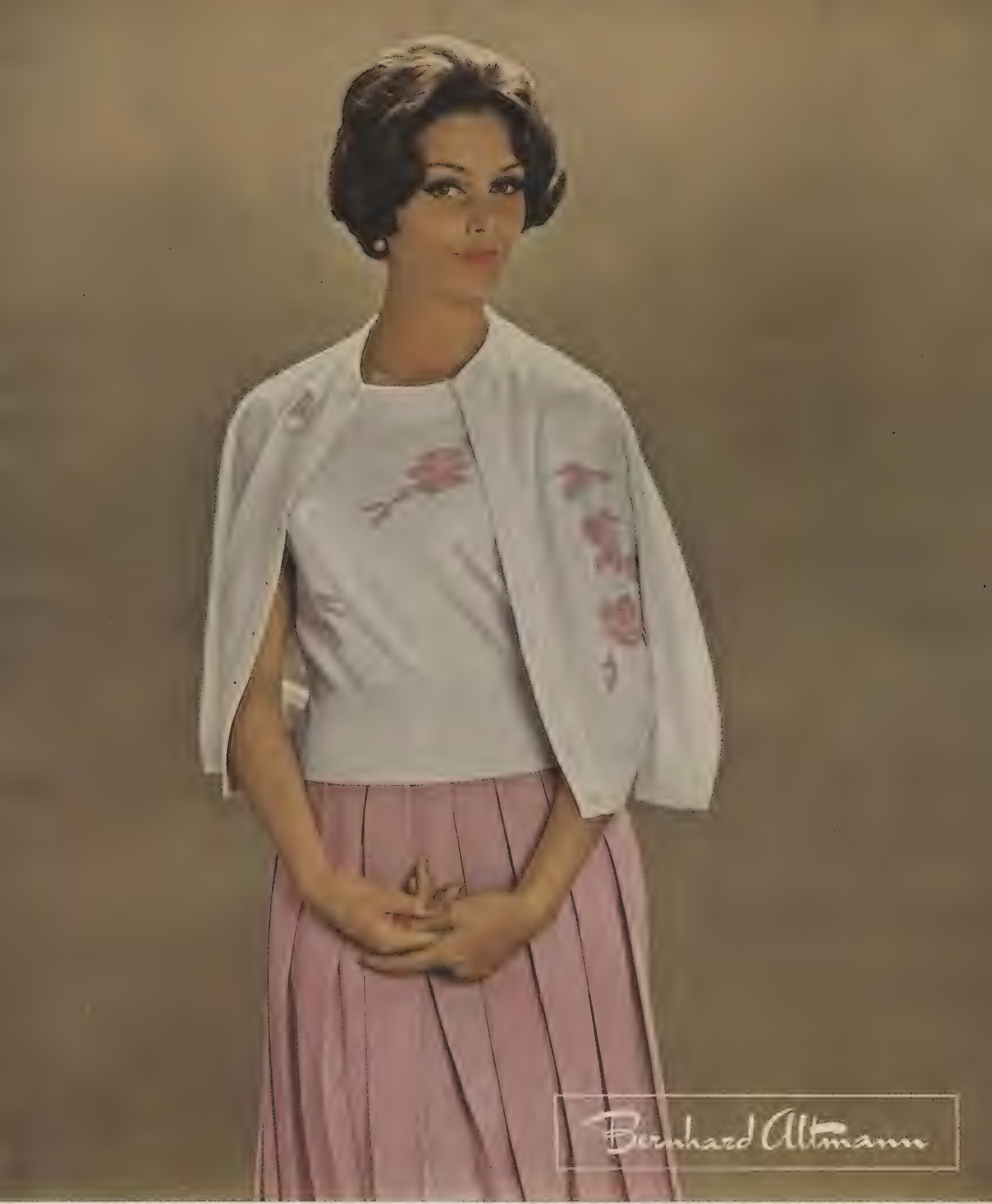
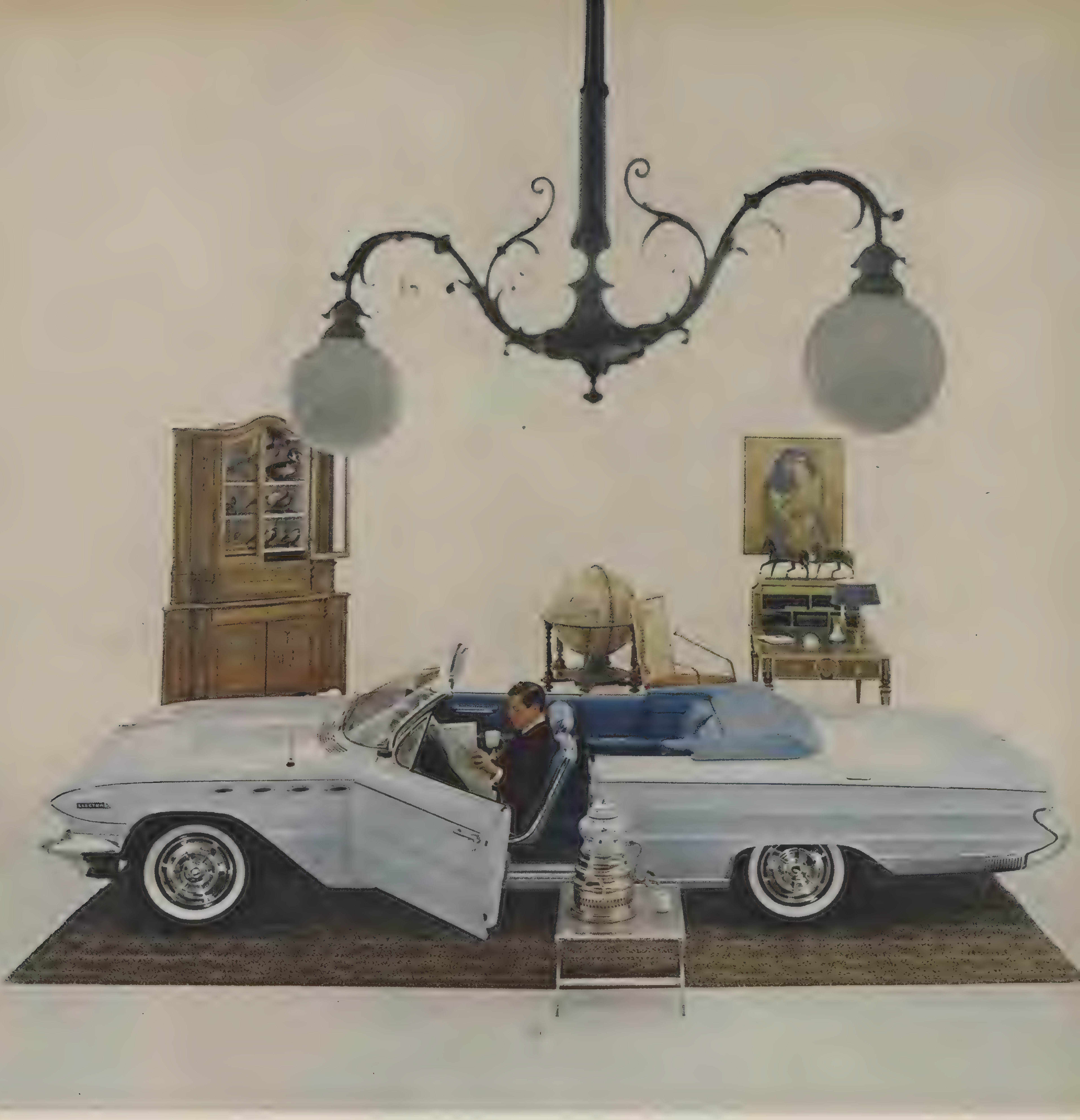


The important cashmeres come from Bernhard Altmann. The fully fashioned Intarsia pullover with scoop neckline, cap sleeves. About $30. Matching Intarsia cardigan. About $35. White with blush pink; light blue, amethyst or blush pink with white intarsia. Designed by Edita Kertis. Sizes 34 to 40. Matching pure wool worsted box-pleated skirt. Sizes 8 to 18. About $20. At Best & Co., N. Y.; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Titche-Goettinger, Dallas; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc., St. Louis; Raleigh Haberdasher Inc., Washington, D. C., or for the store nearest you write: Bernhard Altmann, 100 West 40 Street, New York 18, New York.



Note to interior decorators:

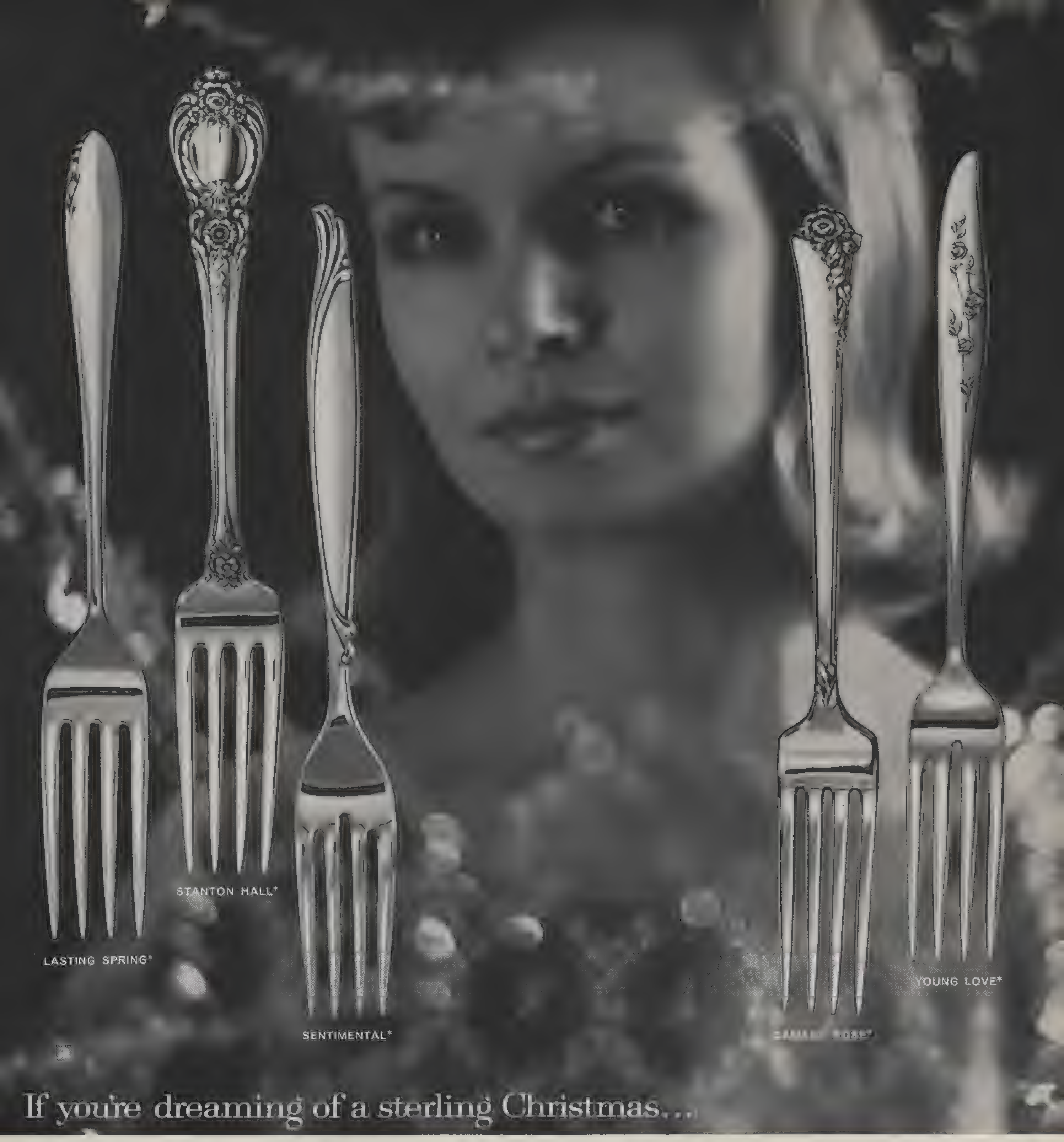
It takes a lot to make a man give up his favorite living room chair. But, as you can see, this year Buick has done it.

Will this start a trend in interior decor?

Possibly . . . for folks as serious about their comfort as the fellow above. He found out that Buick's new Comfort Zone is the last word in living room luxury. Softer, wider seats. Thicker cushioning for the man in the middle. Better seat height. More stretchout room up, down, all around. Flatter floors. Wider, lower doorways. All floating on Buick's new Control Arm suspension for a ride that's pure dreamsville.

And, if this *should* start a trend, who could object? For, thanks to its Clean Look of action, the '61 Buick looks as good as it feels. Come on in. The sitting's great—and wait'll you try this beauty for go! Buick Motor Division—General Motors Corporation.

full size '61 BUICK


LASTING SPRING*
STANTON HALL*
SENTIMENTAL*
DAMASK ROSE*
YOUNG LOVE*
If you're dreaming of a sterling Christmas...

...choose your Heirloom pattern now!

Think of it! This may be the Christmas when you'll hold your *own* Heirloom* Sterling in your hands! Maybe you've already chosen your pattern. If not, study the five patterns shown. Look how graceful they are—their modern simplicity touched by lovely detail! Whichever Heirloom pattern you choose, it will stay fresh and beautiful for a lifetime—for sterling actually grows *more* beautiful the more you use it. Let this be your Heirloom Sterling Christmas! 4-piece place setting $26.50. Federal tax included. Ask your favorite sterling dealer to tell you *how you can save on complete services* for 4, 8 or 12.

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WONDERFUL
WONDERFUL

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Lady Manhattan, a division of
The Manhattan Shirt Company,
1407 Broadway, New York 18.

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RICH'S, ATLANTA
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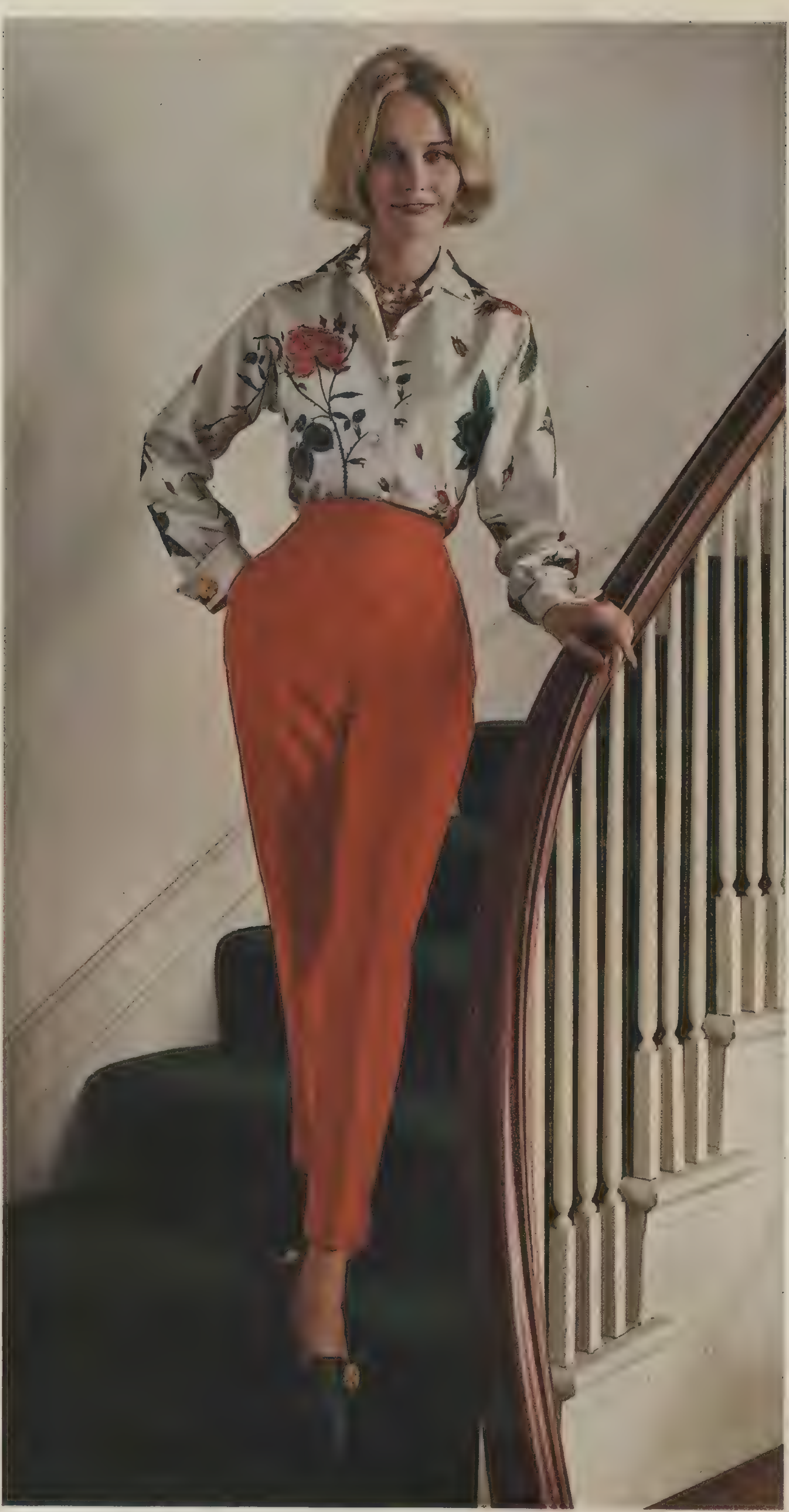

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PARFUM
intimate
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American Viscose Corporation makes Avron rayon. Norman Wiatt, 124 East Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles, California, makes the dress.

Norman Wiatt designed the perfect answer for resort-spring wear in a marvelous blend of Avron® rayon. The fabric is "Sinhue" created by CROWN FABRICS by combining Dacron® polyester and Avron rayon, the high strength Avisco fiber. This casual shirt-waist dress has just a touch of tucking and embroidery, and unpressed pleated skirt and self belt. Such a pleasure to wear, so easy to care for. Sizes 8 to 18. Orange, Blue, Avocado, Coffee, Navy. About $25.00. *Available at: Best & Co., New York City; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Frank R. Jelleff, Washington, D.C.; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Meacham's, Fort Worth.*

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This is the pattern that traces its history back to 15th century Venice, when a beautiful young bride was given the first Rose Point veil. Wallace fashions it in solid sterling as delicately traced as the original. Twirl a piece in your hand and see the pattern wind round the stem. This is a Wallace exclusive. Extra hand-crafted steps make it the only silver that's sculptured all around.
4-piece place-setting, $26.50
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FIVE FOR THE BUFFET TABLE

Nothing—with the exception of a good maid—helps a luncheon hostess more than food that need not be served at table. Here, five recipes that might cover the buffet situation on help-less afternoons. Two are from Dione Lucas, who wrote *The Cordon Bleu Cook Book;* one is from Mrs. Howell Howard, a New York hostess, one from the catering files of Chez Vous of New Orleans, and one from the restaurant in Hutzler Brothers, the Baltimore department store.

QUICHE LORRAINE

From Dione Lucas

2 cups flour
2 hard-boiled egg yolks
4 raw egg yolks
5 heaping tablespoons fat
½ teaspoon dry mustard
Salt
1 teaspoon paprika
4 tablespoons grated cheese
5 slices bacon
2 whole eggs
1 cup cream
Cayenne pepper

Put the flour on a slab, make a well in the centre, and put in the strained, hard-boiled egg yolks. Add 3 of the raw egg yolks, fat, mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, paprika, and 2 tablespoons grated cheese. Work centre ingredients to a smooth paste. Work in the flour and roll out—not too thick. Line a flan ring with waxed paper and the pastry, sprinkle with rice and bake 20 minutes at 350° F. Remove and fill with the following: cook finely shredded bacon until crisp; in the meantime, beat 2 whole eggs and 1 egg yolk in a bowl. Add cream, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, salt, cayenne pepper, crisp bacon, and bacon fat. Fill the tart and put to set for 15 minutes in a slow oven. Serve hot.

CRÊPES NIÇOISES

From Dione Lucas

4 tablespoons flour
1 egg
1 egg yolk
1 tablespoon oil
½ cup milk
Salt and pepper
Cayenne pepper
5 or 6 sliced mushrooms
Large lump butter
¾ cup shredded cooked chicken
  (veal, ham, or tongue may be used)
3 chopped eggs
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
3 or 4 tablespoons sour cream
Grated cheese

Place the flour, egg, egg yolk, oil, 4 tablespoons of milk, salt, and cayenne pepper in a bowl, and beat until smooth. Add enough milk to reduce the mixture to the consistency of thin cream. Cool half an hour in refrigerator. Sauté the mushrooms in butter. Add chicken, veal, ham, or tongue, the chopped eggs, parsley, salt, pepper, and sour cream. Cook a few minutes; keep it warm.

Remove the batter from refrigerator. If too thick, add a little milk. Heat a small pancake pan and grease it with a little hot butter or oil. Cover the bottom with a very thin coating of batter. Brown on one side, turn, and brown the other. Cook remaining batter in same way.

Place a spoonful of filling in the middle of each pancake. Fold over, and arrange, overlapping, on a hot serving dish. Pour over 3 tablespoons melted butter, sprinkle with grated cheese, and brown under the broiler.

This recipe is good for using up cold chicken, ham, veal, or tongue, and the batter may be made ahead and kept ready in the refrigerator.

FRIED CHICKEN VIENNESE

From Mrs. Howell Howard

Cut large chicken in sections; wash and dry thoroughly. Dip the pieces in slightly beaten egg, and then in fine bread crumbs. Brown slowly, in half butter and half Crisco, in a heavy frying pan.

(Continued on page 40)

ERRATUM

Vogue regrets that the pepper pots shown on page 137 of the November 15 issue were described incorrectly as silver-plated. They are sterling silver, by International, $18.50 a pair (tax included) at Plummer's.

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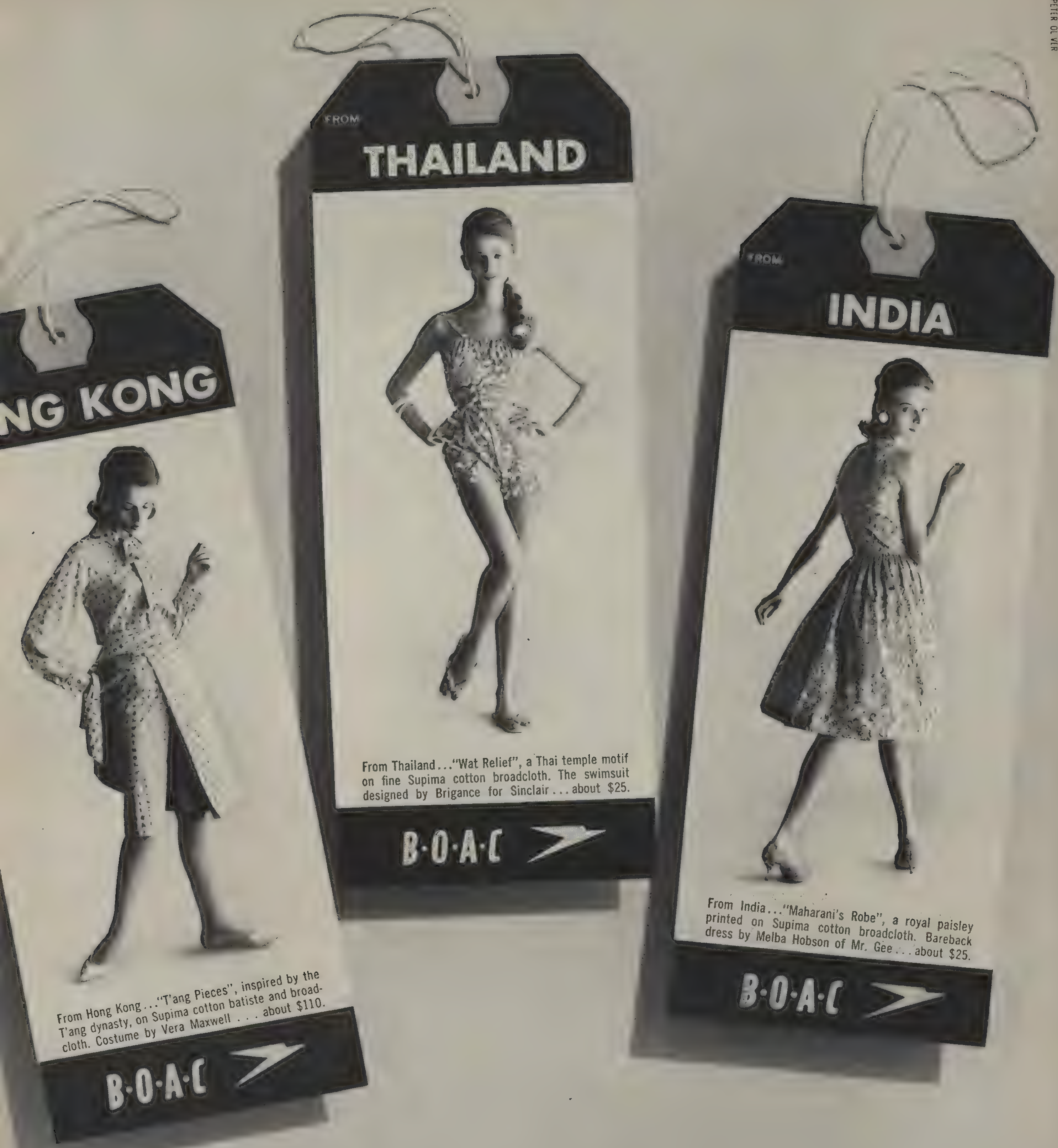
FROM
JAPAN
B·O·A·C

From Japan…"Kimono Floral", interpreted from authentic Kimono robes, on fine Supima cotton broadcloth. Fashions by Pembroke Squires for Cabana Swimsuit…about $30. Beach sheath…about $35.

We whirled through the Orient on a jet trip around the world, steered by BOAC guides to the street bazaars, the temples, the royal gardens . . . culling colors here, designs there, inspiration everywhere. Then home with resort fabric ideas as exotic and exciting as the East itself. Wait till you see the results of this world-wide collaboration! Supima* cottons

PHOTO PETER OLIVER



From Hong Kong..."T'ang Pieces", inspired by the T'ang dynasty, on Supima cotton batiste and broadcloth. Costume by Vera Maxwell . . . about $110.

From Thailand..."Wat Relief", a Thai temple motif on fine Supima cotton broadcloth. The swimsuit designed by Brigance for Sinclair... about $25.

From India..."Maharani's Robe", a royal paisley printed on Supima cotton broadcloth. Bareback dress by Melba Hobson of Mr. Gee... about $25.

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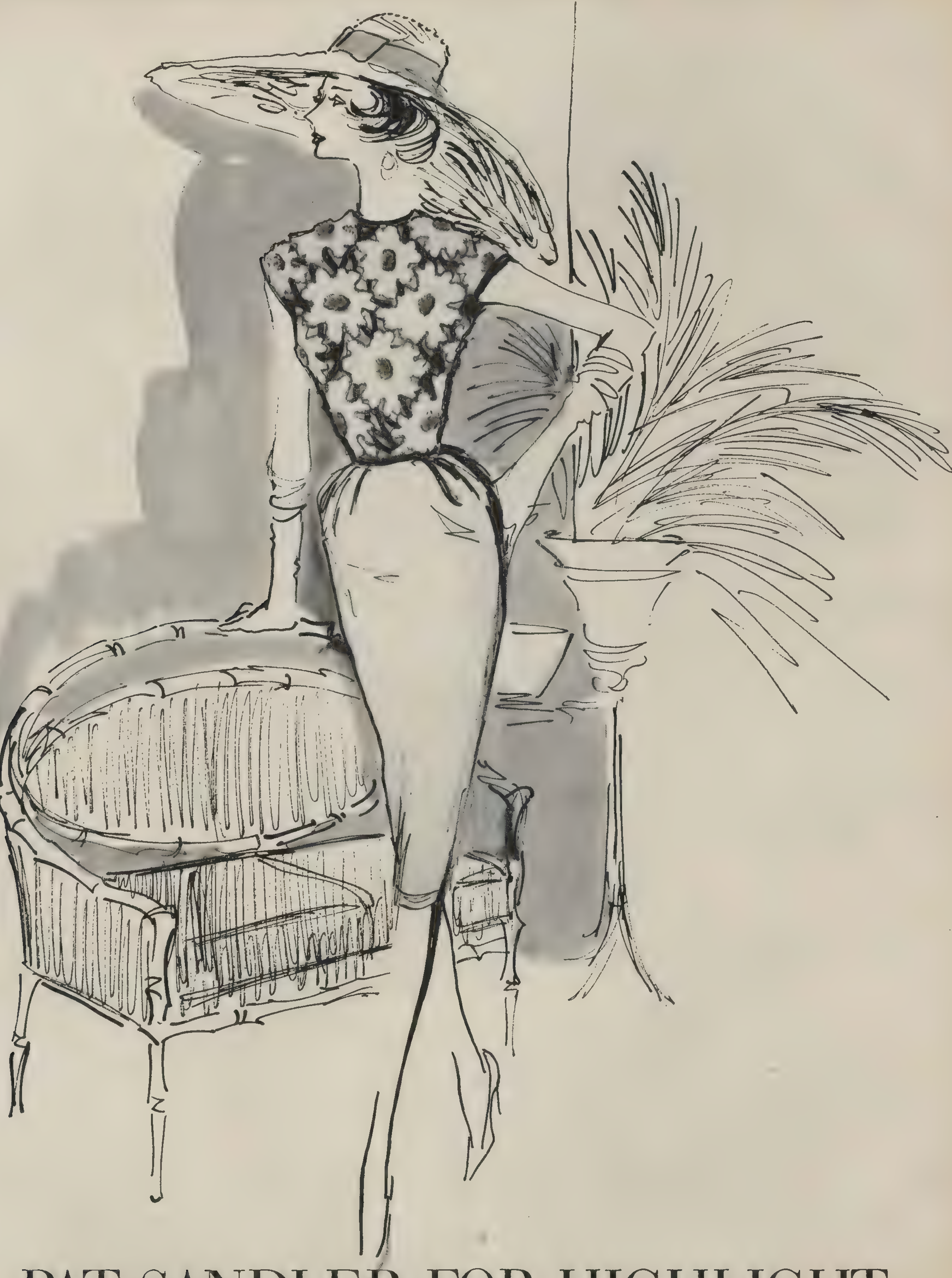

PAT SANDLER FOR HIGHLIGHT

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PARFUMS WEIL PARIS

FIVE FOR THE BUFFET TABLE

(Continued from page 28)

When browned, remove and put in covered roasting pan with a little chicken stock in the bottom, and roast in moderate oven for forty minutes. Sauté liver and gizzard in the same frying pan, add grated onion to taste, and enough chicken stock to cover the bottom of the pan. Cook a little while. Strain, rubbing the liver through the sieve and discarding the rest.

Put in a double boiler, over boiling water, and add ½ pint or more cream. Keep hot until ready to pour over chicken and serve. Serves four.

ARTICHOKE AND OYSTER CASSEROLE

From Chez Vous, New Orleans

6 dozen oysters
1 dozen artichokes
1 cup flour
2 sticks butter
1 quart milk
½ pint breakfast cream
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon black pepper
½ cup sherry
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1 dash Tabasco sauce (more if desired)

Boil and clean artichokes to hearts. Drain and clean oysters, throwing away oyster liquid. Melt butter and brown flour in same. Remove from fire and add milk and cream slowly. Add oysters, return to stove and cook until sauce thickens, stirring constantly. Then add salt, pepper, Worcestershire, Tabasco, and sherry. Place artichoke hearts in bottom of casserole and pour sauce over them. Heat in about 350° oven for about 15 or 20 minutes, when ready to serve. Serves eight.

IMPERIAL CRAB

From the restaurant at Hutzler Brothers in Baltimore, Maryland

2 lbs. back-fin crab meat
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon white pepper
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¾ cup mayonnaise

Toss these ingredients lightly and pile in 8 or 9 crab shells. Spread top with mayonnaise. Bake 20 to 25 minutes, or until browned, in a 375° oven.

FASHION DETAILS

for pages 108-109

THE HAT: A skyrocket explosion of black dotted veiling. By Lilly Daché; also at Marshall Field; I. Magnin. THE SHOE: Opera pump with a jester's turned-up toe, a lace pompon. Black peau de soie; by Herbert Levine, about $45. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. THE STOCKING: Lacy jacquard pattern—neat, slim, dot-and-dash stripes, spaced on stretch nylon. In black; by Phoenix, about $4. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus.

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1960

Christmas Seals . . . almost the first signs of Christmas.
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Appleton, Wisc., Grace's
Appleton, Wisc., H. C. Prange Co.
Aurora, Ill., Alshuler's

Battle Creek, Mich., L. W. Robinson Co.
Bay City, Mich., Sams Bros. & Co.
Benton Harbor, Mich., Stevens
Benton Harbor, Mich., Terry's
Buffalo, N. Y., The Sample, Inc.
Butte, Mont., Burr Store

Carbondale, Ill., Hollywood Style Shop
Casper, Wyo., Tower Shop
Champaign, Ill., Robeson's
Chester, Pa., Weinberg's
Chicago, Ill., Bannister's
Chicago, Ill., Blossom Shop
Chicago, Ill., Exquisite Fashions
Chicago, Ill., Gatelys Peoples Store
Chicago, Ill., Madigan Brothers
Chicago, Ill., Ernest Martel, Inc.
Chicago, Ill., Pollyanna Town-Country
Chicago, Ill., Resnick's Dept. Store
Chicago, Ill., Rubin's, Inc.
Cleveland, Ohio, Fries & Schuele
Clovis, N. M., Hubbard's
Colorado Springs, Colo., Neufeld's
Compton, Calif., Charlston's
Crescent City, Calif., Trehearne's Dept. Stores
Culver City, Calif., Charlston's

Deadwood, S. D., New York Store
De Kalb, Ill., The Reliable Store
Delavan, Wisc., Bradley's Dept. Store
Detroit, Mich., Ray's
Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., Scheri Shop, Inc.
Dowagiac, Mich., The Marshall Shoppe
Dubuque, Iowa, Stampfer's
Duluth, Minn., Maurices
Duncan, Okla., Abbie's

East Aurora, N. Y., Seaman Hood and Morey, Inc.
El Cajon, Calif., Marsi's
El Cerrito, Calif., Goldman's
Elkhorn, Wisc., The Chicago Store
Elmhurst, Ill., Rubys of Elmhurst

Fargo, N. D., The Store Without A Name
Fond du Lac, Wisc., Berger's
Fond du Lac, Wisc., Edith's
Fort Bragg, Calif., Ida's Klever Klothes
Fort Wayne, Ind., Hutner's Paris
Fort Worth, Texas, Leonards
Fresno, Calif., Cooper's

Gary, Ind., The Blackstone Shop
Geneva, Ill., Merra Lee Shop
Glencoe, Ill., The Fell Co.
Grand Island, Nebr., Wolbachs
Grand Rapids, Mich., Blanche Le Baron
Great Falls, Mont., Classic Shop
Green Bay, Wisc., H. C. Prange Co.

Harvey, Ill., Lili-Ann
Hattiesburg, Miss., The Vogue Shops, Inc.
Hayward, Calif., Goldman's
Henderson, Ky., McClure's
Highland Park, Ill., The Fell Co.
Highland Park, Ill., Garnett & Co.
Hiland, N. M., Hubbard's
Hobart, Ind., Henri's
Hoopeston, Ill., G. A. Baker, Inc.

Indialantic, Fla., Loretta's
Indianapolis, Ind., Cecils
Indianapolis, Ind., Windsor Dress Shop

Jackson, Tenn., Rosenbloom's
Jacksonville, Ill., Myers Bros.
Jacksonville, Fla., The Vogue Shops
Joliet, Ill., Renee Shop

Kankakee, Ill., Aldens Kankakee Store
Kaukauna, Wisc., Herman T. Runte Co., Inc.
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Kokomo, Ind., Golightly's

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La Grange, Ill., McAllister-Schoen Co.
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Melrose Park, Ill., Mary-Dee Shoppe
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Terre Haute, Ind., Aldens
Terre Haute, Ind., Meis Bros.
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Perfumes

to take—or give—lightly

An unclouded picture, here, of perfume-present ideas that require no anguish about finding a scent that reflects the psyche of its wearer—even psyches, we contend, may enjoy new environment now and then. Most of these are small-sized, conveniently sprayable, with non-break-the-bank prices, thereby offering excellent chances for experiment in mixing or matching perfumes with the personalities on a present list. The point: choose one, or several to wrap as one, with what might even be called careless abandon; chances are it will be a happy digression from a tried-and-true, and may even be the start of a new favouritism between presents and presentees.

RED ROSES, *by Yardley—an authentic translation of a fresh, fragrant bowl of namesakes, comes in a Florentine-looking gilt* flacon *little more than lipstick size, with a metred spray. Easy to carry in handbag or suitcase, pleasure to use; ¼ ounce, $4*.*

BON VOYAGE, **by Dana—an enticing, non-sweet fragrance with brisk manners and delicious dry wit. This, concentrated in a larger gilt cylinder (that might be handbag size if the handbag is big enough), with a metred spray; refillable when sprayed away; 1 ounce, $5*.**

VOULEZ-VOUS, *by D'Orsay—avant elegance with a sweet and subtle impact, neatly pouffable and portable in a white and gilt case about the size and shape of a short twisted candle; 1¼ drams, $5*.*

MAJA, **by Myrurgia—something new here, a perfume from Spain that claims to reach the woman in women, should merit a nice round of *olés* from men. Not heavy, but fairly exotic and clearly tantalizing; ¼ ounce, $7*.**

VERT ET BLANC, by Carven—the official colours of the Carven maison, and the celebrated chic, all put together in this fragrant aura. In a metred-spray portable gilt *flacon* with a pousse-café design; ¼ ounce, $5.50*.

ÉCUSSON, by Jean D'Albret—a courtly kind of perfume that evokes thought associations with heavy damask, lace, and fraught glances over fans. This claims a history dating back to the days of Henry IV; ¼ ounce, $8.50*.

ANTILOPE, *by Weil—warm, woodsy, especially nice sprayed gently on furs. This, a wonderful perfume-switch for a woman who usually relies on garden scents. An atomizing gilt* flacon *is the container; ¼ ounce, $5*.*

WIND SONG, **by Prince Matchabelli—a blithe association of flower scents, combined with haunting results. This, a breeze to carry around in its crown-shaped glass container with gilt top; ¼ ounce, $6*.**

TRAPÈZE, by Corday—a light, lingering blend of flowers in a small silver-and-gold-looking cylinder that sprays and refills with the greatest of ease; 1½ drams, $5.50*.

RÉPLIQUE, by Raphael—spirited elegance, here, based on an elusive jasmine theme that's delicate but lasting. In a glass container with metal top that has spray, will travel; ¼ ounce, $5*.

CRÊPE DE CHINE, *by Millot—silky essence of an exotic bouquet, with a dash of bergamot and sandalwood. Comes in a slender gilt cylinder with a fringed tassel, in a size pour le sac; ⅛ ounce, $4*.*

F#, **by Fabergé—this, called *esprit de parfum*, in a provocative key, with a snap in its delicate air. The container, a tall silvery flask with a cigarette-lighter look, that emits 800 metred sprays; 1¾ ounces, $5.50*.**

JOLIE MADAME, *by Balmain—for a pretty woman, naturally, an effervescent floral with a hint of mystery, a certain chic. The gilt container splits it into atoms; ¼ ounce, $8.50*.*

JE REVIENS, **by Worth—a fabulous classic in perfumes, with an enthusiastic group of devotees. Basic ingredient: essence of white flowers, given a sophisticated twist. Comes in a tinted blue bottle bagged in black suède; ¼ ounce, $6*.**

CHANTILLY, by Houbigant—same adjectives apply here as for the lace: classic, delicate, frosty. This, to lace on by spray, from a *petit flacon;* ¼ ounce, $5*.

OH LA LA, *by Ciro—pure frivolity here, and all the excitement that goes with it; this, possibly, a New Year's Eve kind of present. The* flacon, *brushed gilt that looks like silver; 2 drams, $5*.*

TWEED, **by Lenthéric—fresh, tangy fragrance that weaves brilliant herringbones of patchouli, sandalwood, vetivert. A small atomizer holds this, click-in refills perpetuate it; ¼ ounce, $5.50*.**

*PLUS TAX

Behind-the-scenes drama: our luminous blue, Serene Sky, embroidered with cherry blossoms, posed against Royal Purple. The slim, sleek look in a figure-conscious nylon tricot gown, 14.95. Versatile short coat of soft, brushed nylon. 19.95 VANITY FAIR Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

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G
French Lilac
Wrisley
Blue Fern
Blue Fern Bubble Bath
Superbe Bubble Bath
Crazy Fun
Colors Bath Water
For Kids!
Magicolor bubble bath
Tinted Bath Water
Magic-Lor Bubble Bath

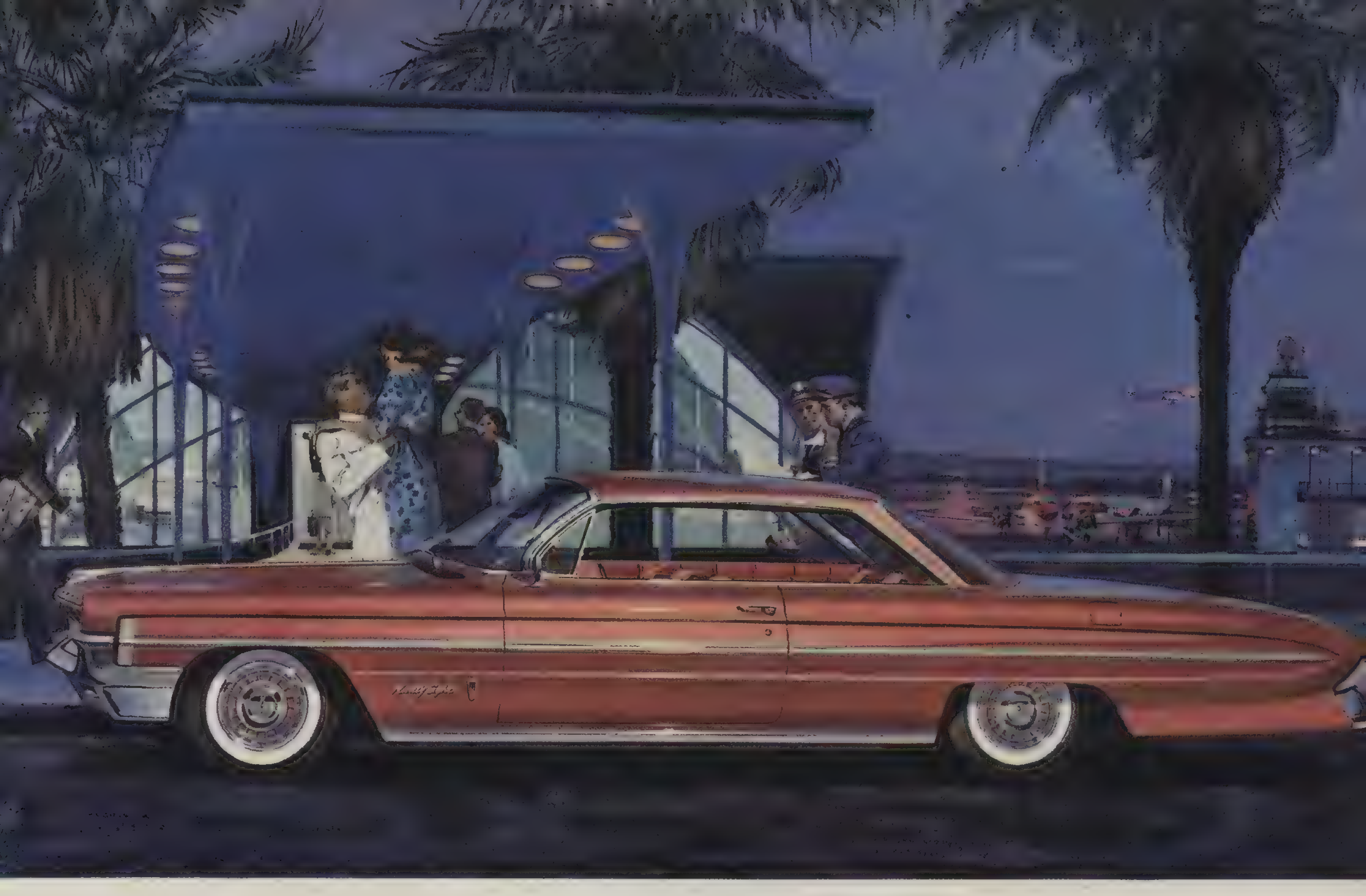
Exciting gifts to get or give . . . the luxury of a relaxing Wrisley bath . . . the subtle romantic scent of a refreshing Wrisley Cologne . . . gifts created to enhance your natural beauty . . . *fine cosmetics for bath and boudoir.*

A. Hobnail Cologne. Delightful fragrances. Milk glass bottle. $2.00. **B.** Hobnail Bubble Bath. Matches cologne fragrances. Milk glass vase. $1.50. **C.** French Lilac Soap. Hauntingly reminiscent of Paris. $1.50. (matching fragrance available in bubble bath and spray cologne.) **D.** Spray Mist Cologne for every mood. Blue Fern (shown), Enchant, Queen's Guard. $1.50. **E.** Fragrance Bubble Bath to match spray mist cologne. $1.00. **F.** Bath Superbe Soap. Five heavenly fragrances. Lathers luxuriously. $1.00. **G.** Superbe Bubble Bath. Four superb fragrances. Attractive French Provincial chest. $1.00.

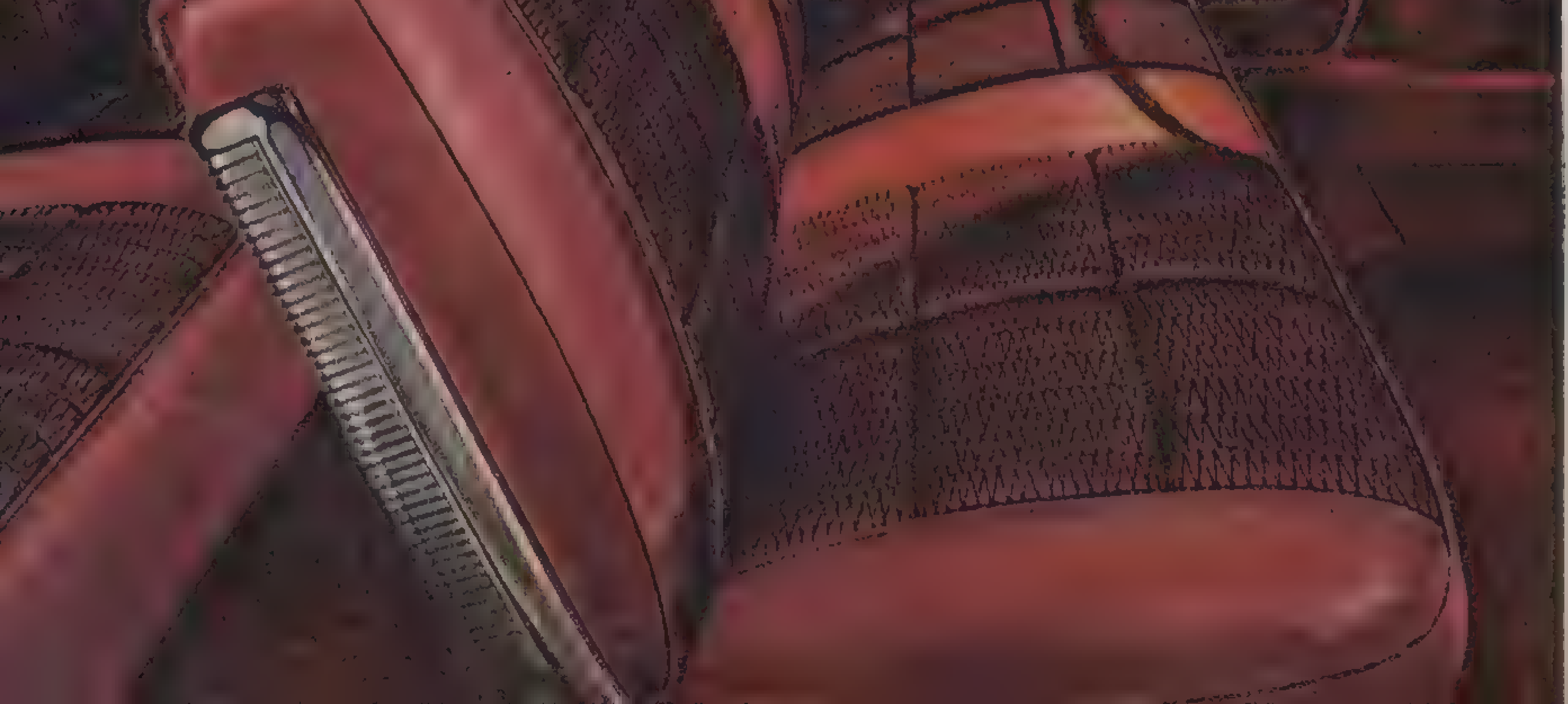
H. Wrisley Magicolor Bubble Bath. U.S. Certified colors (pink, blue, yellow, green) won't stain tub, towel, or youngster. No more trouble getting children to take a bath because Magicolor makes bath-time fun-time. $1.00.

Wrisley
New York • Chicago

FINE COSMETICS FOR BATH AND BOUDOIR



Style that says "Step In!"



Swing open the door of this magnificent '61 Olds! You'll notice fine fabrics flecked with metallic threads . . . leathers with a lustrous sheen . . . rich, tailored padding to cushion every move you make . . . fashionable colors that fairly invite you inside . . . and *worlds* of space all around you! New ease of entry . . . more headroom, legroom and kneeroom! In every distinctive appointment, the Classic 98 by Oldsmobile is a car that speaks for itself . . . *as it speaks for you!*

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Ninety-Eight
by
OLDSMOBILE

Featuring FASHION-LINE DESIGN
... *Skyrocket* PERFORMANCE!

are you protecting your skin?

© BY LENTHERIC, 1960

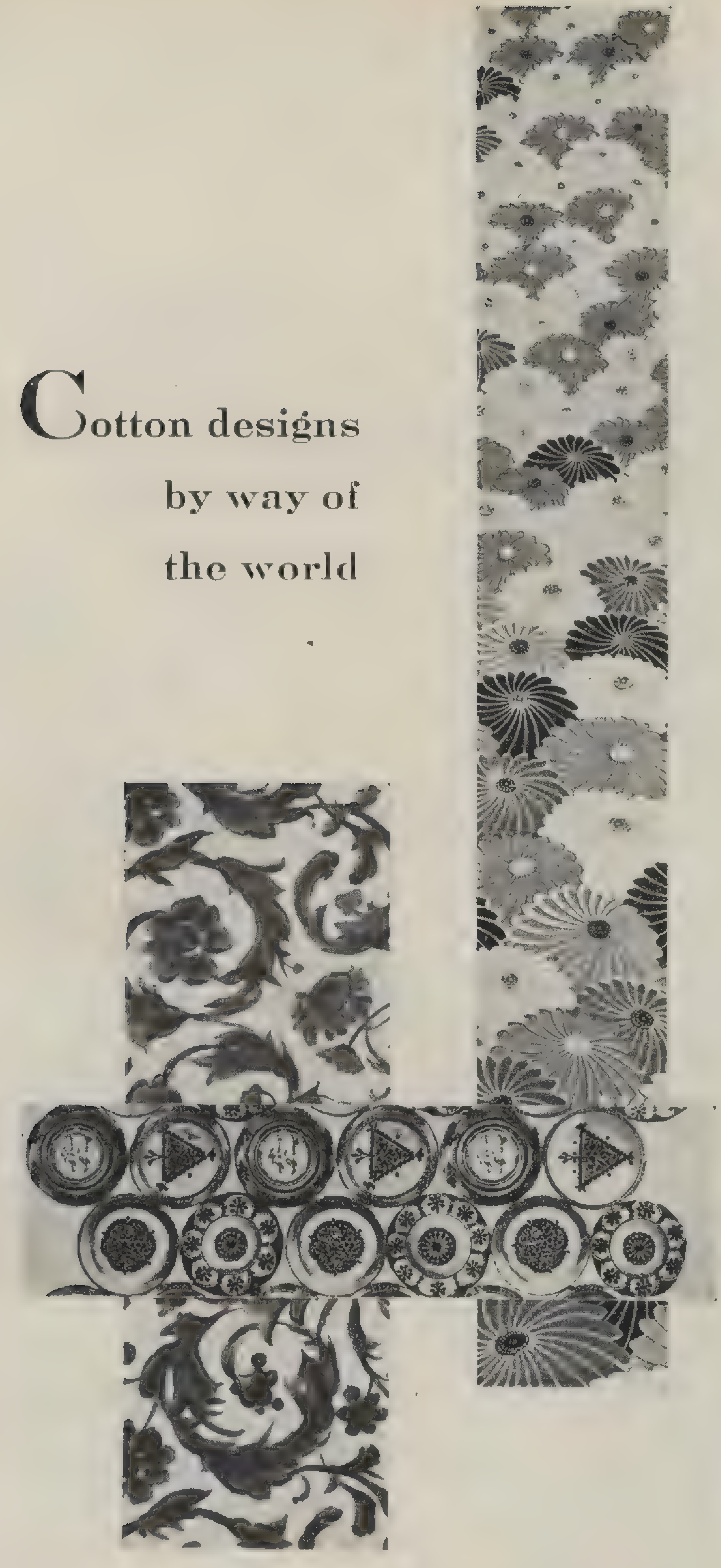
Your skin was given a certain amount of oil to keep it soft. By the time you're 23, you've practically washed it all away. Soap, steam heat, plain water—a continuous drying process. To keep your skin looking young, protect it with Bain d'Or Bath Oil. Bain d'Or (bath of gold) gives your skin liquids to keep it smooth, a delightful scent to keep it fresh. How many Bain d'Or baths will you need? How beautiful do you want your skin to be?

BAIN D'OR BY LENTHÉRIC

BATH OIL FOR DRY SKIN	$3, $5
BUBBLING BATH OIL	$2.75, $5
MOISTURIZING LOTION	$1.75, $3
DELUXE BATH POWDER	$2.75
AFTER BATH FRESHENER	$2.50

PARIS, NEW YORK

Cotton designs by way of the world



Hunting out design ideas for fabrics—not wild game—was the point of an around-the-world safari taken by an American textile designer. No swaying through the jungle on elephant back either—he hunted in six countries on BOAC jets. Here are three splendid trophies from this new collection of worldly fabrics, all printed on Supima cotton with a Cranston finish. The panel, right, of abstract shadowy chrysanthemums in grey, black, and white, was prompted by Japan. The print shown vertically above is red and white, has Thailand origins, and the coin-like pattern in brown and beige came out of Italy. Another of these prints, a scorchy yellow and white one from Thailand is shown in the November 15 Vogue; and on page 149 of this issue, there's a grey and white Indian beauty.

DARINGLY DIFFERENT

LOVELY DOLL

BY *Lady Marlene*

MYSTERY LIFT WITHOUT AN OUNCE OF PADDING! CURVING TO A LOW, LOW BACK...ENDING IN THE BRIEFEST PANTY DESIGNED FOR YOUR PERSONAL COMFORT. CAN YOU IMAGINE A LOVELIER WAY TO UNDERLINE NEW FASHIONS? BLACK OR WHITE $25. AT FINE STORES OR WRITE: LADY MARLENE BRASSIERE CORPORATION, 20 WEST 33RD STREET, NEW YORK 1

A Ritter original design in rare natural golden fur seal, graceful panel-backed controlled fullness.*

ritter
ORIGINAL

*Origin Russia PHOTO: SOKOLSKY

IN NEW YORK, RITTER BROTHERS., 224 W. 30TH ST., IN CANADA, EXCLUSIVELY WITH Holt, Renfrew & Co. Ltd.

THE COSTLIEST IN THE WORLD

JOY
EAU DE
JOY
JEAN PATOU

The ladylike-look spring into summer. Left, the coatdress with dyed-to-match lace-edged scallops. 12 to 20; 12½ to 24½. Right, the step-in sheath, richly stitched and embroidered. 12 to 20; 12½ to 22½. Both in crease-resistant, washable linen-look rayon. Sky blue, beige, coral, navy or brown. Only the look is expensive. Each about 10.00. Available at The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit and other fine stores. For the store nearest you write R. & M. Kaufmann, Inc., Aurora, Ill.

TONI TODD

PHOTOGRAPHED AT "THE FOUR SEASONS"

Fouke-dyed **BLACK ALASKA FUR SEAL** cape-collared with a flourish of dyed Russian Sable. The couture idea in furs . . . with the flair of Paris, the nimbus of elegance . . . always to be discovered here.

Georges Kaplan

730 FIFTH AVENUE N.Y.

A FRENCH COUTURIER IN FUR

Milady

TOMMORROW'S NEW LOOK OF ELEGANCE IN TODAY'S MOST DISTINGUISHED WATCH

WATCH ENLARGED TO SHOW DETAIL

Exquisite luxury
studded with
24 full-cut diamonds
14K white gold
tapered bracelet
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Other Girard Perregaux
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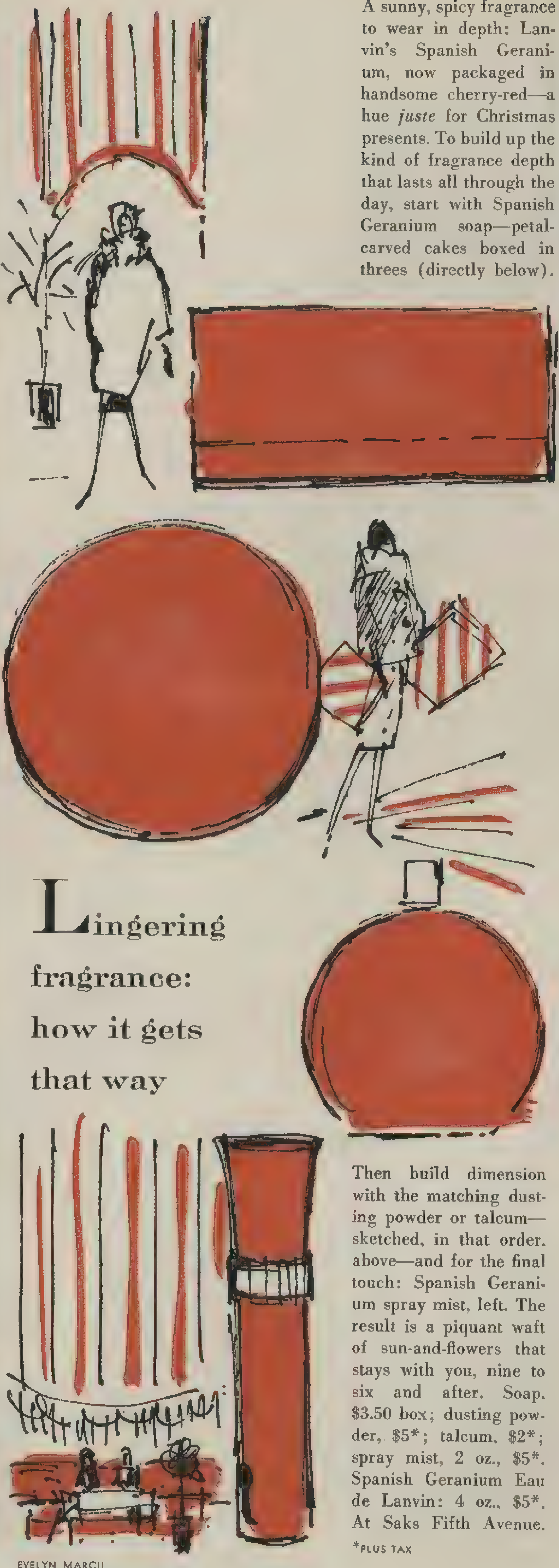
610 5th Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

Lingering fragrance: how it gets that way



A sunny, spicy fragrance to wear in depth: Lanvin's Spanish Geranium, now packaged in handsome cherry-red—a hue *juste* for Christmas presents. To build up the kind of fragrance depth that lasts all through the day, start with Spanish Geranium soap—petal-carved cakes boxed in threes (directly below).

Then build dimension with the matching dusting powder or talcum—sketched, in that order, above—and for the final touch: Spanish Geranium spray mist, left. The result is a piquant waft of sun-and-flowers that stays with you, nine to six and after. Soap, $3.50 box; dusting powder, $5*; talcum, $2*; spray mist, 2 oz., $5*. Spanish Geranium Eau de Lanvin: 4 oz., $5*. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

*PLUS TAX

EVELYN MARCIL

Glen Raven

GLEN RAVEN PANTI-LEGS*

of Enka Nylon available at these fine A.M.C. Stores and all branches

Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's Inc.
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Boston, Mass.	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Chicago, Ill.	Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Shillito's
Cleveland, Ohio	Higbee Co.
Columbus, Ohio	Lazarus
Dayton, Ohio	Rike Kumler Co.
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Houston, Texas	Foley's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres
Knoxville, Tenn.	Rich's
Lewiston, Maine	B. Peck Co.
Memphis, Tenn.	Goldsmith's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Boston Store
New York, N. Y.	Bloomingdale's
Oakland, Calif.	H. C. Capwell's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne Company
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimers
San Francisco, Calif.	The Emporium
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
Worcester, Mass.	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.

Or for store nearest you, write:

THE GLEN RAVEN MILLS, INC.
1430 Broadway at 40th St., New York 18

*TRADEMARK

So many good things begin with
ENKA NYLON
Yarns

Two-in-one comfort from your waist to your toes!

Panti-Legs™...fabulous, new panti-stockings by **Glen Raven**

"LET THE OTHERS prattle about the 'good old days'. I'll take today when a girl can be ravishingly comfortable and ravishingly beautiful at the same time. Am I raving? Yes! But raving glad that waist-high comfort has finally found its way to fashion."

No girdle . . . no garters . . . no garter belt! New two-in-one Panti-Legs of Enka nylon happily combines the loveliness of sheer stockings with a snug, opaque panty that has the firm shaping of stretch nylon. For this exciting new, comfortable fashion, Glen Raven selected Enka nylon, the different nylon. Enka nylon gives long-lasting stretchability that clings smoothly to your legs — rewards them with new shapeliness. It's more absorbent, too, for added comfort and softness. From the tip of your toes to your waist, you enjoy freedom-loving good looks.

Your Panti-Legs in beige, off-black, white. Sizes small, medium-small, medium-large and large in proportioned sizes. Plain knit and non-run full fashioned, $2.50, 2 for $4.90. Seamless, $3.00, 2 for $5.90. At fine AMC stores listed on the opposite page, or write Glen Raven Knitting Mills, Inc., 1430 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y., for the store nearest you.

American ENKA Corporation, Enka, N. C. • Producer of nylon • rayon • yarns • fibers

don't
fade
in the
dark...
wear Flatterie
that
always becoming
Parisian perfume
imported
by
Houbigant

*Du Pont Trademark

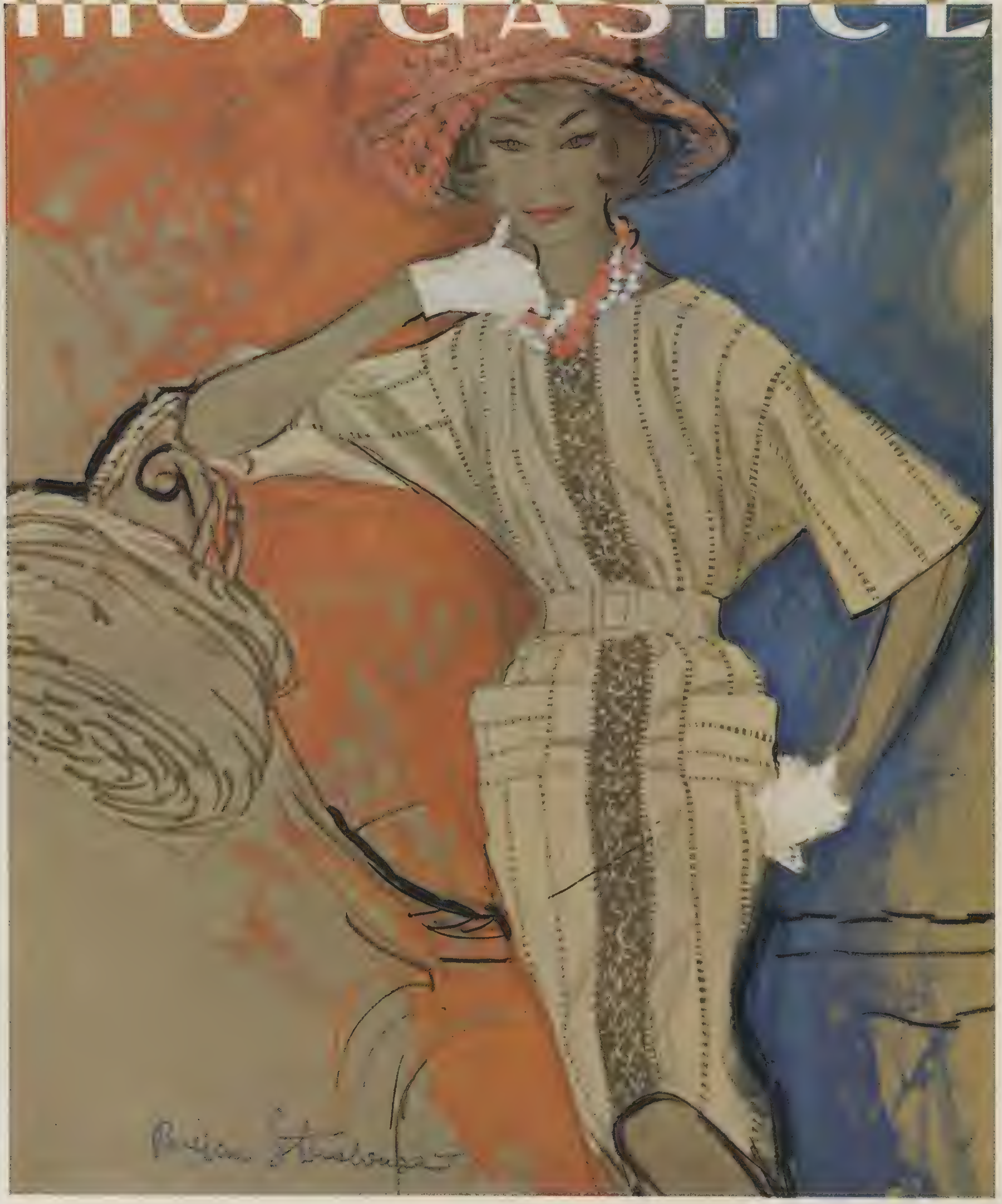
EMME HAT

A
MAN
YOU CAN
LEAN ON
THAT'S
KLOPMAN!

My SAFINIA dress proves it! Klopman wove the fabric – 65% "DACRON"* POLYESTER and 35% COTTON, there's no finer fabric made. Better looking, better feeling, better wearing. (Better woven, that's why!) Safinia's embroidered shirtwaist dress with fan-pleated skirt, French-cuffs, in white, lilac or aqua. Sizes 5 to 15. About $30. Exclusively SAKS FIFTH AVENUE all stores. KLOPMAN MILLS, INC., 450 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, New York.

CARLYE turns again and again to Moygashel linen. Call it snob appeal if you will, but once you've worn the natural fibre, nothing else feels as deliciously cool, packs and unpacks so serenely. You'll also find Moygashel, by the yard, wherever the very best fabrics are sold. Hamilton Adams Imports, Ltd., 24 West 40 Street, New York.

MOYGASHEL®



Blue Grass
Flower Mist

Blue Grass is a Mood

Blue Grass is a Perfume *6.00* to *50.00*
Blue Grass is a Flower Mist *2.50, 4.25*
Blue Grass is a Perfume Mist *5.00*
Blue Grass is a Bath Powder *2.50, 5.00*
Blue Grass is a Purse Atomizer *3.50*
Blue Grass is the Gift of Christmas

Elizabeth Arden
NEW YORK LONDON PARIS

prices plus tax

RONSON

new Varaflame Ladylite purselighter

New way to light up the night or dazzle the daylights out of everyone in sight... Ronson's lipstick-size purselighter. Works on butane fuel. Lights for months on one filling. And you can dial the flame to whatever height you prefer. $20*

*suggested retail, plus tax. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA. ©1960 Ronson Corp., Woodbridge, N. J., U.S.A.

RONSON. ...INTERNATIONAL STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

deep
in
every
woman's
heart

AMERICAN MINK

A woman admires, desires, deserves the very best mink. And the very best mink is American. ☆☆☆ Mink in its wild state was first discovered in the North American continent. Then men began to breed mink on ranches and over the years the dedicated ranchers of America—where climate and conditions are ideal—perfected the art of producing natural ranch mink. Through their skill and science and devotion, American mink has achieved international fame and acclaim, for its incomparable quality, for its fine character, for its enduring beauty. ☆☆☆ Today America is the acknowledged center of the world of mink. Leading authorities from Paris, from London, from Rome, who buy mink of all varieties, come to the United States to pay the highest prices at public auctions for these superb pelts. ☆☆☆ For this is the mink that fashionable women everywhere demand. This is the mink that many have tried to emulate but none has been able to equal its unique unrivaled richness. This is the mink that you, too, will be proud to possess. When you buy American mink, you buy timeless elegance, lasting satisfaction.

GREAT LAKES MINK ASSOCIATION, PRODUCERS OF AMERICAN NATURAL DARK RANCH MINK

I live in New York Shoes
...no matter where in the world I live

because shoes made in New York have fashion, fit and quality. And nowhere else in the world is the art of fine shoemaking practiced on the same grand scale. Wherever I live, I love the best of fashion ...Russian sables, French perfumes, couture clothes...and designer shoes from New York

DSG

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Palter De Liso Delman
Erica Evins Howard Fox
Andrew Geller Margaret Jerrold
Jerro Julianelli Herbert Levine
I. Miller Newton Elkin-Pandora
Stanley Philipson
Palizzio Jack Schaefer
Seymour Troy Wolsam
Zuckerman and Fox

DESIGNER
SHOE GUILD

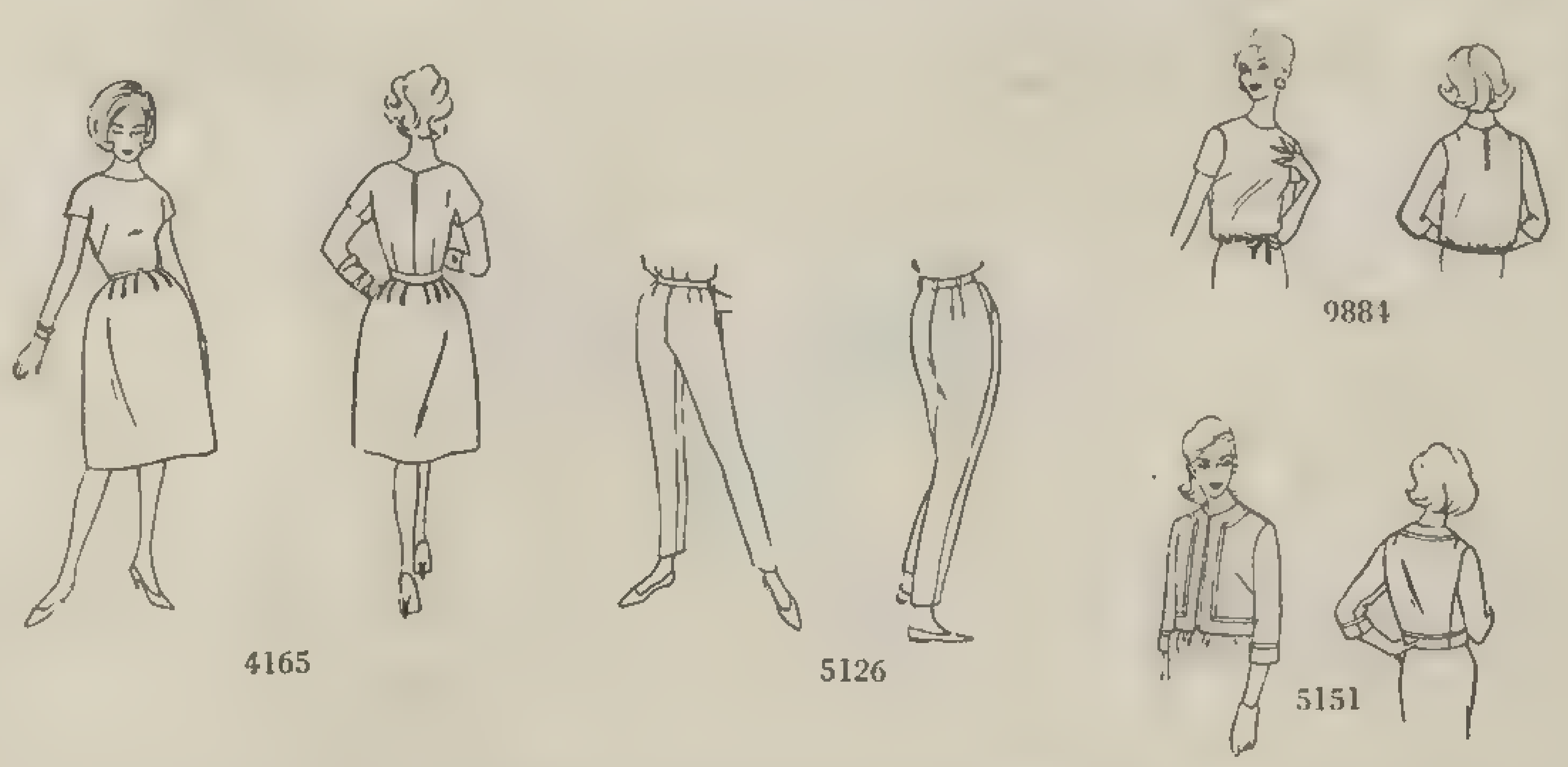
PERFUMES—NAMES AND NUMBERS

Brass-tacks facts, listed below, about the stream of perfume consciousness on pages 114-117. Perfume fact to be conscious of here: all these fragrances come in many sizes and price levels; two each are listed below—the purse-size *flacon* that holds a fraction of an ounce; the larger bottle that holds an ounce or more.

NUIT DE NOËL, by Caron	Purse *flacon*, ¼ oz.	$12.50
	Bottle, 1 oz.	27.50
JOY, by Jean Patou	Purse *flacon*, ⅛ oz.	12.00
	Bottle, 1 oz.	50.00
LE DIX, by Balenciaga	Purse *flacon*, ¼ oz.	5.00
	Bottle, 1 oz.	23.50
L'HEURE BLEUE, by Guerlain	Purse *flacon*, ¼ oz.	5.00
	Bottle, 1 oz.	15.00
MAGIE, by Lancôme	Purse *flacon*, ⅓ oz.	5.00
	Bottle, 1 oz.	25.00
FEMME, by Marcel Rochas	Purse *flacon*, 1½ drams	5.00
	Bottle, 1 oz.	25.00
ARPÈGE, by Lanvin	Purse *flacon*, ⅛ oz.	4.00
	Bottle, 1 oz.	23.50
NOSTALGIA, by Monteil	Purse *flacon*, 1⅛ drams	4.00
	Bottle, 1 oz.	25.00
CARNET DE BAL, by Revillon	Purse *flacon*, ⅛ oz.	4.00
	Bottle, 1 oz.	22.00
L'INTERDIT, by Givenchy	Purse *flacon*, 1 dram	7.50
	Bottle, 1 oz.	36.00
DIORISSIMO, by Dior	Purse *flacon*, 1 dram	3.50
	Bottle, 1 oz.	32.50
CHANEL NO. 5, by Chanel	Purse *flacon*, 1¼ drams	5.00
	Bottle, 1 oz.	20.00
FILLE D'EVE, by Nina Ricci	Purse *flacon*, ⅐ oz.	5.00
ALL PRICES PLUS TAX	Bottle, 1⅓ oz.	27.50

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on pages 153-155)



Left: Vogue Pattern 4165, suit and blouse; sizes 10 to 18. For size 14: 2⅝ yards 45" fabric with nap; 4¼ yards wide ribbon; 11½ yards narrow ribbon. $1.50.
Centre: Vogue Pattern 5126, pants; sizes 24" to 30" waist. For 26": 1½ yards 60" fabric with nap. 75c.
Right, top: Vogue Pattern 9884, blouse; 10 to 18. For size 14: 1 yard 60" fabric without nap; 12¼ yards ribbon. 60c.
Right, below: Vogue Pattern 5151, jacket; sizes 10 to 18. For size 14: 1⅛ yards 50" fabric with nap; 1⅜ yards 39" lining fabric; 3⅛ yards of each ribbon. 75c.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: California and Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10¢ additional for each pattern ordered.

Parnes Feinstein
ensembles in
Pure Irish Linen
shown on opposite page
are available at:

Weiss—Goldring, Alexandria, La.
Blackburn Bros., Amarillo, Texas
A. Cohen Co., Americus, Ga.
Ivey's of Asheville, Asheville, N. C.
Davison Paxon, Atlanta, Ga.
Stewart & Co., Baltimore, Md.
D. H. Holmes Co., Baton Rouge, La.
Kleins, Battle Creek, Mich.
White House, Beaumont, Texas
Blach's, Birmingham, Ala.
Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.
Fabulous, Bronx, N. Y.
Benoits, Brookhaven, Miss.
Polans, Charleston, W. Va.
Ivey's, Charlotte, N. C.
Miller Bros., Chattanooga, Tenn.
John T. Shayne & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati, Ohio
Broidas, Clarksburg, W. Va.
Higbee Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Madison's, Columbus, Ohio
A. Harris & Co., Dallas, Texas
Cates, Denver, Colorado
B. Siegel & Co., Detroit, Mich.
Halle Bros., Erie, Pa.
Smalls, El Paso, Texas
Kaisers, Evansville, Ind.
Jordan Marsh, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
W. C. Stripling Co., Ft. Worth, Texas
Vogue, Gastonia, N. C.
De Loach, Greenwood, Miss.
Frock & Bonnett, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.
Sakowitz Bros., Houston, Texas
Kennington, Jackson, Miss.
Miller Bros., Knoxville, Tenn.
Riffs, Lake Charles, La.
Pfeifers, Little Rock, Ark.
Riffs, Longview, Texas
Bycks, Louisville, Ky.
Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles, Calif.
Goldsmith Co., Memphis, Tenn.
Jordan Marsh, Miami, Fla.
Chez Modes, Milburn, N. J.
Milwaukee Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wisc.
Raphaels, Mobile, Ala.
Flachs Inc., Montgomery, Ala.
Bella, Scherck, Davidson, Monroe, La.
Ardens, Morristown, N. J.
Cain-Sloan, Nashville, Tenn.
Vanity Fair, Newburgh, N. Y.
D. H. Holmes & Co., New Orleans, La.
Stern Bros., New York City, N. Y.
J. L. Brandeis, Omaha, Nebr.
Smiths, Inc., Panama City, Fla.
Anne Shoppe, Paterson, N. J.
Goldwaters & Co., Phoenix, Ariz.
Joseph Horne Regency Room, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Tepper Bros., Plainfield, N. J.
Thalhimer Bros., Richmond, Va.
Shaynes, Ridgewood, N. J.
Smartwear—Irving Saks, Roanoke, Va.
Newmark, Salem, Mass.
Makoffs, Salt Lake City, Utah
Marston Co., San Diego, Calif.
City of Paris, San Francisco, Calif.
Thalheimers, Winston-Salem, N. C.
Chas. Livingston, Youngstown, Ohio

Or write:
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Parnes Feinstein
punctuates fashion
with clock-wise
ensembles by
Jan Strass.
The fabric, by
Irish Looms
Associates, in

Pure Irish Linen.

About $55
at the fine stores
listed on the
opposite
page.

L'OR

THE WORLD'S MOST MODERN, MOST LUXURIOUS PERFUME

$60 THE OUNCE

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
CRYSTAL BY BACCARAT

COTY

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"How my wife and I regained our zest for living in just 30 days"

"It all began when we visited the home of a much older couple. But it was we who felt old!

"All through the evening, we were amazed at the varied interests and activities carried on by our friends who were ten years older than we. Their zest for living made my wife and me realize how listless about everything we had become. Finally we just had to ask them how they got the energy to do so much.

" 'We'll show you,' they said. And they showed us their Exercycle. 'We had tried all sorts of pills, foods, and exercise routines,' they said, 'and it wasn't until we discovered Exercycle that we got the results we were looking for.'

"They showed us how the Exercycle worked, even let us try it ourselves. 'You just sit on it and start the motor,' they said. 'The Exercycle does the work.' We did as they directed and could feel that our whole body was being given a pleasant, gentle workout.

" 'Yes,' they said, 'an Exercycle workout is so relaxing and refreshing that it's hard to believe it gives your body the same kind of activity as swimming, rowing, cycling, and horseback riding. It's what they call the Bergfors All-Body Action. It lets you use as much or as little effort as you wish.' They told us that many people our age feel a definite improvement with Exercycle—have more energy, firmer muscles, less nervous tension.

"Well, we bought an Exercycle, and found that everything our friends told us came true. Within just thirty days our old zest for living had come back, and life was more fun again for both of us."

ACT NOW! SEND FOR FREE LITERATURE! IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO FEEL YOUNG AND ACTIVE AGAIN.

Fill out the coupon below and you'll receive detailed information on the amazing Exercycle—how it works, and what it can mean to you and your family. You owe it to yourself to investigate this modern way of keeping fit and feeling great.

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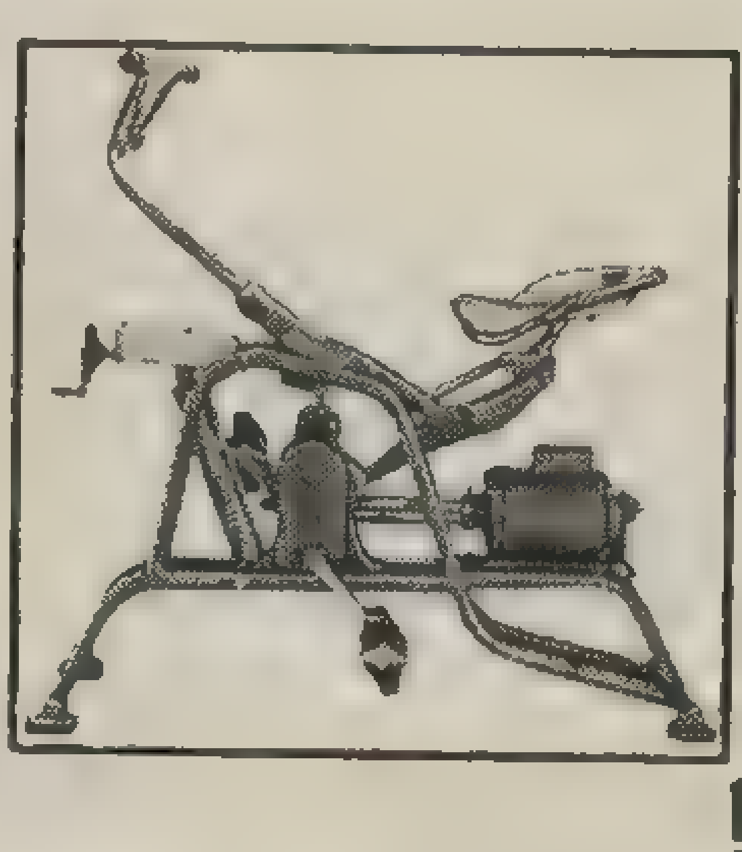

Send me free literature on how the Bergfors All-Body Action of Exercycle can mean new vitality and vigor for me and my family.

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V-4

Are you feminine enough to be given a Crown Jewel?

© 1960, SCHICK INCORPORATED/ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

If you've ever dreamed of silkier, smoother legs, then you deserve the new Schick Crown Jewel…the electric shaver that lets you shave closer than you dare with a blade

8 golden combs form the exclusive Crown Jewel head to give you the closest, safest yet simplest shave ever . . . blade or electric. Pre-set for both legs and underarms, it's so easy you could shave in the dark. So no need to be *'Ouch—nicked!'* when you can be *'Mmm—Schicked!'* In its slim alabaster case, the Crown Jewel is a feminine, flattering gift.

For men only: It's good to know the new Crown Jewel is already the world's largest-selling woman's electric shaver!

Crown Jewel by Schick

Inventors of Electric Shaving

Medallion designed by Van Cleef & Arpels

WIND SONG
DUSTING POWDER
PRINCE MATC
WIND SONG
MEASURED
COLOGNE MIST
MATCHABELLI

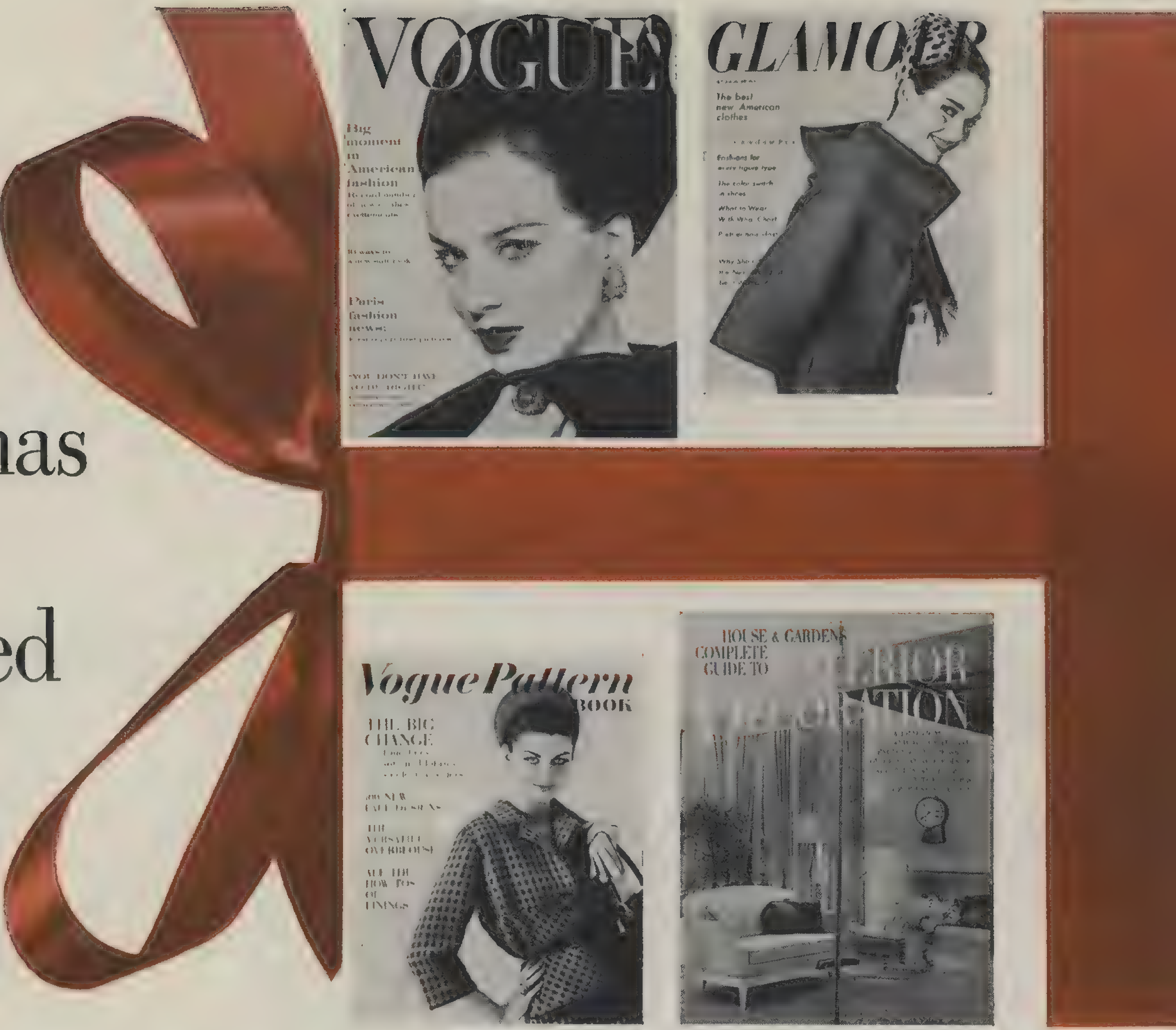
"Santa," Darling...

If you want to put
something special under the tree...
please give me Wind Song Perfume.
Somehow it belongs to us...for
I was wearing Wind Song
the night we met. And each
time I wear Wind Song
you say the fragrance seems
so much a part of me...and
it is. It just seems to
whisper my own special message
to you... I love you, "Santa."

Wind Song Perfume 3.00 to 45.00 • Dusting Powder 3.00, 5.00 • Metered Mist, 3.75, 5.00 • Cologne Parfumée 2.50, 3.75, 5.00 prices plus tax

WIND SONG by PRINCE MATCHABELLI ♛

Christmas all wrapped up!


VOGUE
Big moment in American fashion
Paris fashion news
GLAMOUR
The best new American clothes
Vogue Pattern Book
THE BIG CHANGE
THE VERSATILE OVERBLOUSE
ALL THE HOW-TOS OF LININGS
HOUSE & GARDEN COMPLETE GUIDE TO INTERIOR DECORATION

There's a perfect present here for anyone on your list . . . or just for yourself. As a reader of this magazine, you may not know of the other fine magazines published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. or of the books compiled by our editors and contributors. Here's a list for your convenience. You may order on the card opposite—we do the rest. The magazines are announced before Christmas with a special gift-greeting card, signed as you wish.

VOGUE: The world's recognized fashion authority, published 20 times a year: fashion current and to come, the world's most interesting people, places, ideas and events.
1-year Christmas Gift-Subscription price: $6.50—$2.00 less than regular subscription cost.

HOUSE & GARDEN: The best of architecture and building, decorating and furnishing, landscaping and gardening; the new, the improved and the classic. Entertaining ideas: menus, decorations, complete Cook Book in each issue.
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GLAMOUR Incorporating Charm: The only "how to" fashion magazine edited especially for young women: new fashions and make-up and how to use them; news of traveling, entertaining, decorating . . . reviews of new books, music, entertainment.
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VOGUE PATTERN BOOK: The complete fashion magazine for creative women who sew: Vogue patterns in the new silhouettes, shown in new colours and fabrics, fully accessorized. Sewing short-cuts, home-sewing aids, home-decorating possible with sewing skills. (Bi-monthly)
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MADEMOISELLE: For the young woman who wants to know what's new, what's next, what's exciting in young fashion and beauty . . . who's in college or in a career . . . who keeps up with the arts . . . who has a zest for new faces, new people and travels to find them.
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LIVING For Young Homemakers: Edited for the young family who may be limited in financial resources but unwilling to compromise on quality. Architecture, building, remodeling . . . decorating, furnishing . . . gardening, cooking, entertaining and realistic suggestions for solving knotty maintenance problems.
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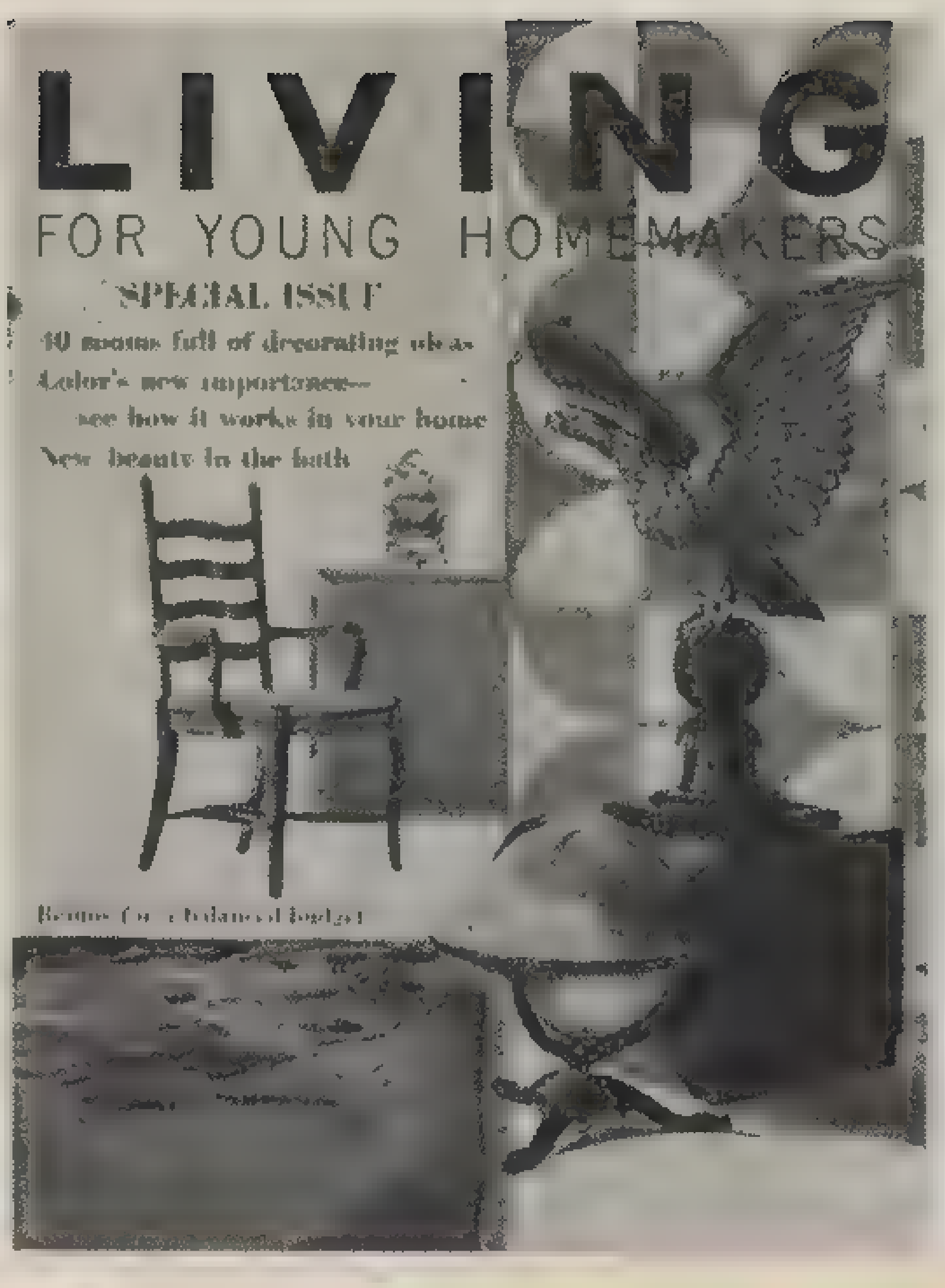
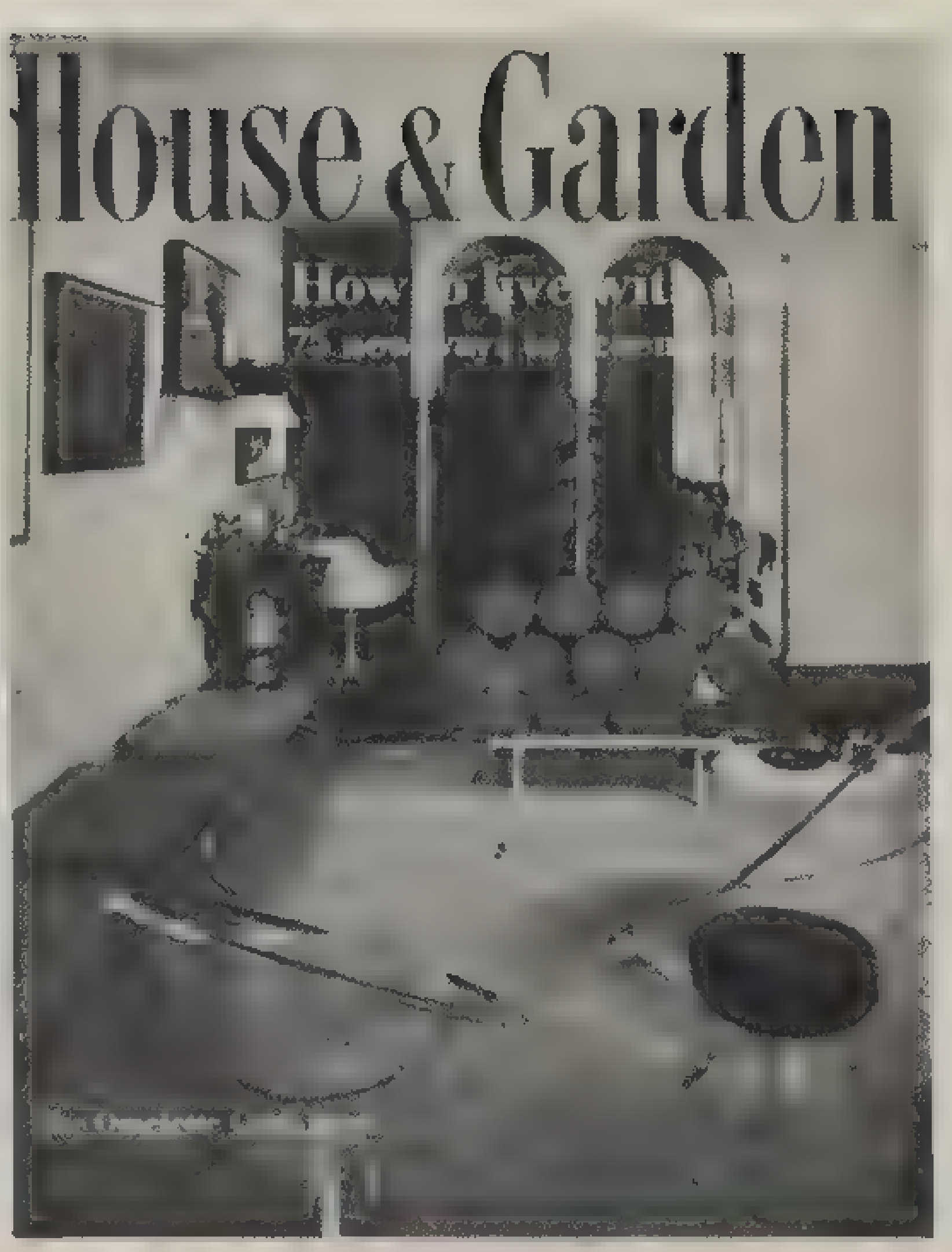
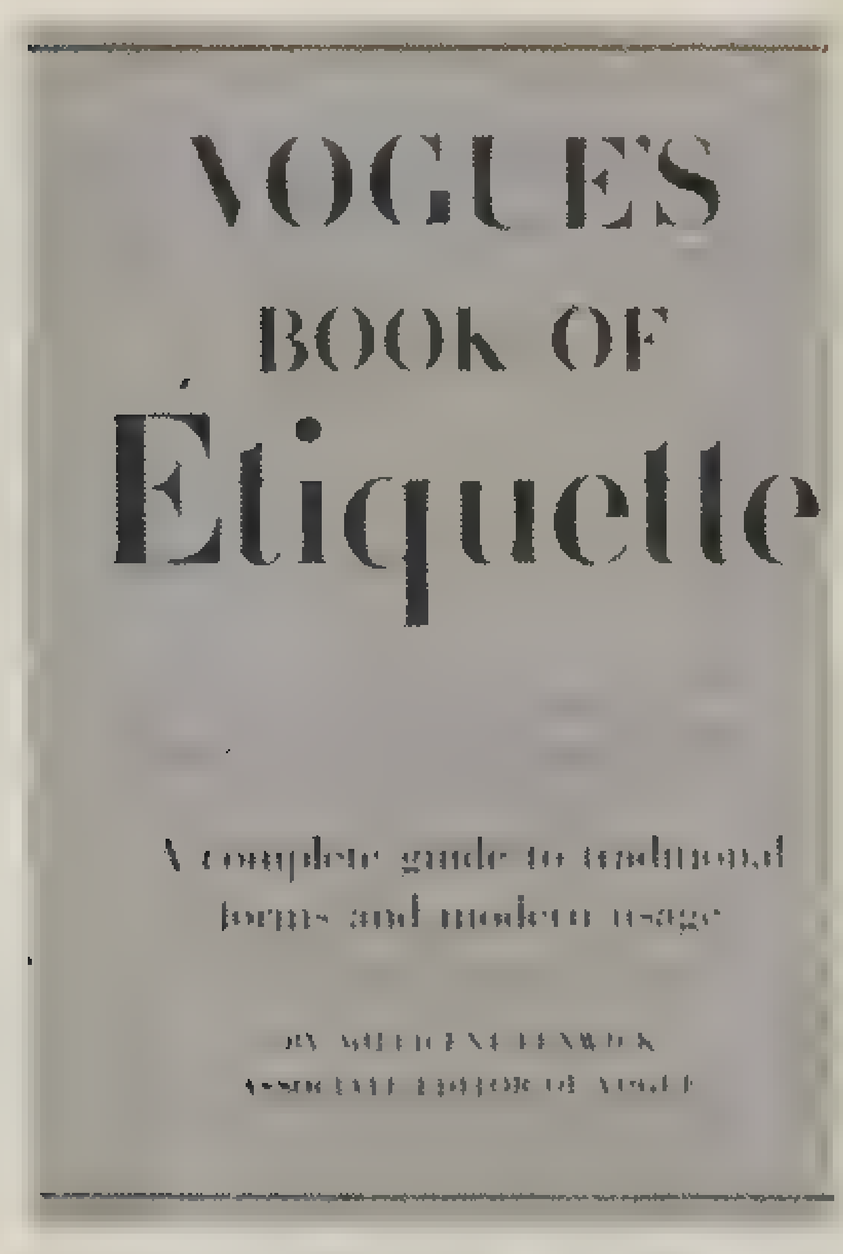
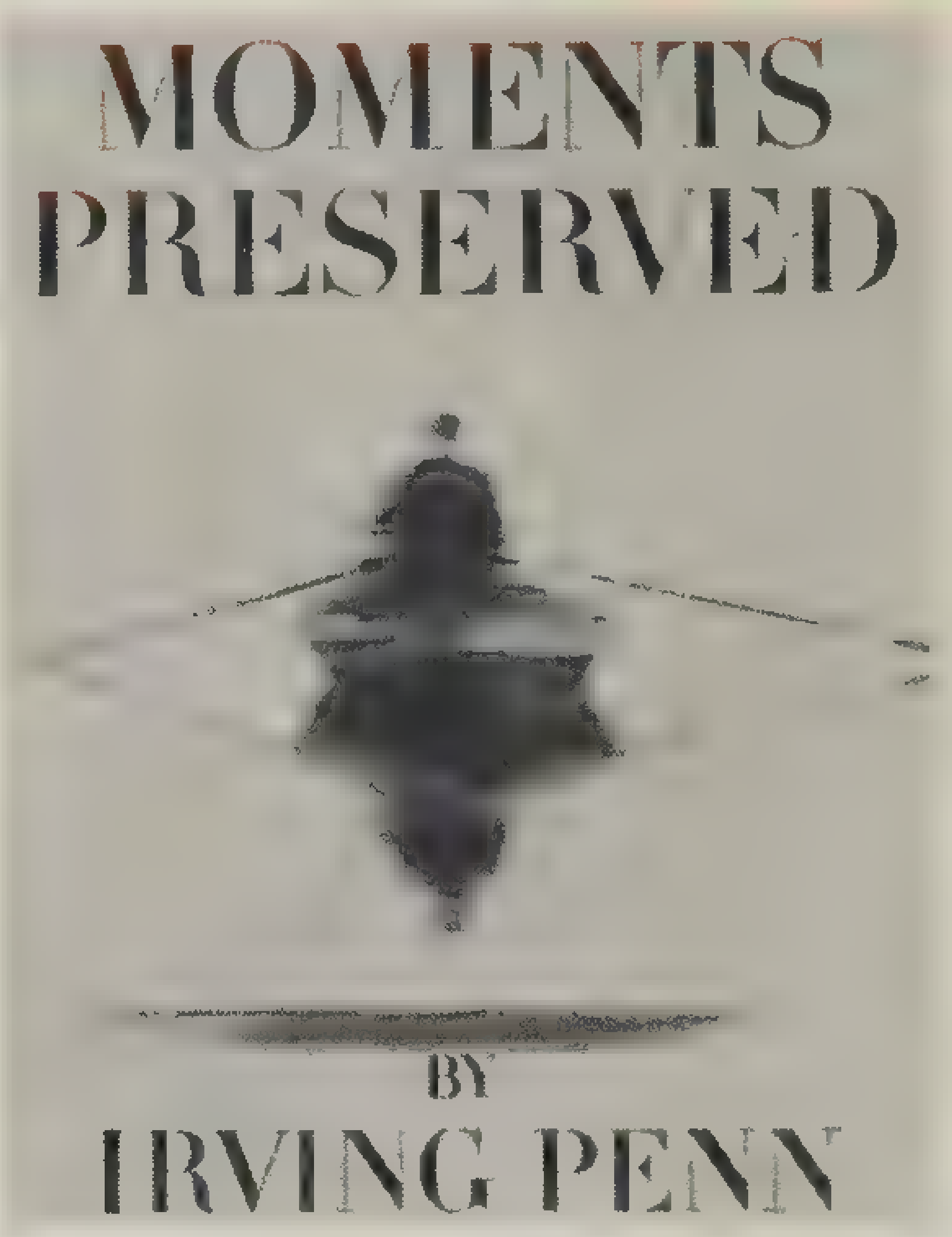
Mademoiselle
SPECIAL ENTERTAINMENT ISSUE
Red—the siren color
Parties, parties, parties
Perfume prizes—Mlle's add-a-line contest
Bechet on jazz
SCOOP
Edward Albee's new play

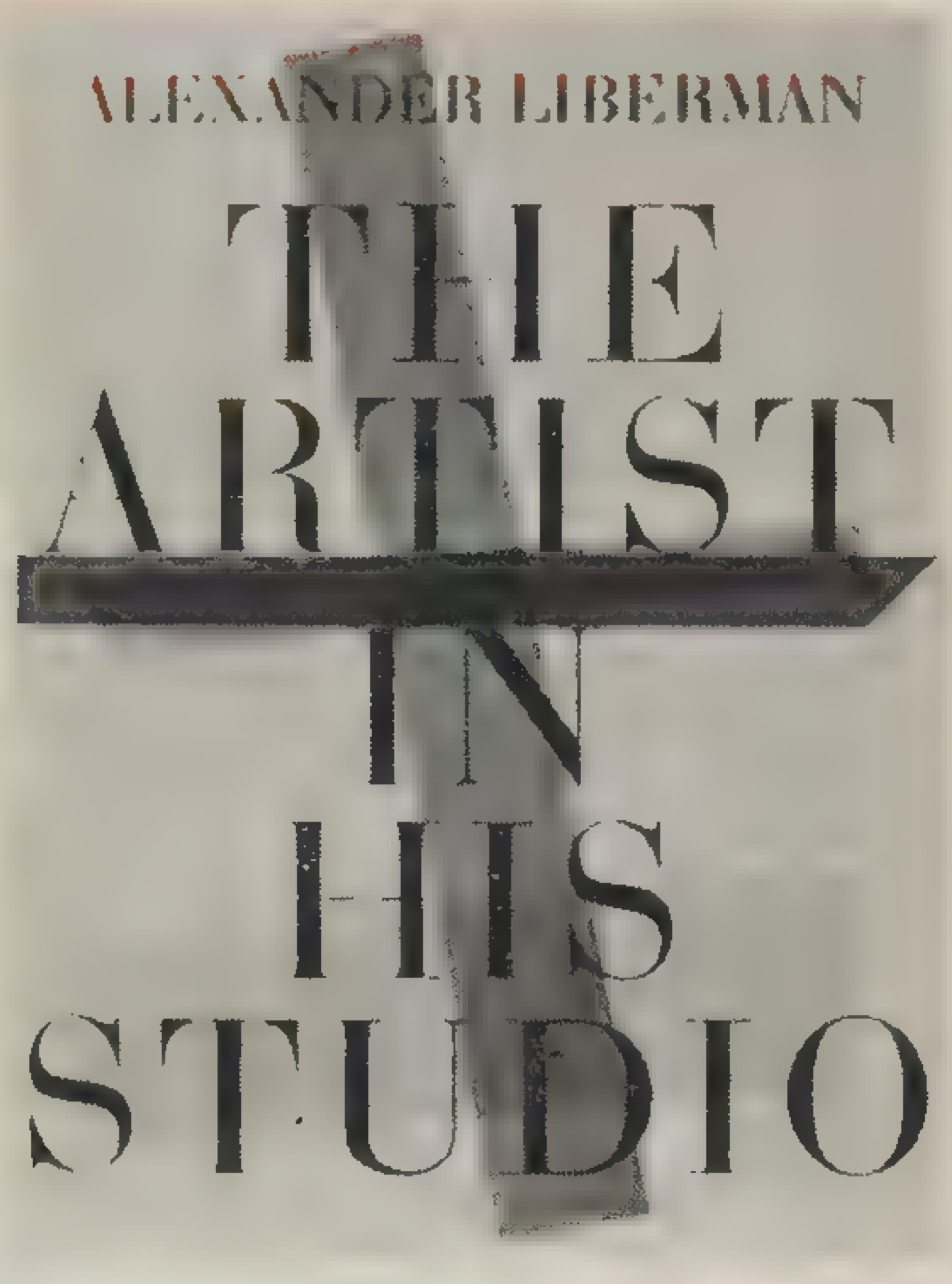

LIVING
FOR YOUNG HOMEMAKERS
SPECIAL ISSUE
40 rooms full of decorating ideas
Color's new importance— see how it works in your home
New beauty in the bath


House & Garden


VOGUE'S
BOOK OF
Etiquette
A complete guide to traditional forms and modern usage
BY MILLICENT FENWICK
ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF VOGUE

VANITY FAIR


MOMENTS
PRESERVED
BY
IRVING PENN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ARTIST
IN
HIS
STUDIO

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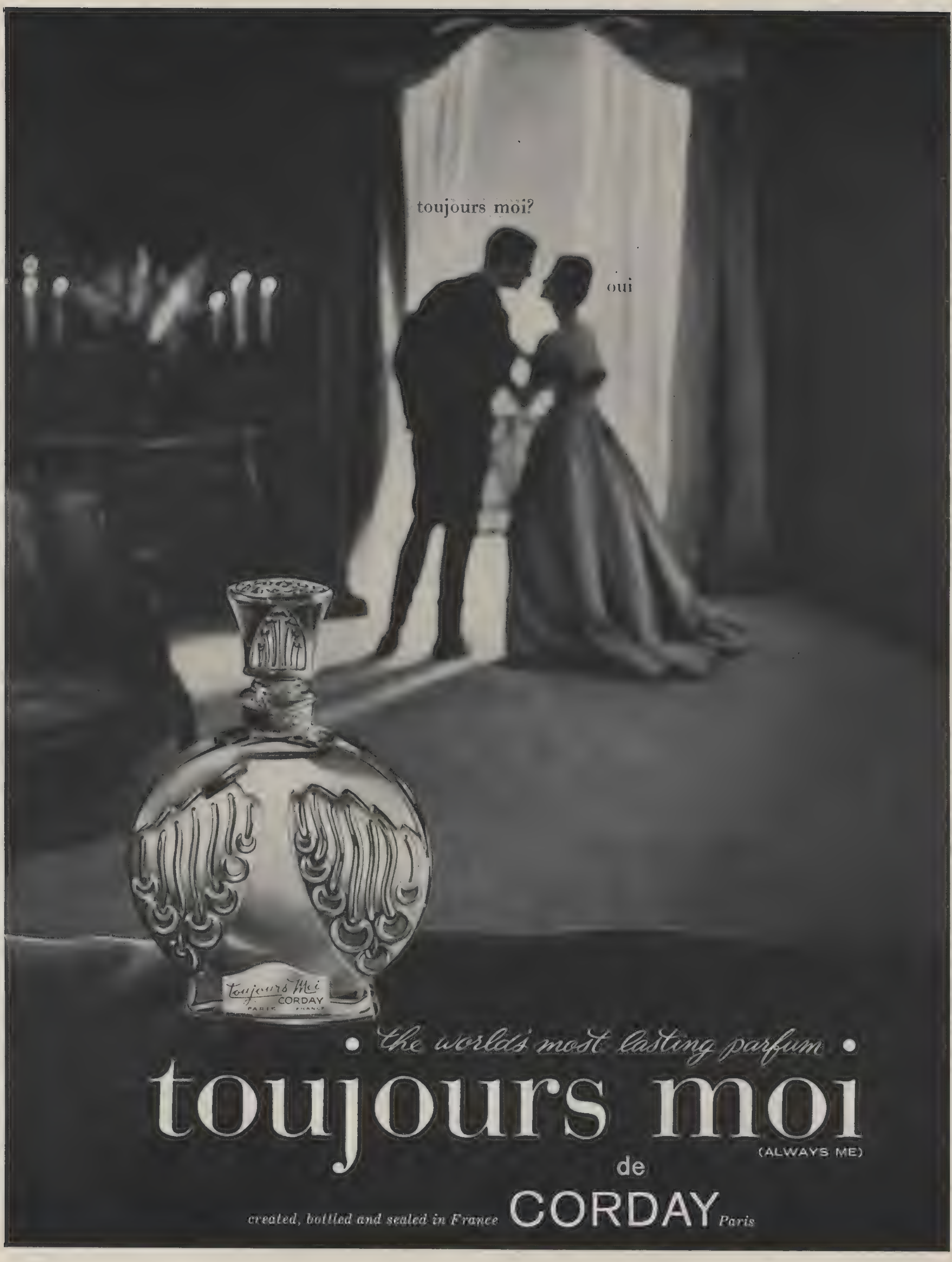
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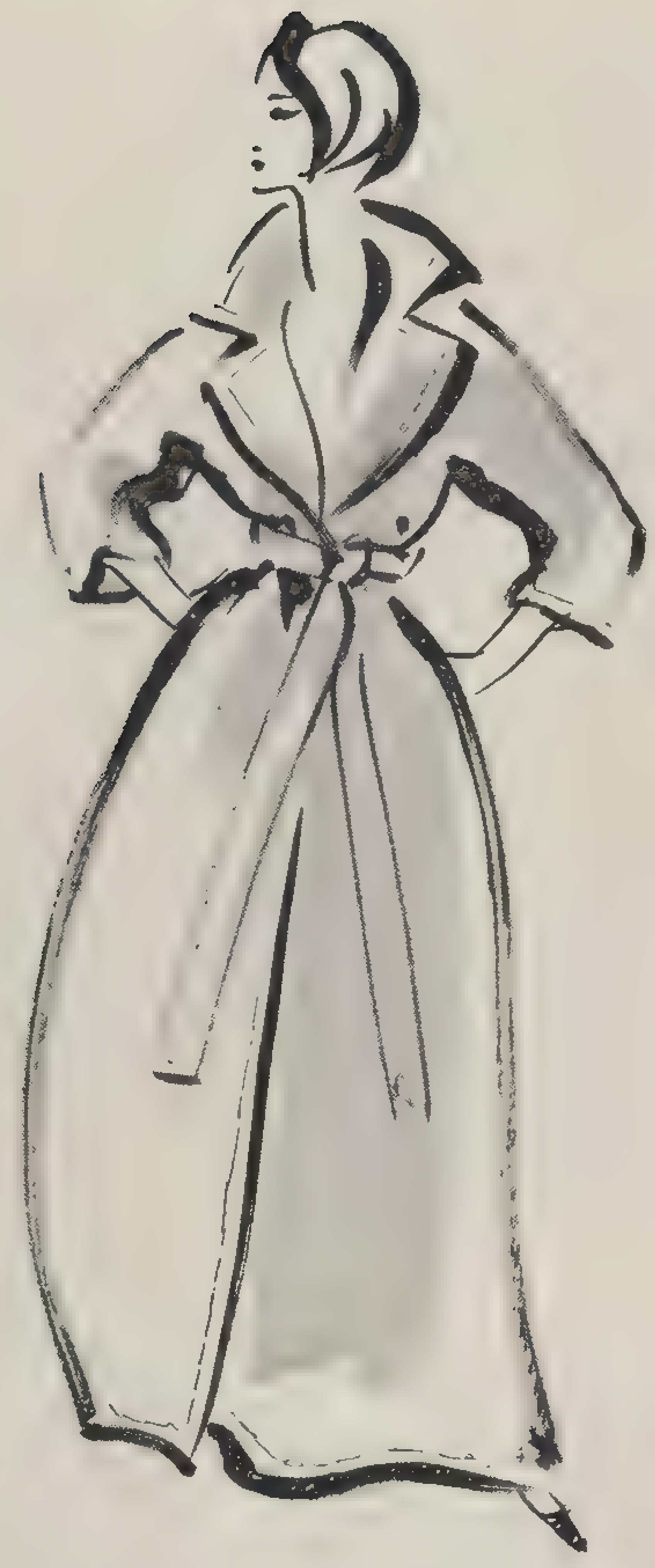
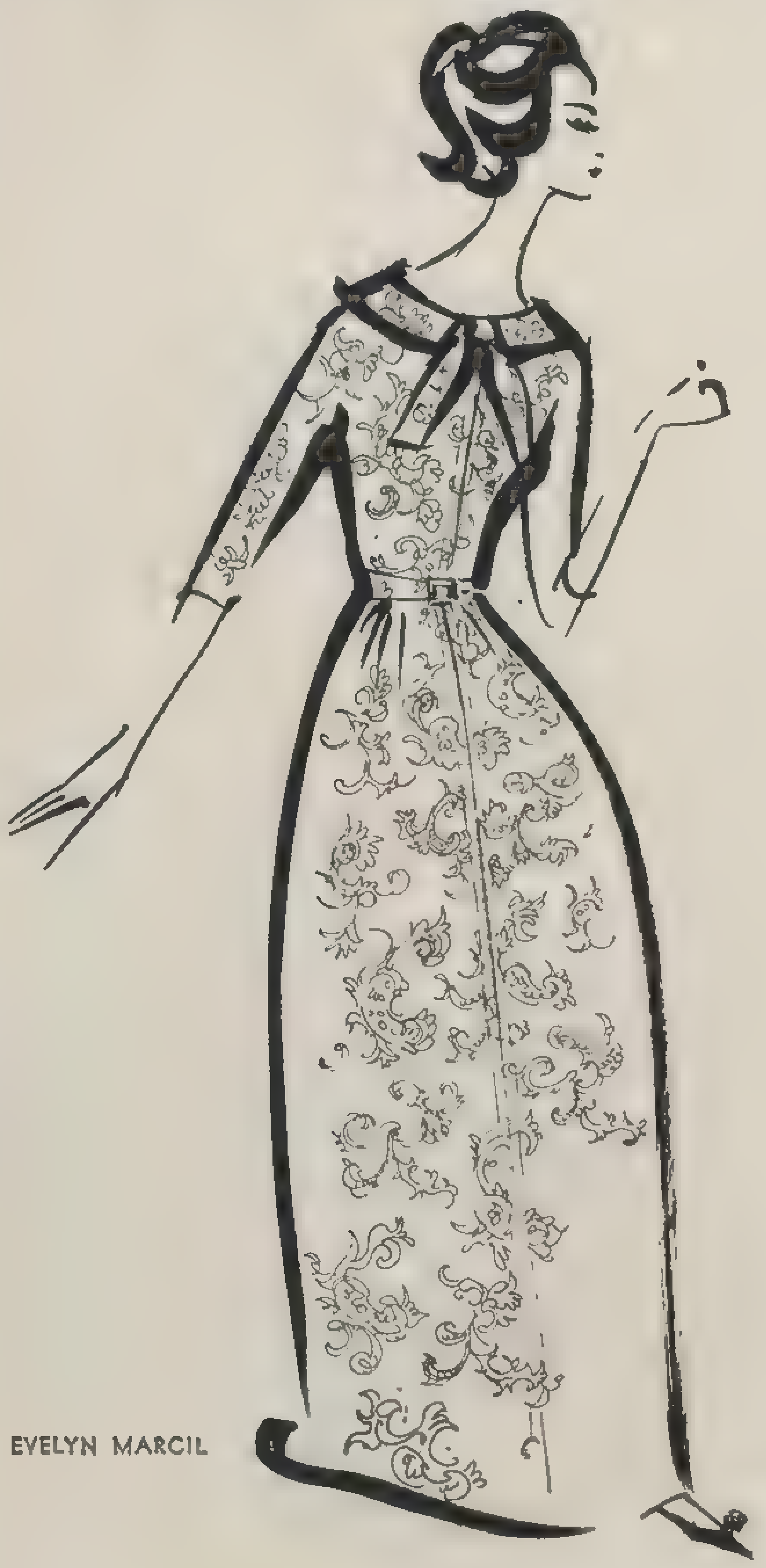


To note here: handsome fabrics that wash—and wear and wear. *Above:* Cut with trench-coat dash, a downy, deep-pile robe in a pale snow-blue. The waist is shirred and fitted, the skirt has lots of overlap. A Beaunit fabric of Acrilan—warm, washable, and lightweight. By Rosenfeld, $75, at Henri Bendel. *Below:* Dressmaker look in a robe with a pretty, standoffish neckline. The fabric is Viyella: soft, washable—it practically improves with age. Paisley pattern in a warm, bright red. By Dorian, about $40; at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop.



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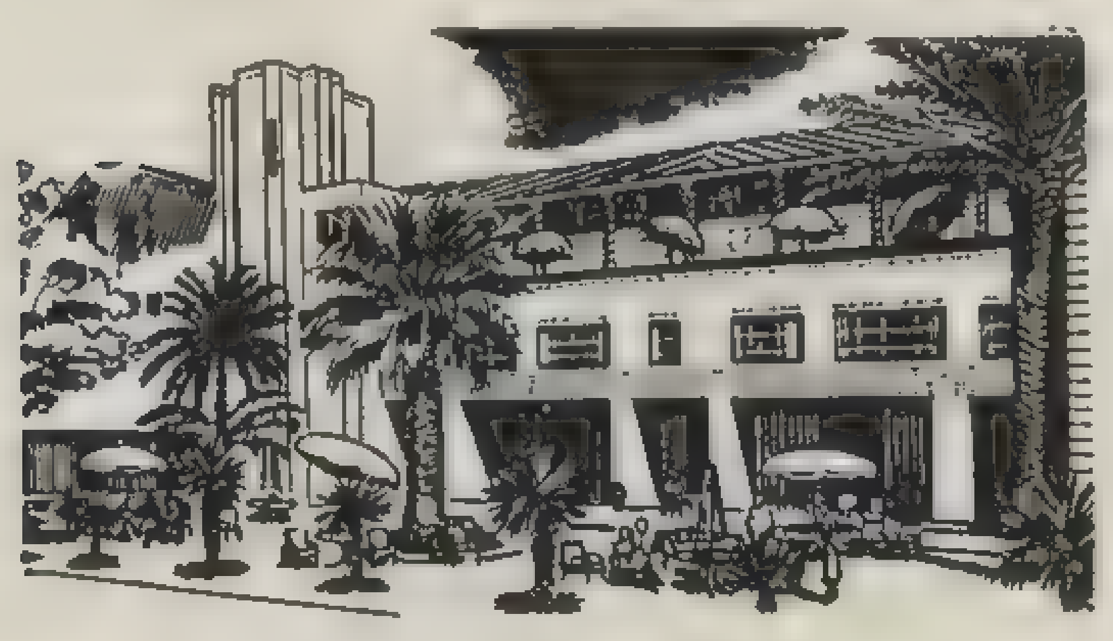
PHOENIX



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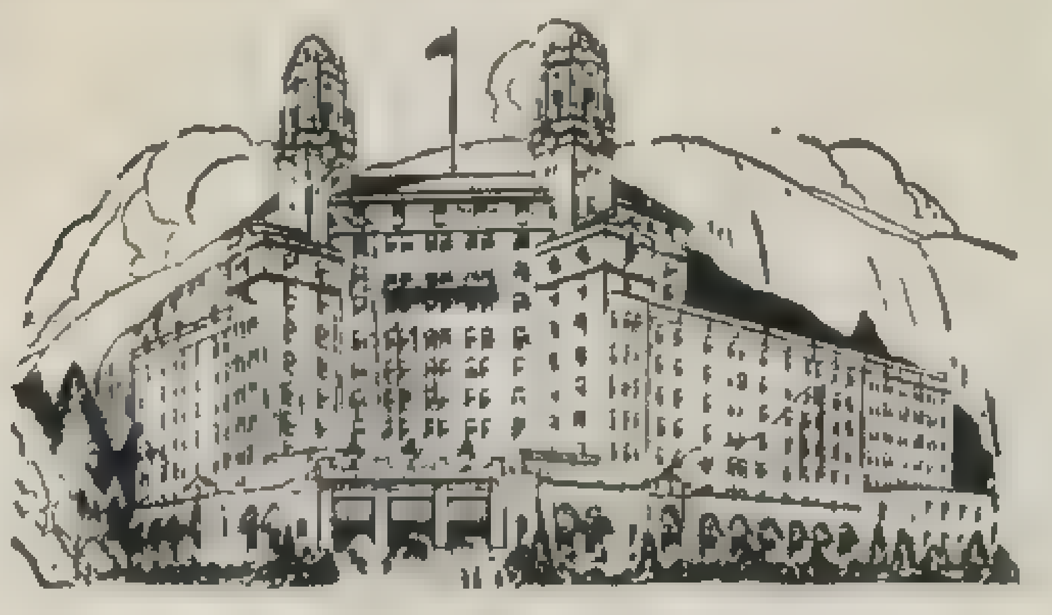

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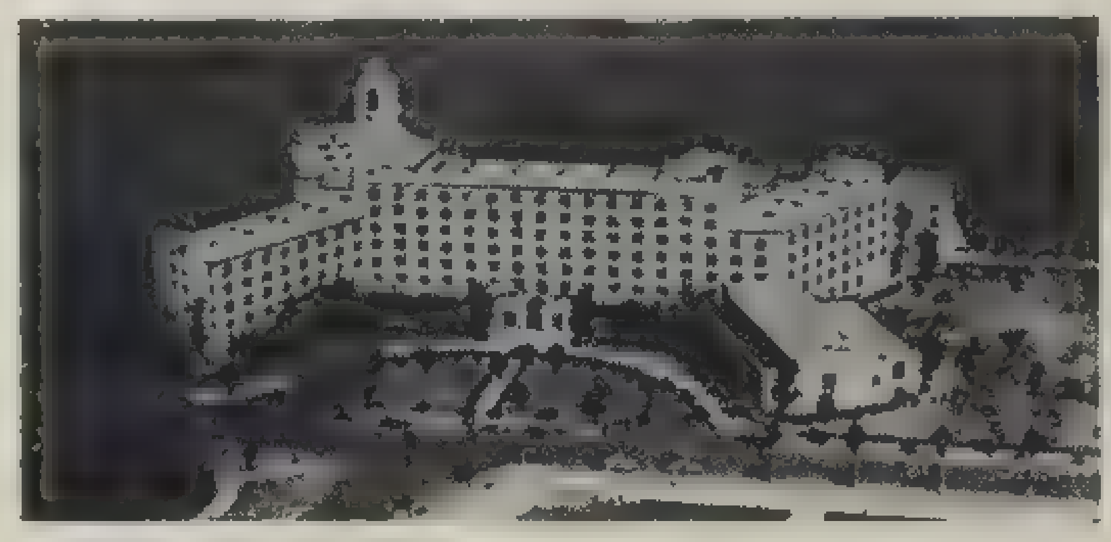
THE Travelog section is listed for your information and convenience when planning a vacation or holiday. The hotels and resorts listed excel in hospitality, food & pleasant atmosphere.

FLORIDA

ST. PETERSBURG



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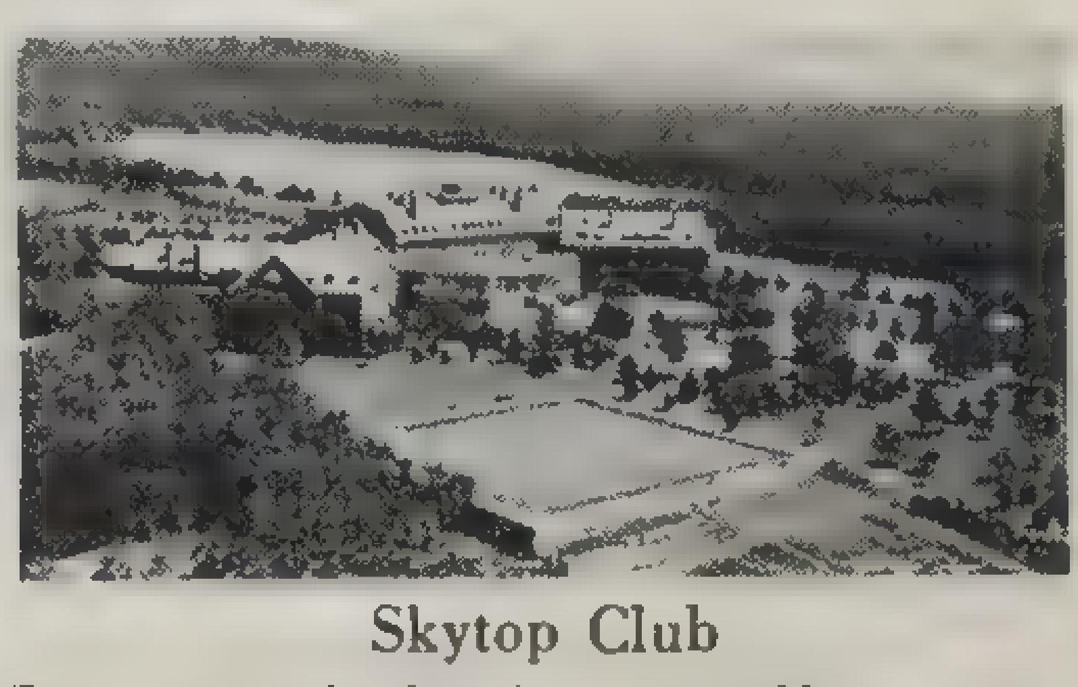
PENNSYLVANIA

SKYTOP



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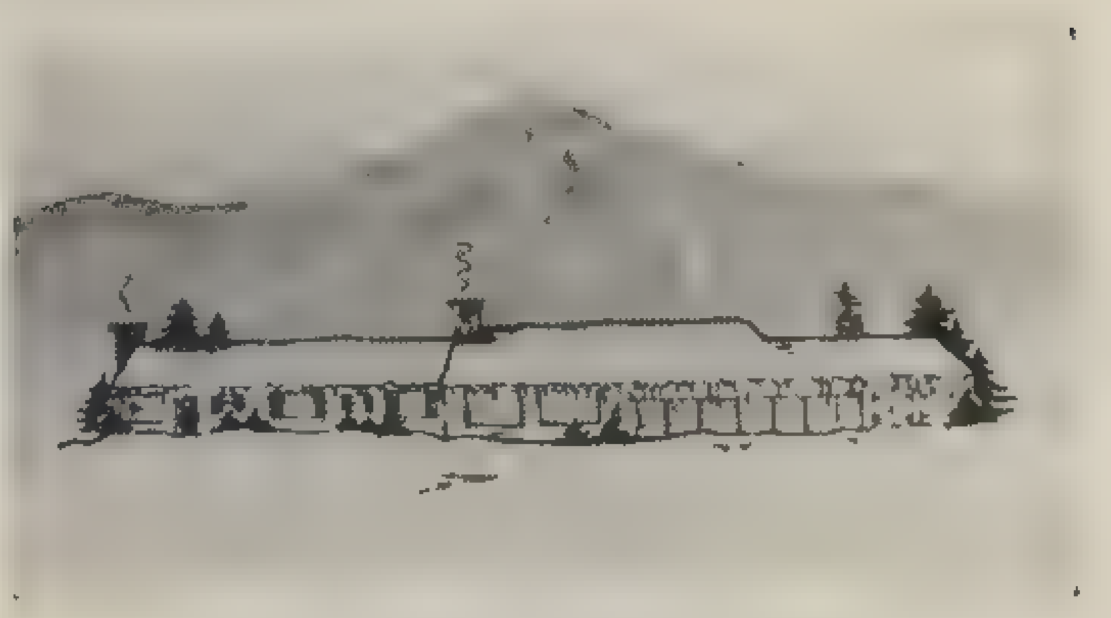
VERMONT

WILMINGTON



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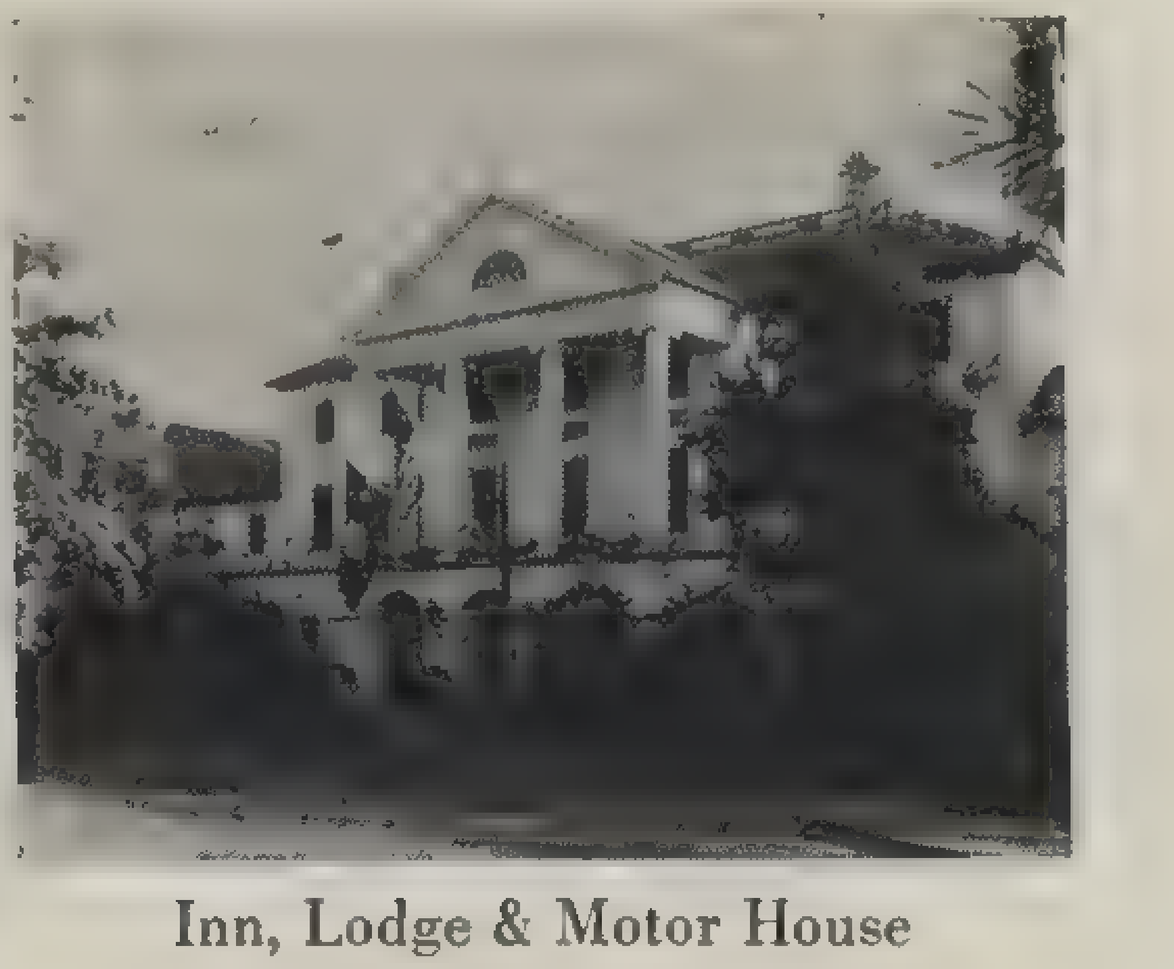
VIRGINIA

WILLIAMSBURG



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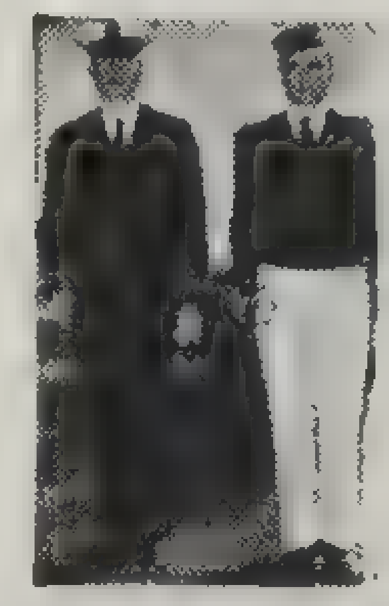

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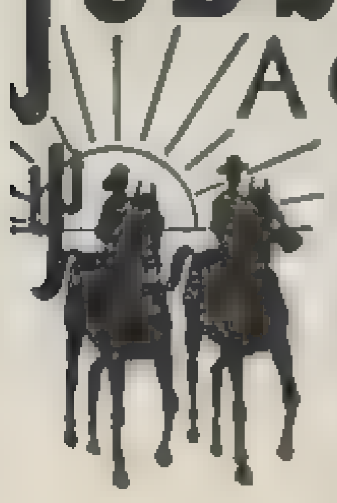

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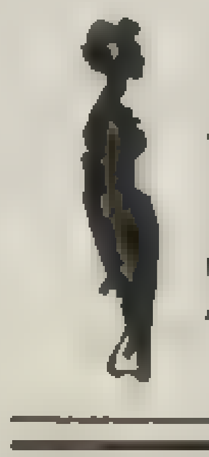

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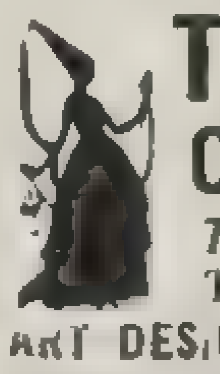

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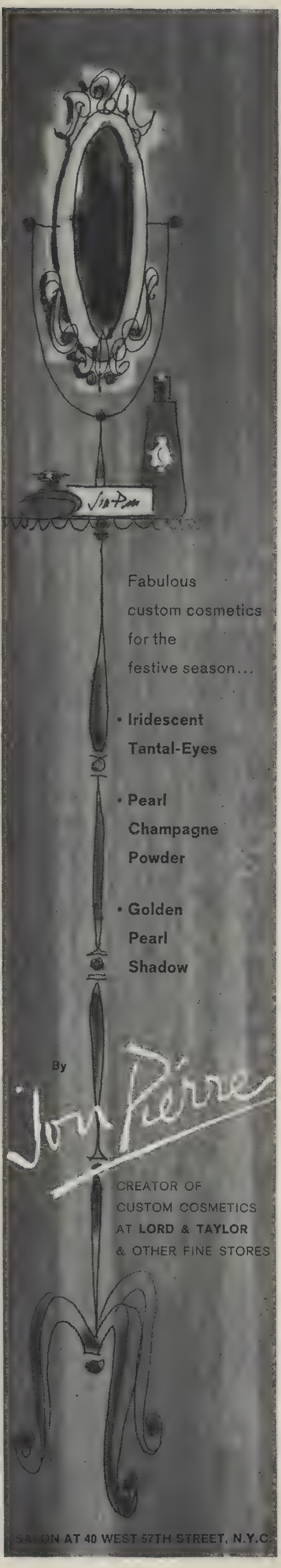
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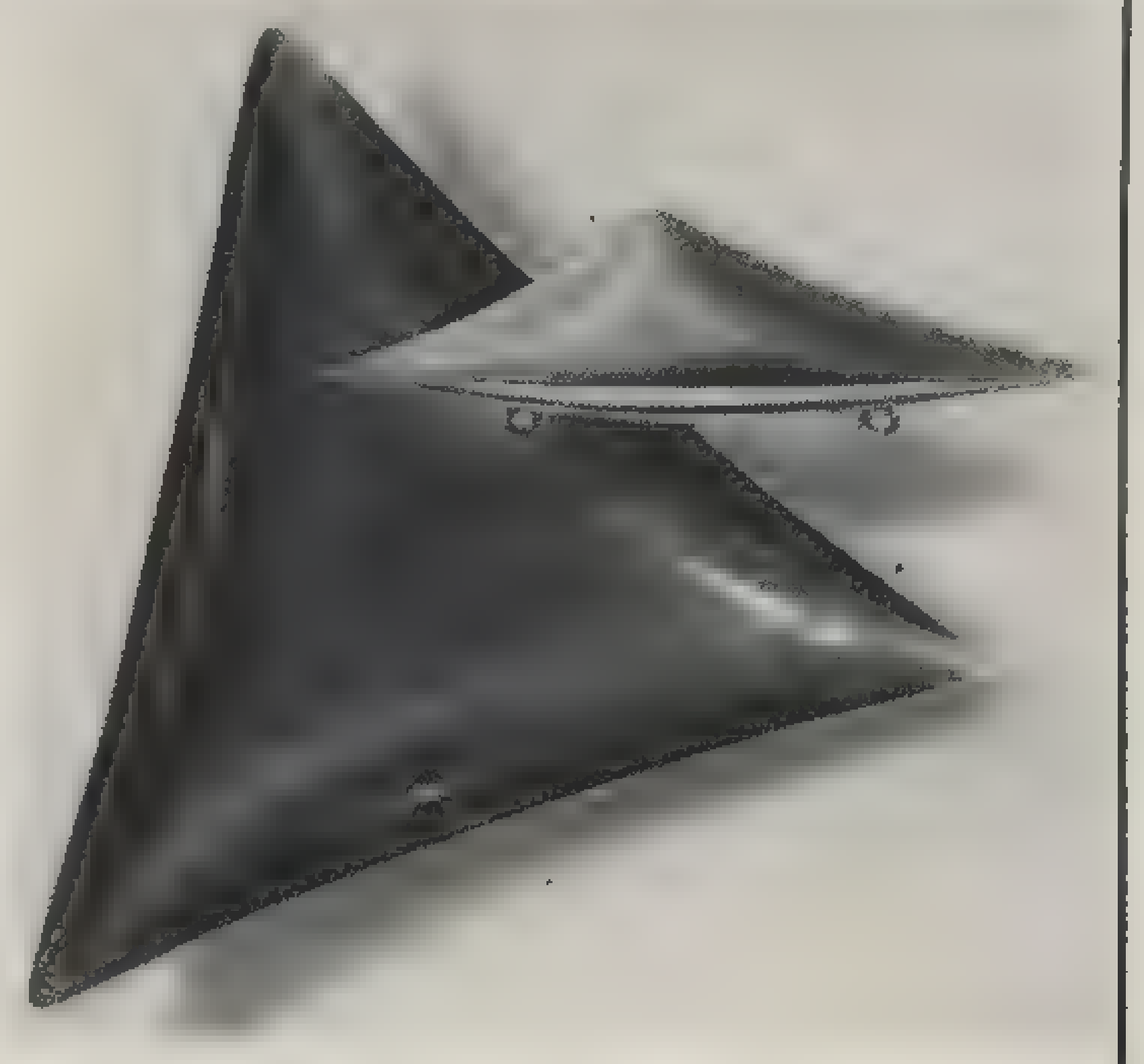
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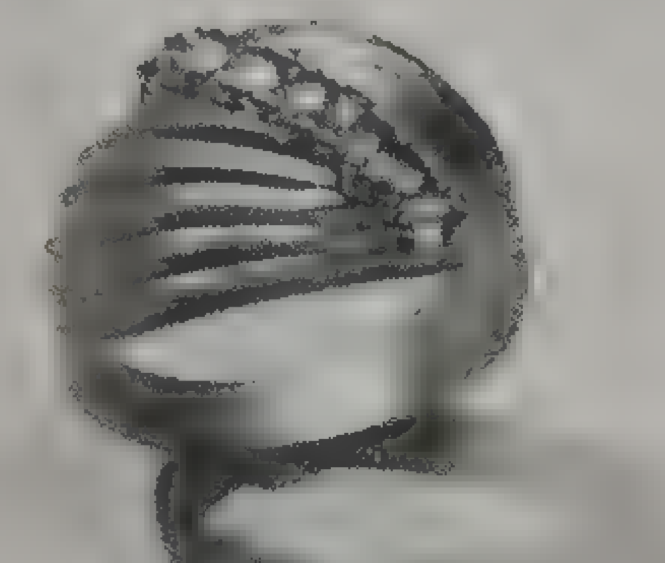
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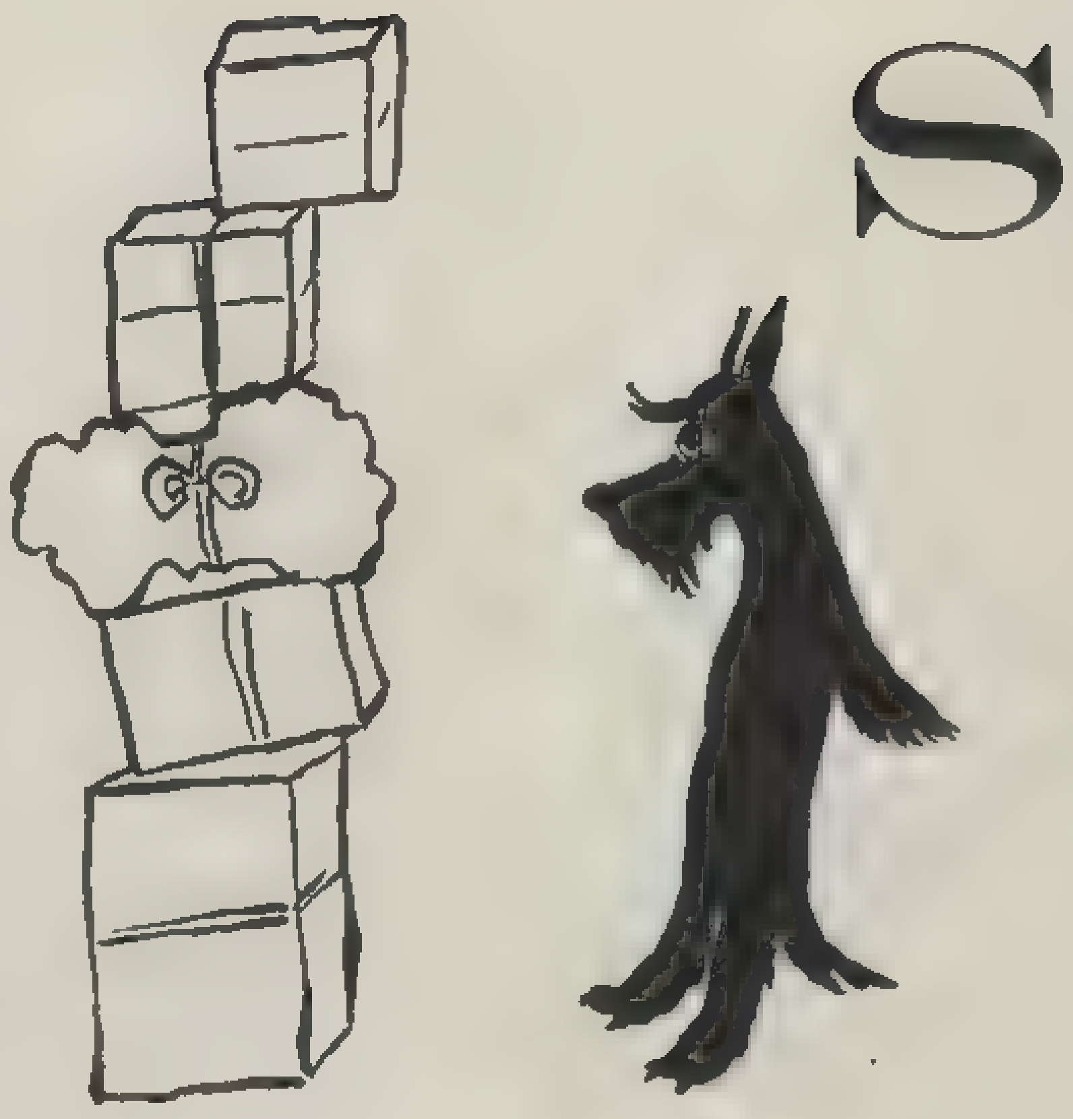

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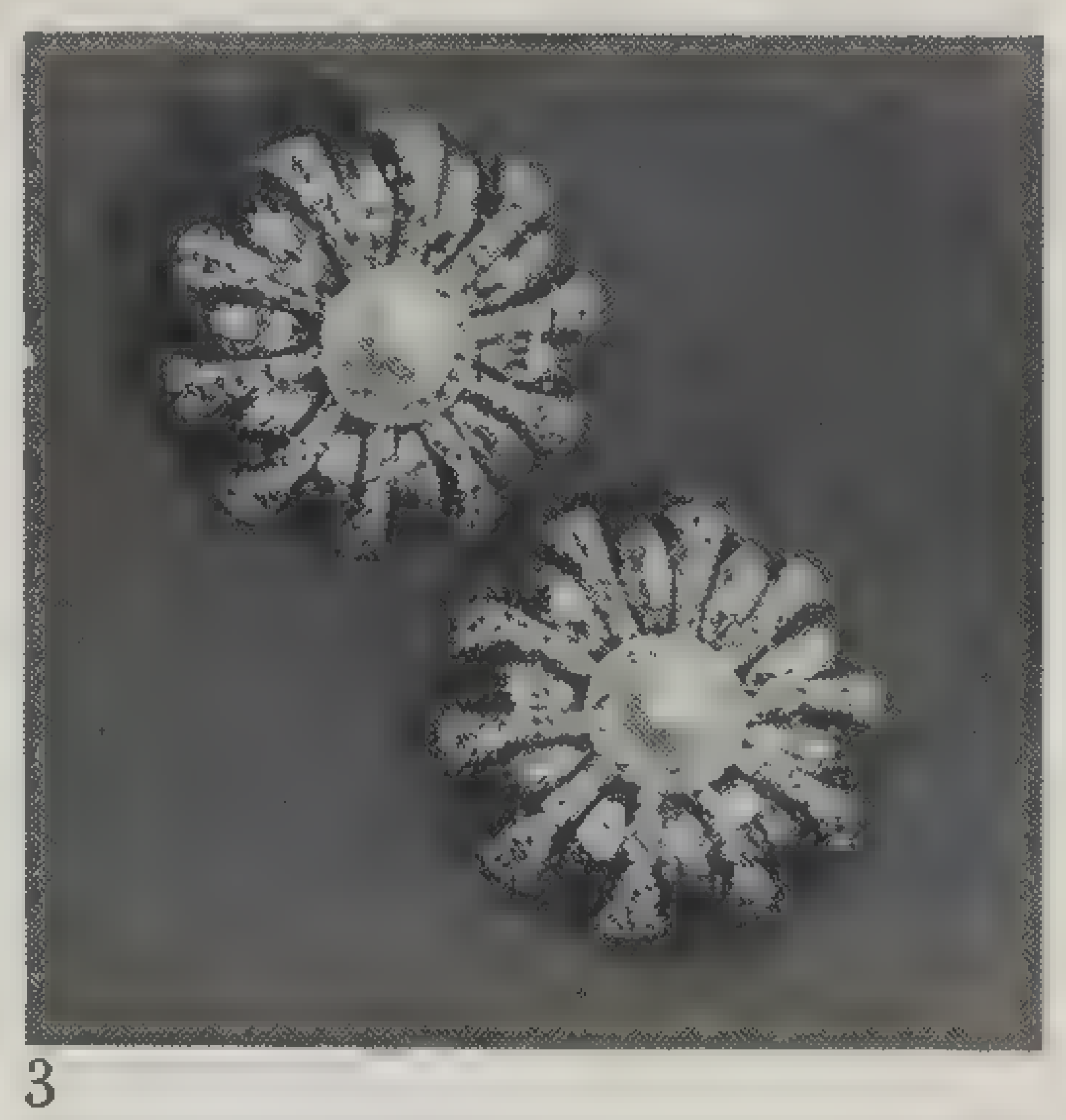

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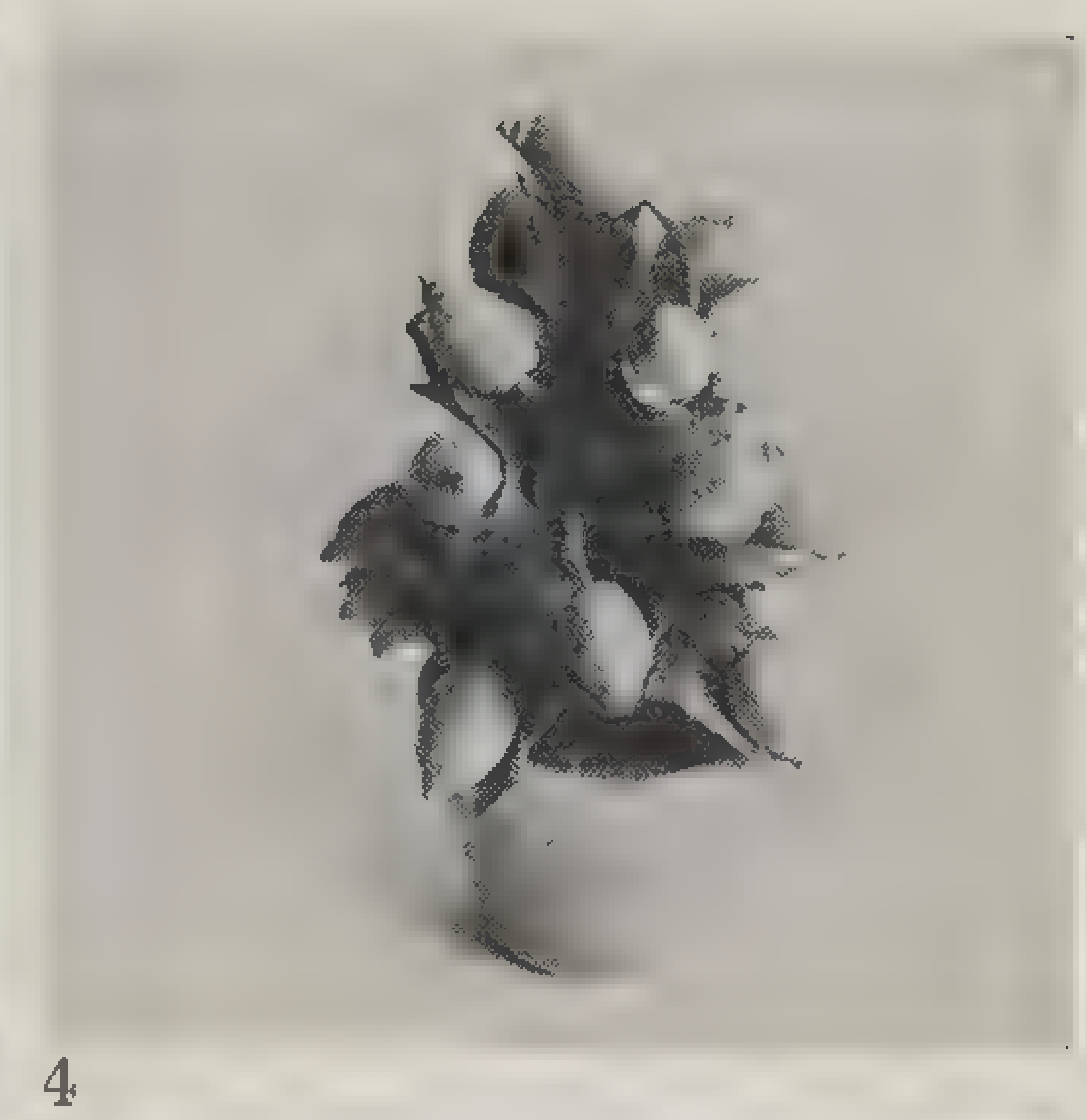

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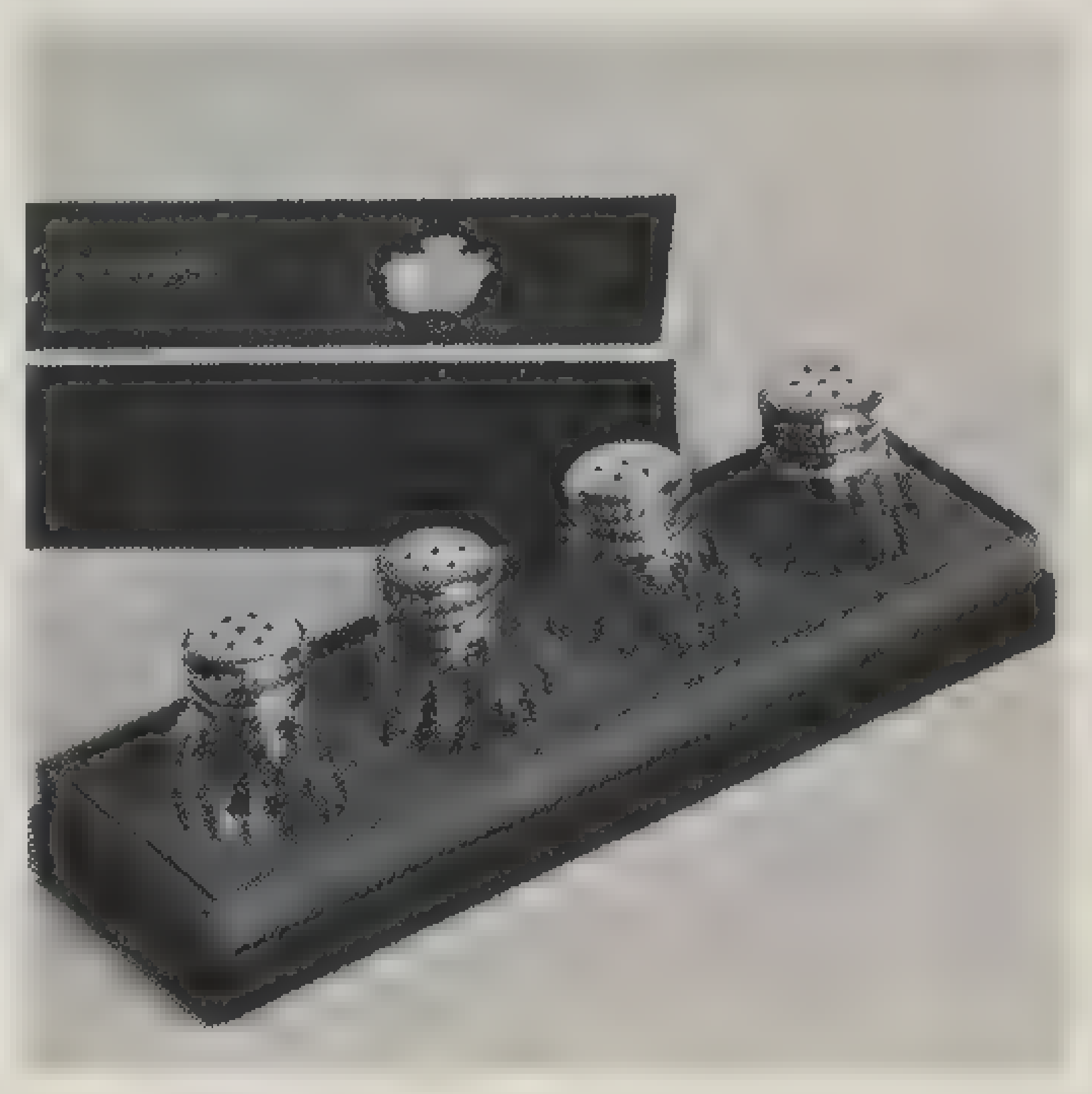

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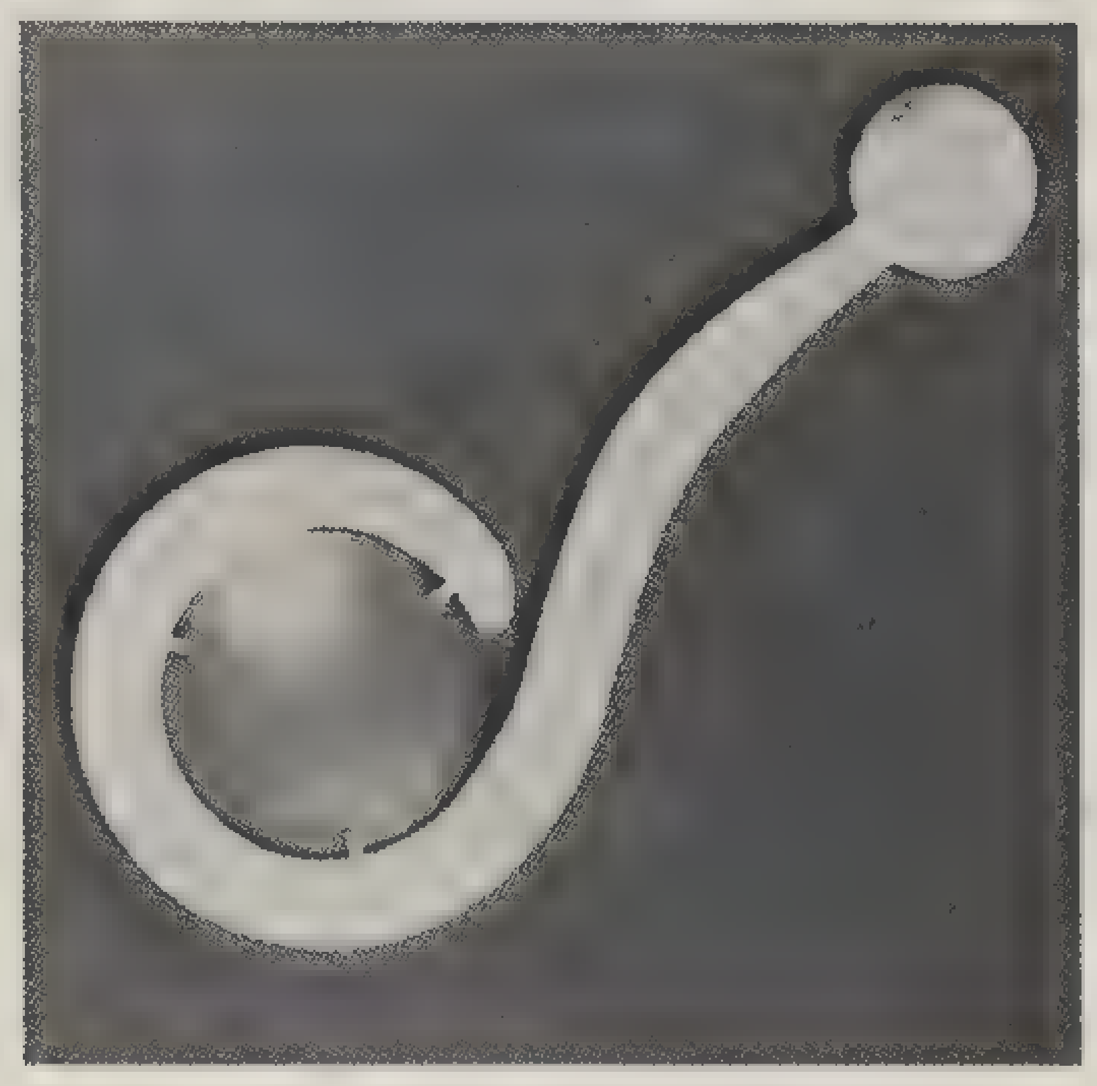

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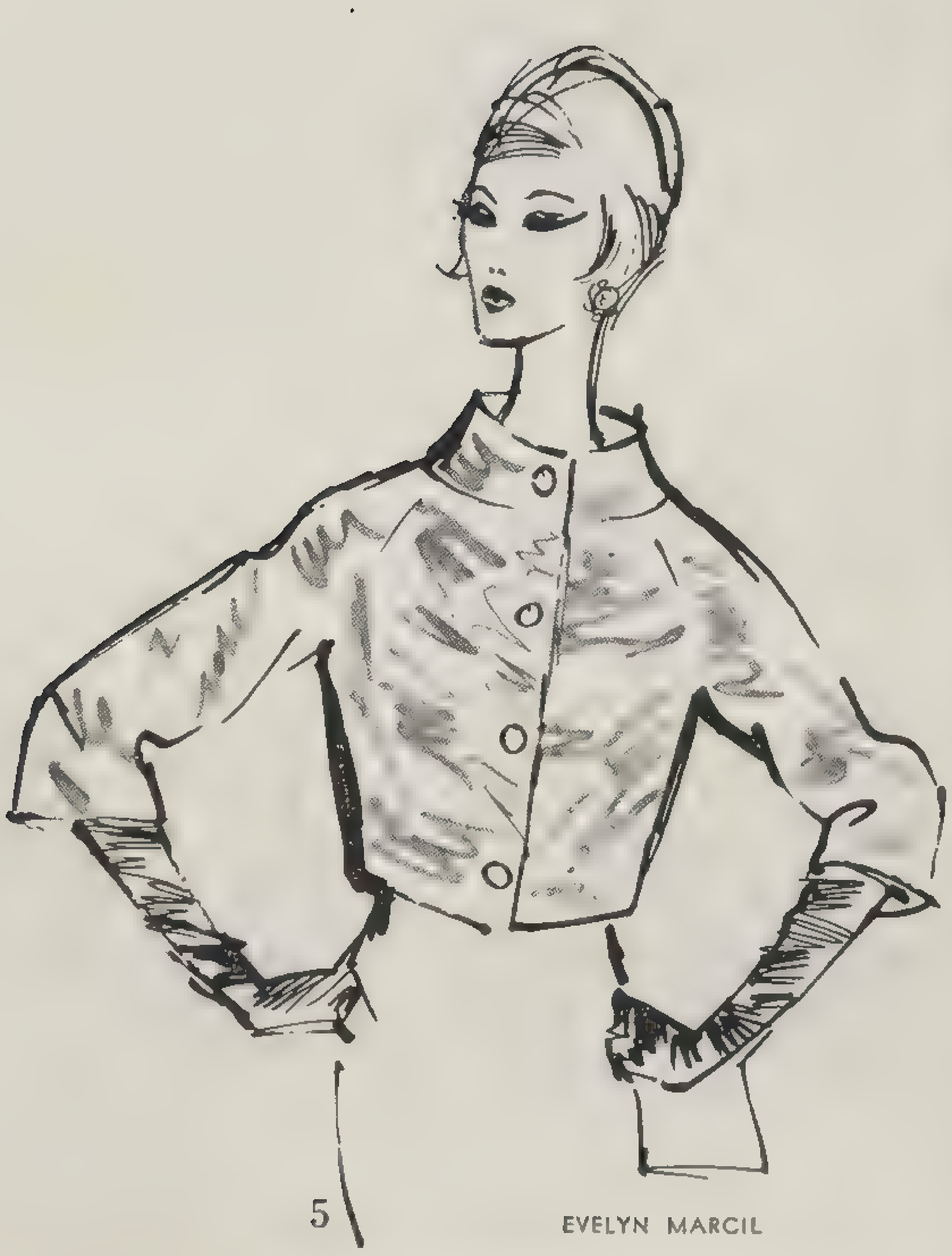
3. Christmas present for the house: tiny salt and pepper shakers—crystal, with tops of sterling silver. Each 1¾" high. Set of 4, $4.30 tax inc., ppd. Christofle Silver, 55 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22.
4. Gold-plated question mark that answers two purposes: it's both paperweight and magnifying glass. About 6" long; $17 ppd. Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St., N. Y. 19.

HOUND

. . . Christmas guess-list



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EVELYN MARCIL

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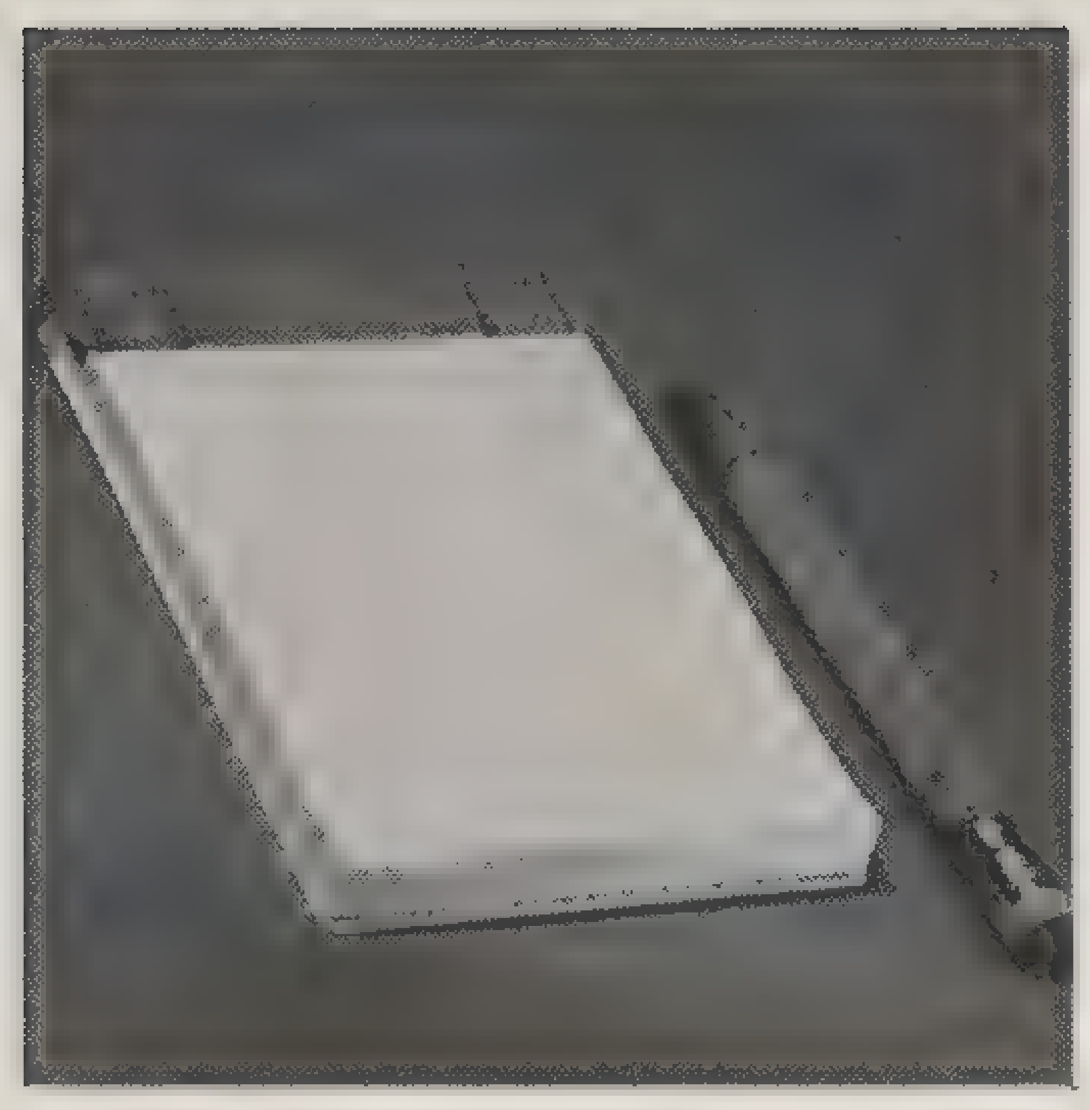

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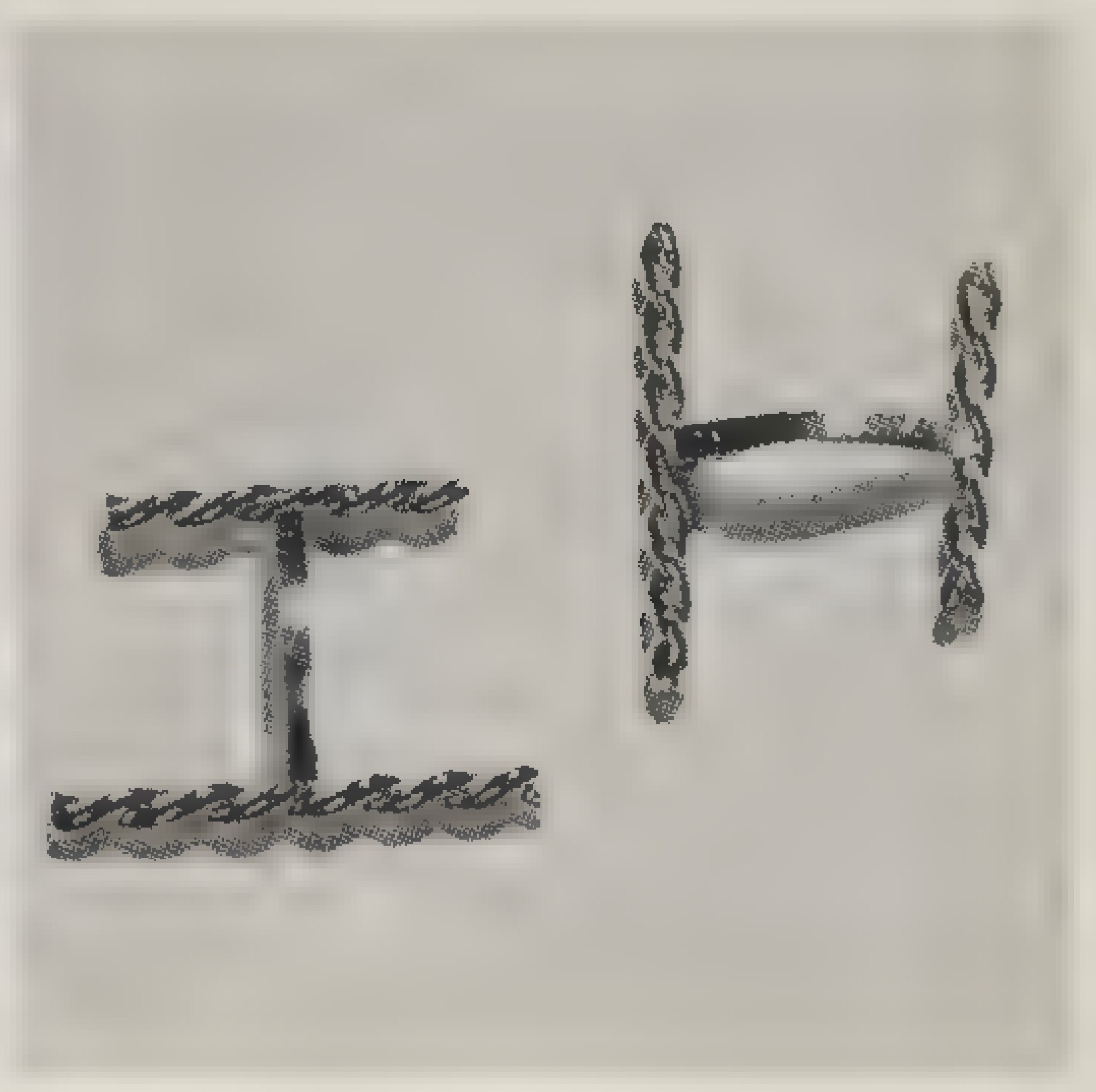

5. Slim little cropped fur jacket of Argentine sheared white lamb; to wear for theatres, little dinners. It has a set-away collar, three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 8 to 16. $125 tax inc., ppd. Harold J. Rubin, 943 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21.
6. An enormous velvet pencil with its own velvet-bordered memo pad. The pencil is automatic, 10″ long from eraser to point; the pad measures 10″ x 6″. The velvet, in gold, pink, or sea-foam green; $4.95 set, ppd. Edith Chapman, Route 303, Blauvelt, New York.
7. A distinctive Christmas present for a man, these unusual cuff links—slim, spiralling twists of 14-k. gold; $17.50 tax inc., ppd. Merrin, 530 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

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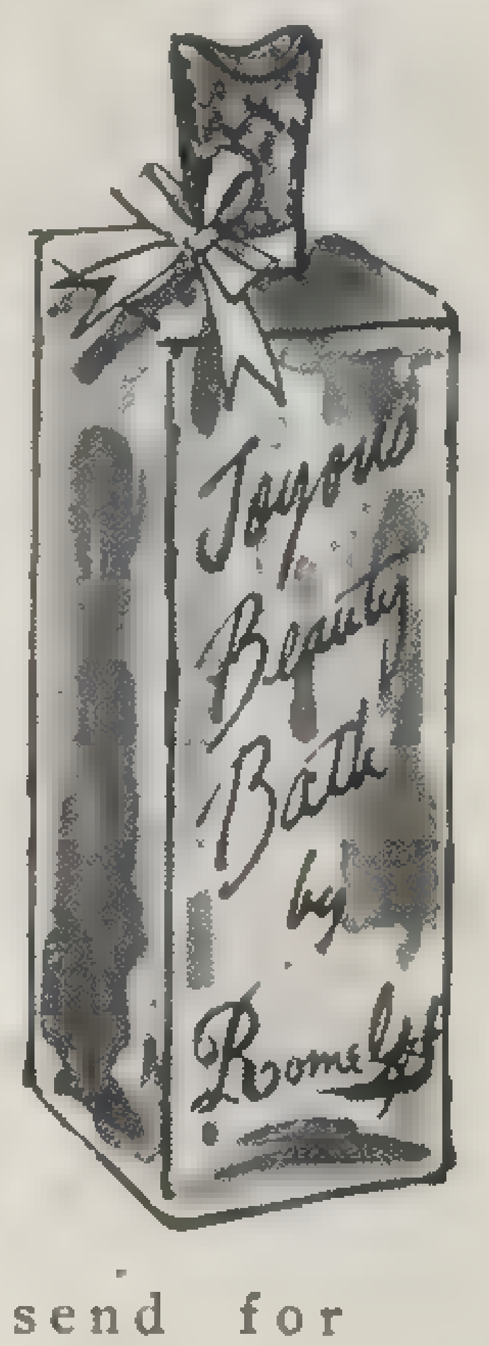

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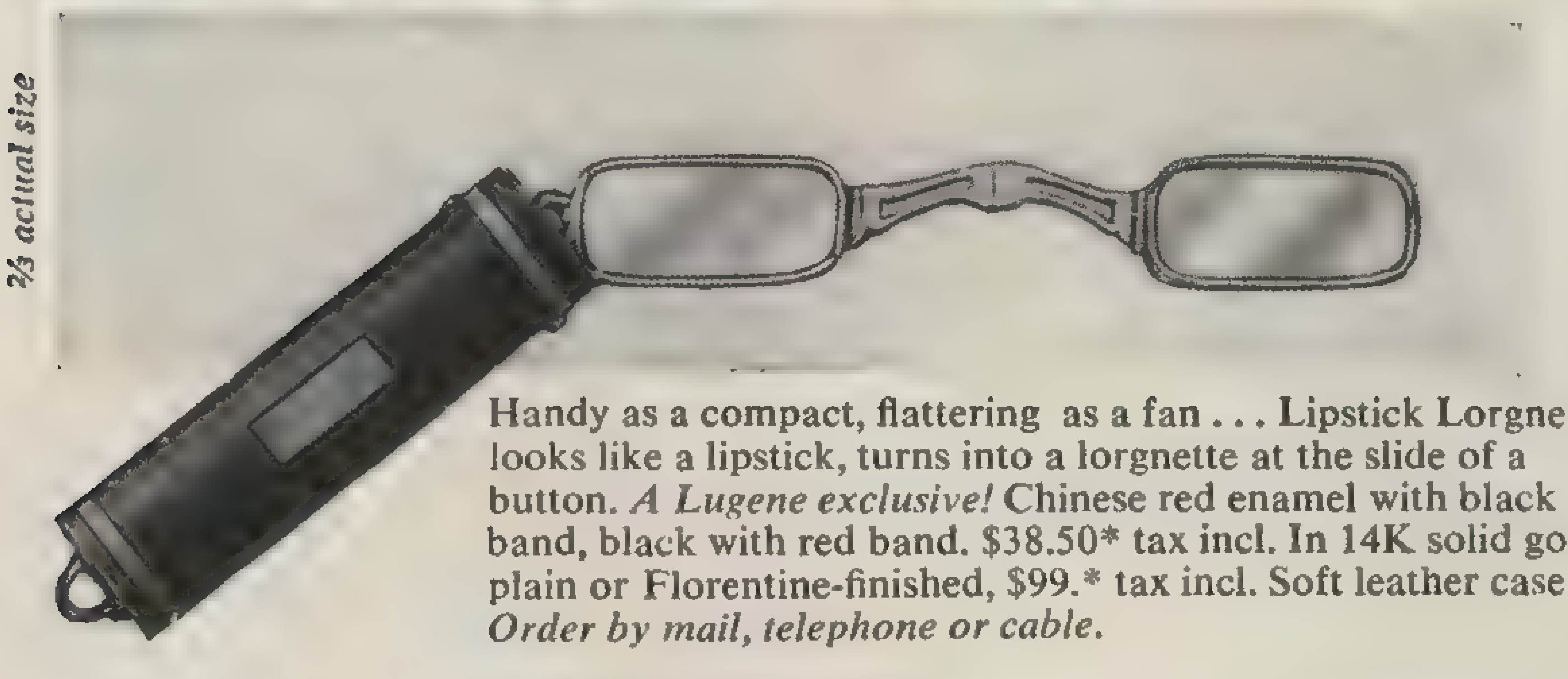
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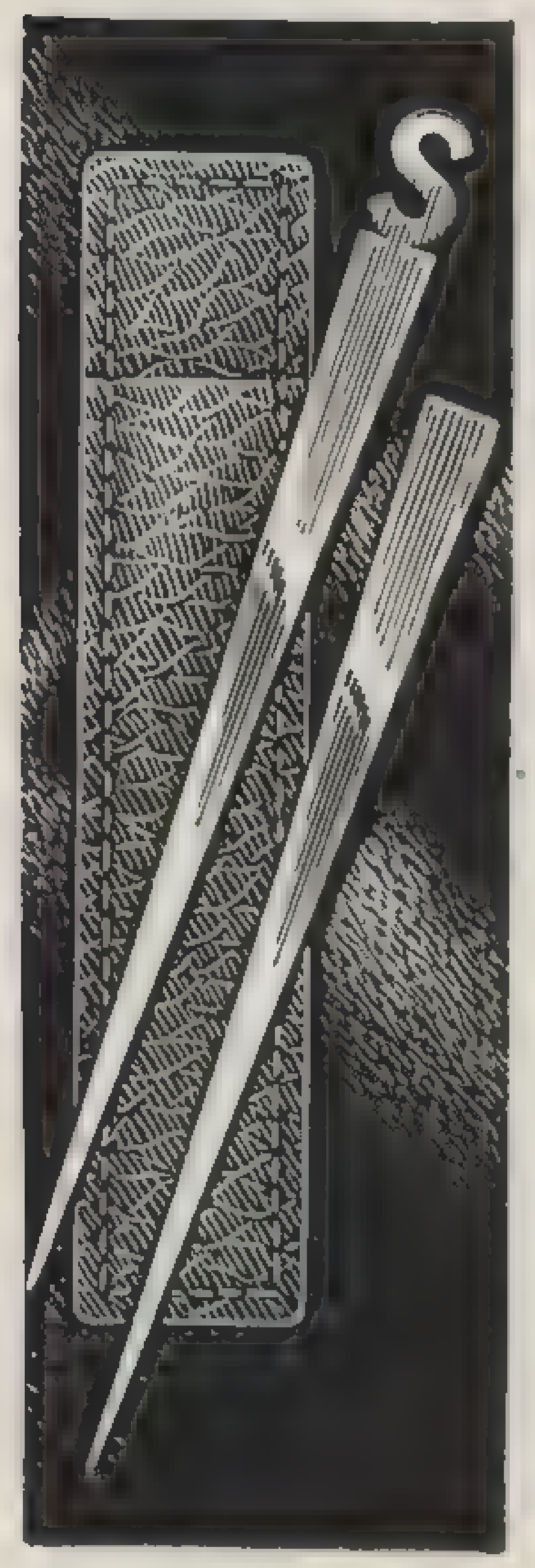

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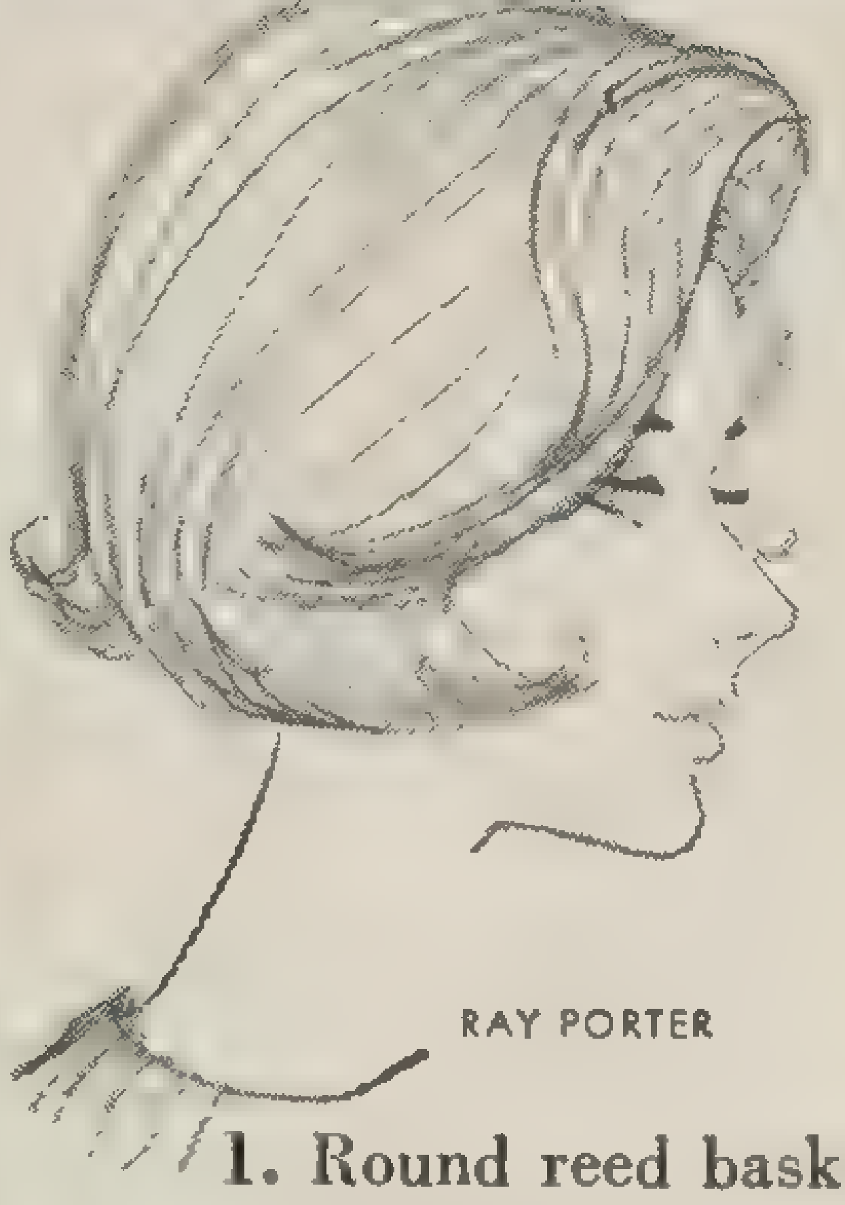
RAY PORTER

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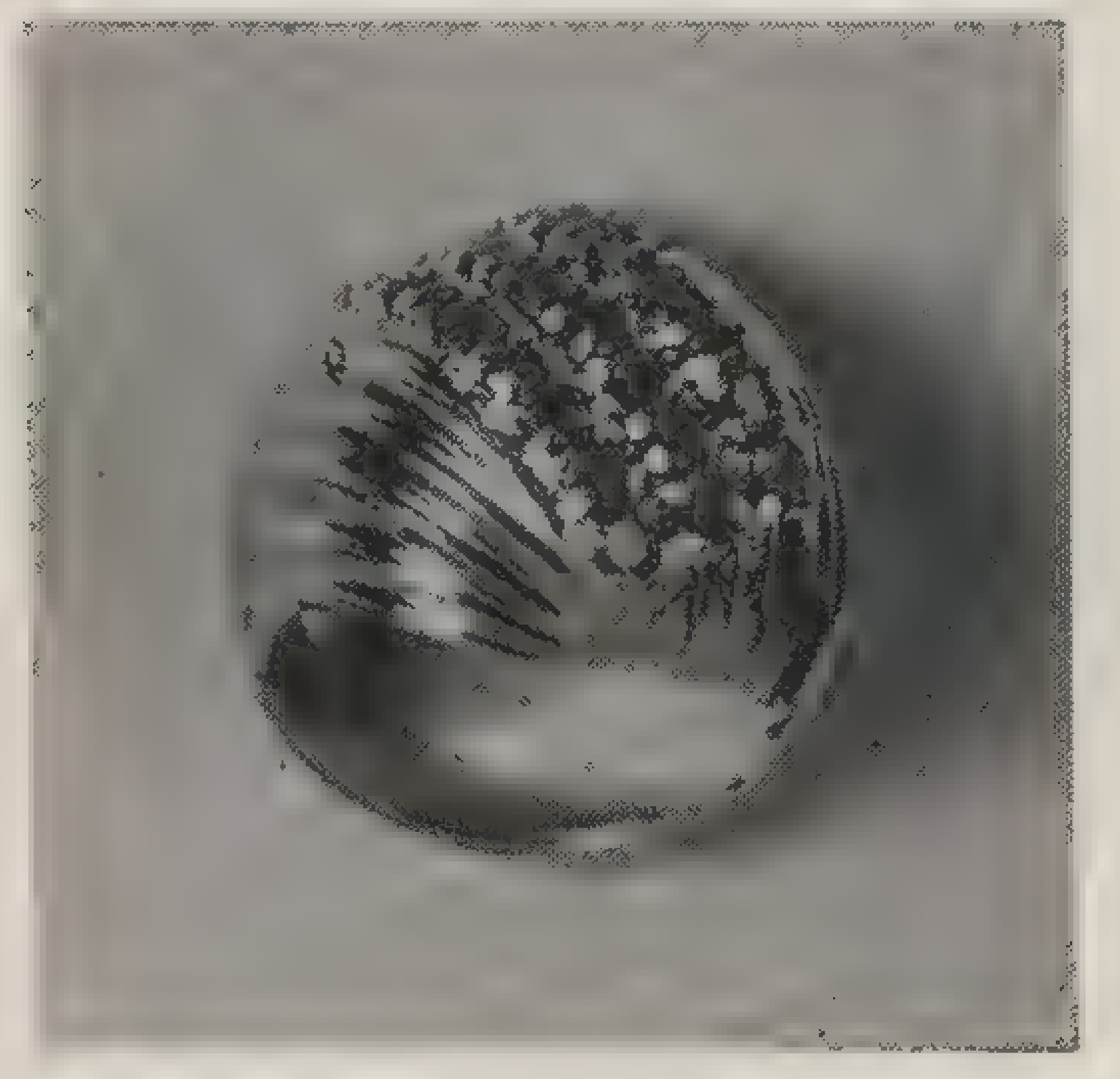

1. Round reed baskets with scalloped rims, made by the blind. Set of 4, in different sizes (9", 11", 13", and 15" diameters), $7.50 tax inc., ppd.
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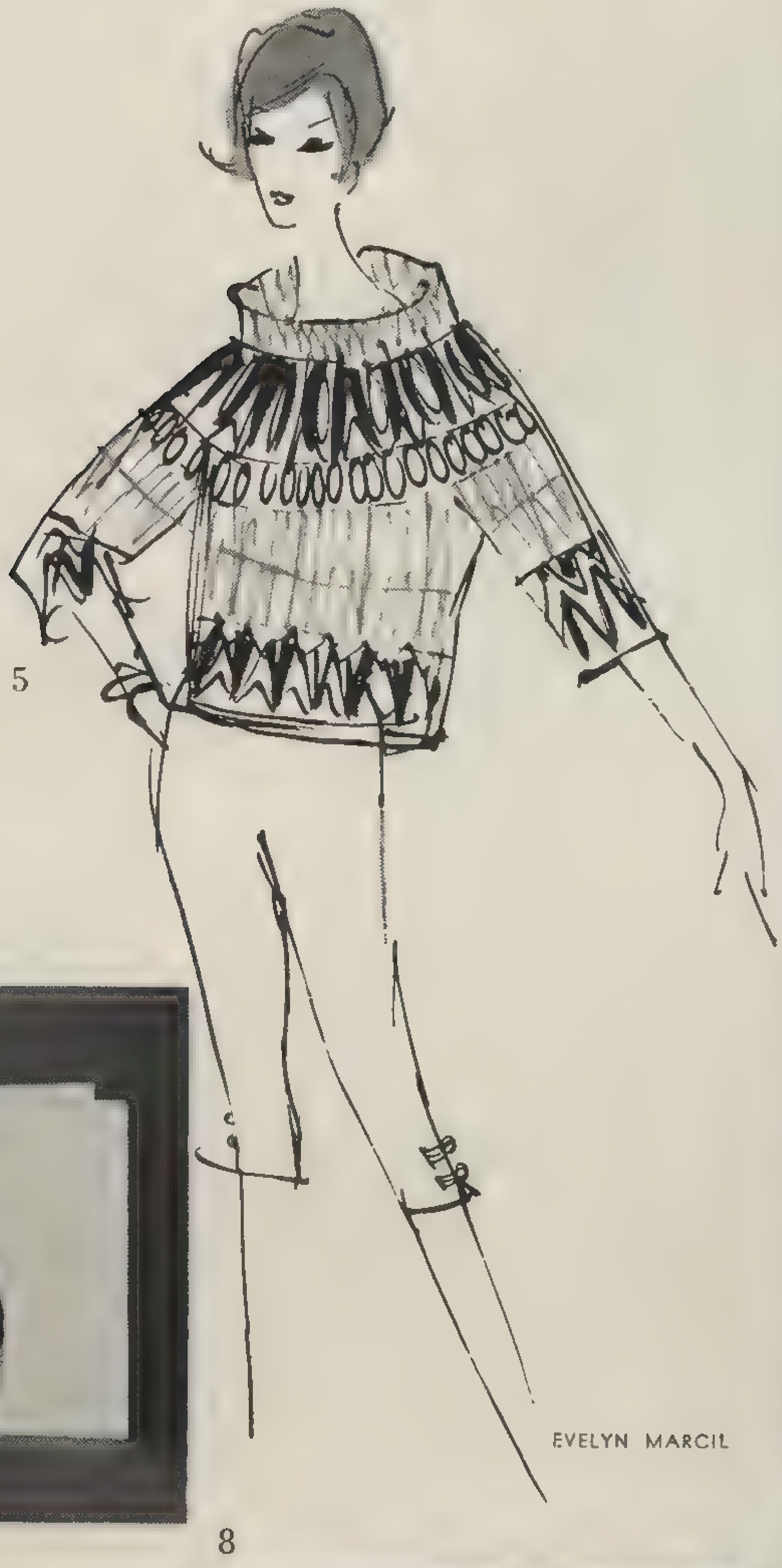
2. Of black boroso shark, supple and grainy, a single bill clip with 14-k. gold hinge. Also in brown or black crocodile. $33.50 plus tax.
Countess Mara, 110 E. 57th St., New York 22.

3. A smooth coiffure with just enough volume; from the part, a wide band of hair curves high, then slips down and back. From a new salon that harbours a lot of experience: Salon St. Honoré, 590 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 36.

4. Rubies in diagonal bands on finely-ribbed gold—a handsome dome ring. Also with sapphires or pearls; 14-k. white or yellow gold. $65 tax inc., ppd.
Gotham Gifts, 15 W. 47th St., New York 36.

HOUND

...the present line-up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EVELYN MARCIL

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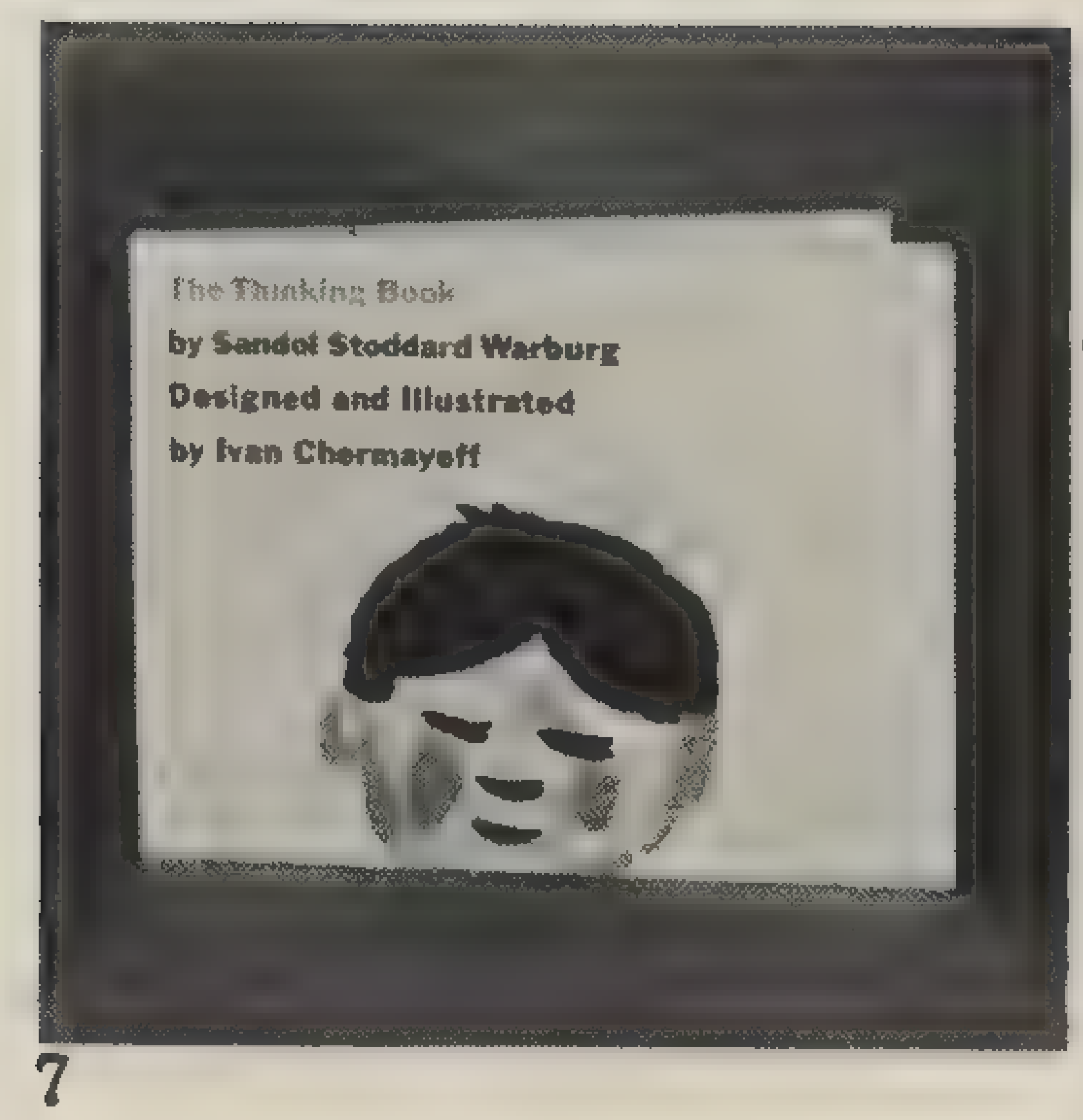

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SHANNON

5. Cotton put-over from Denmark, with the bold brilliance of the Scandinavian ski sweater adapted for warm-climate resort life. Strong blues and greens on a white ground. Sizes: S, M, L; $14.95 tax inc., ppd. Penthouse Gallery, 15 West 55th St., New York 19.
6. For children, *The Thinking Book* by Sandol Stoddard Warburg—a delightful guided tour of a child's daydreams, with bright, splashy drawings by Ivan Chermayeff. $3 ppd. Wakefield-Young Books, 746 Madison Ave., New York 21.
7. Resort-bound, this knitted raffia carryall. Trim, cable-stitch look in yellow, beige, or white, with white leather trimming. $22.95 tax inc., ppd. Dana, 515 Madison Avenue, New York 22.
8. In a nest of gold ribbons, clustered turquoise stones: earrings of 14-k. gold. $80 tax inc., ppd. Marchal, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 22.

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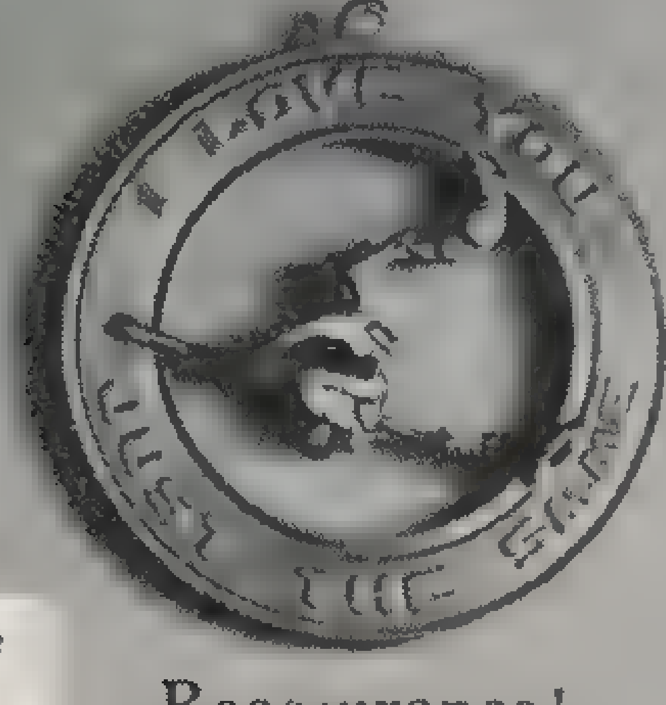

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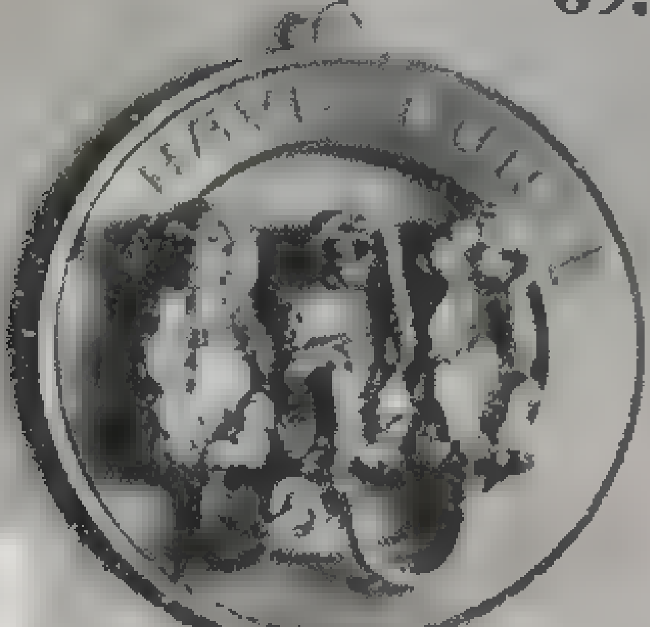

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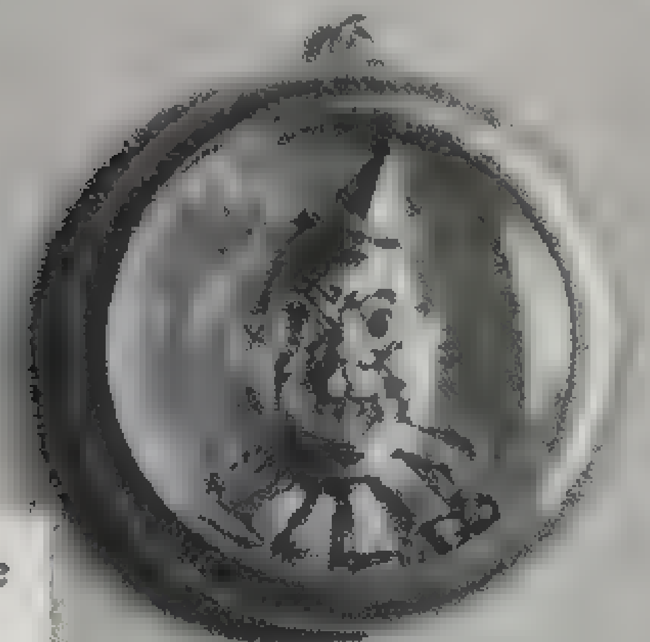

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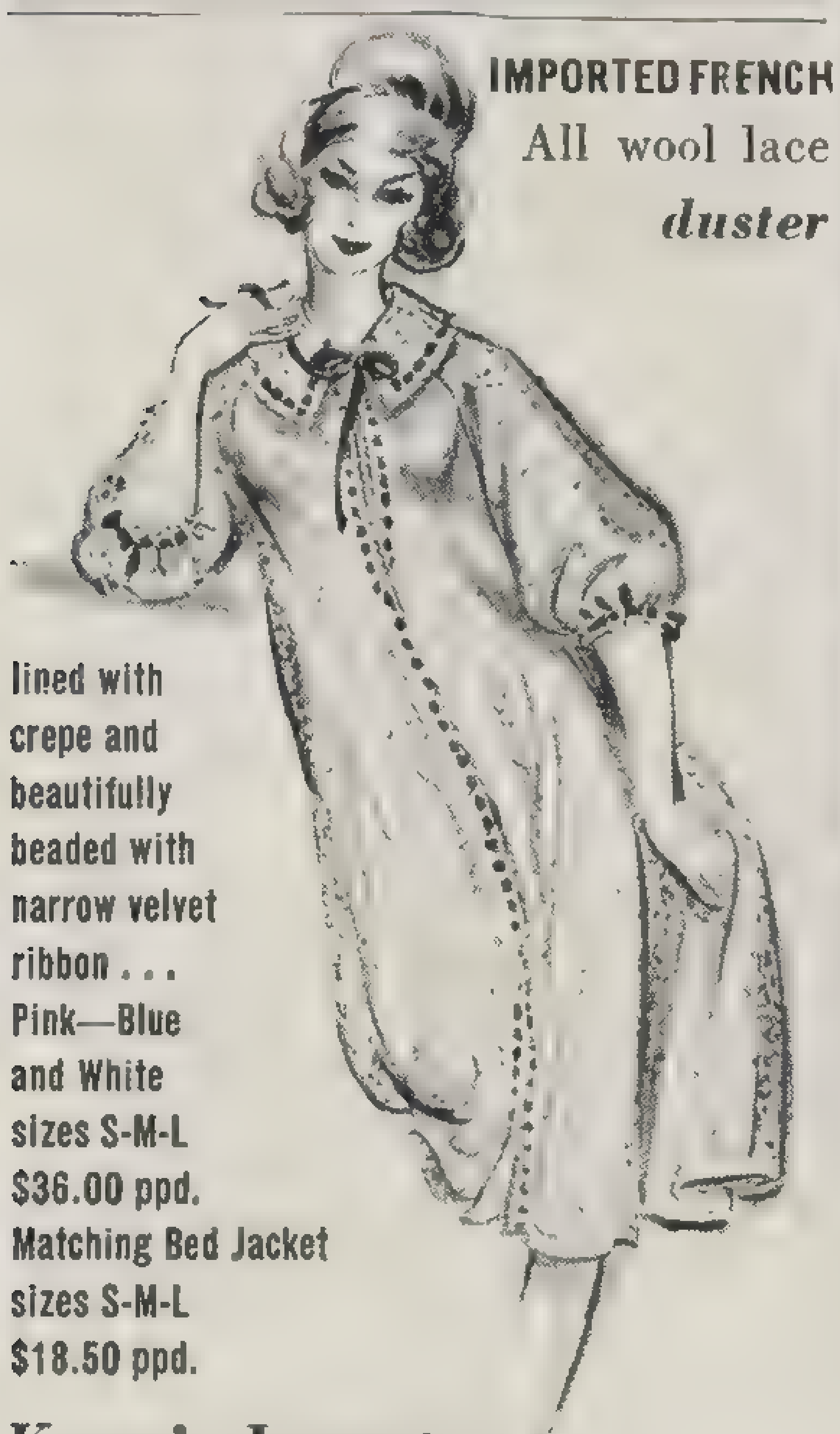

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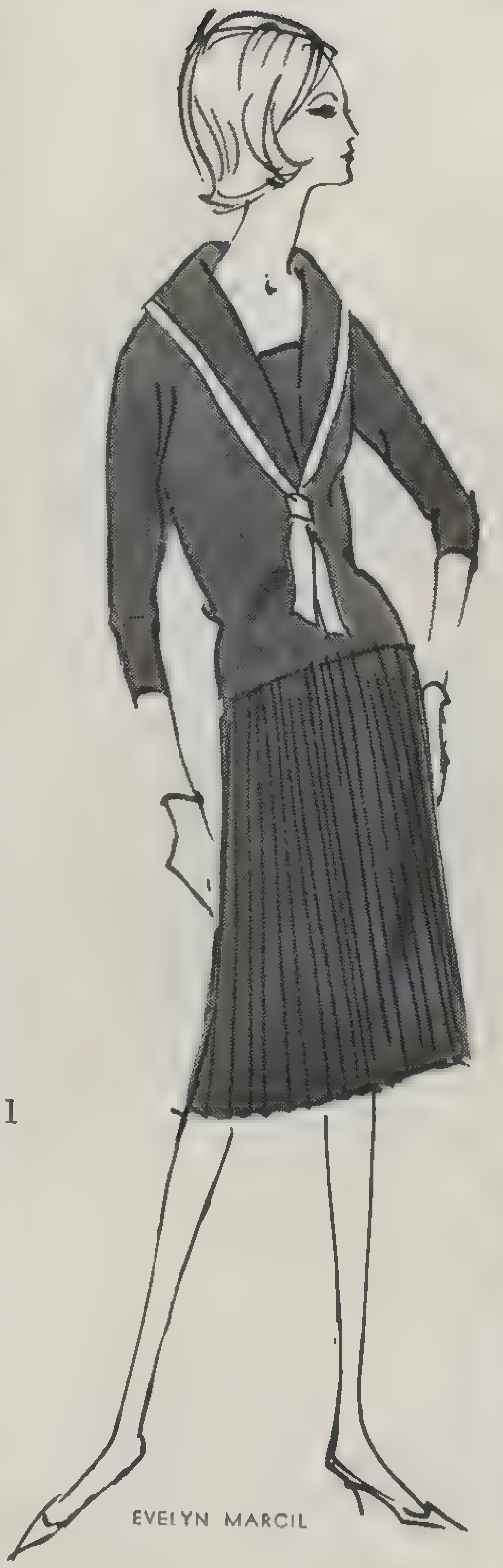

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EVELYN MARCIL

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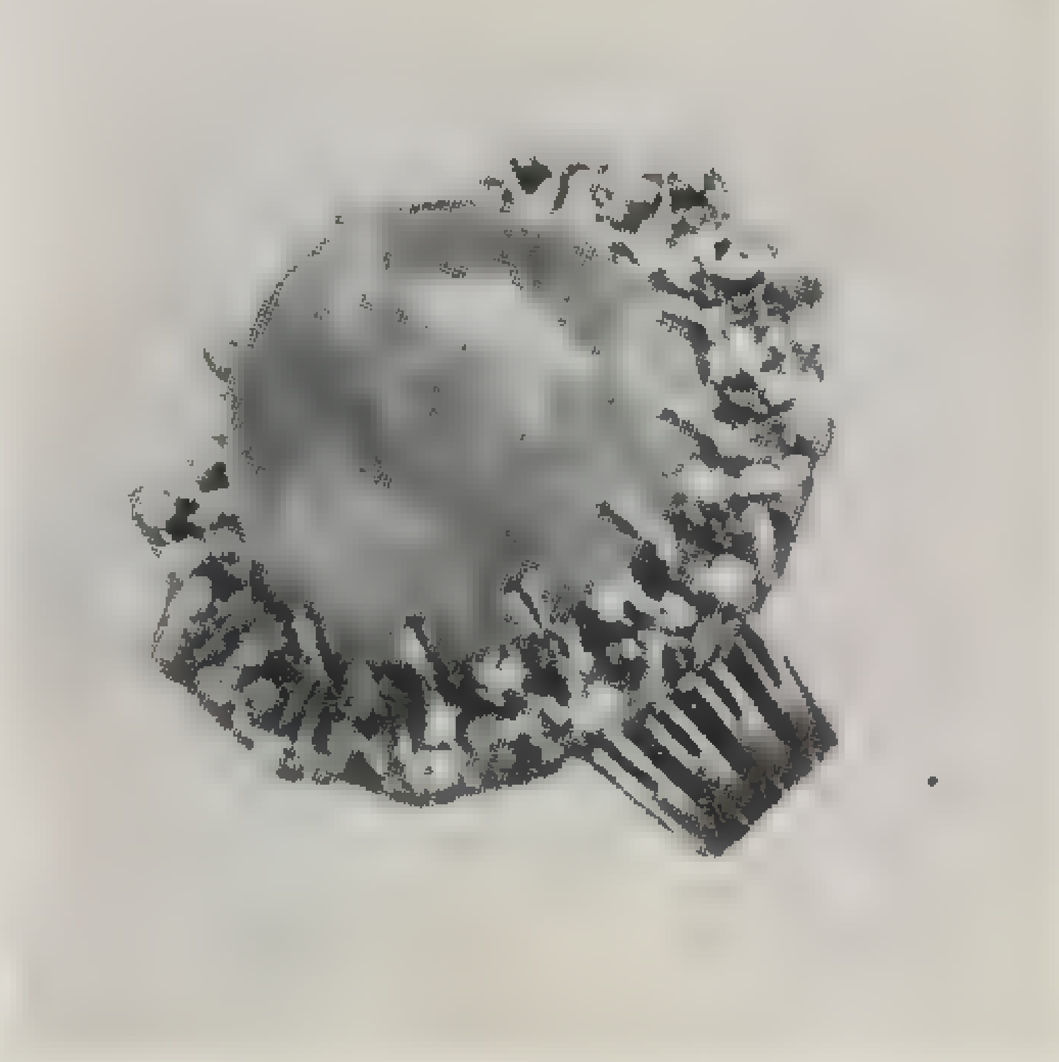

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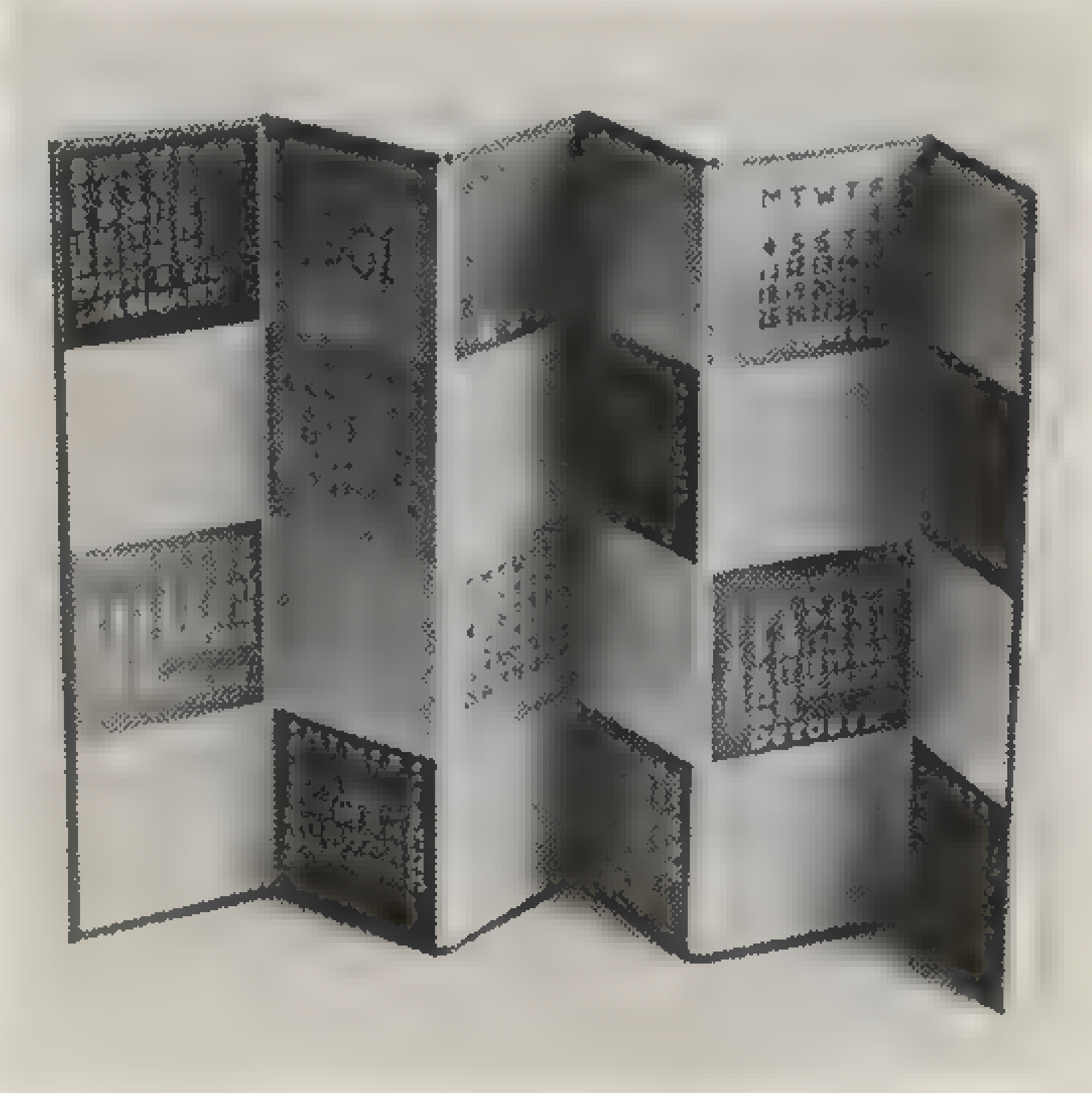

SHANNON

1. Nautical knitteds: a top that's pure middy, even to the colour—it's navy blue with white trim—dropped over a narrow navy-blue pleated skirt. By Les Tricots Bess Art, of merino wool; $39.95. Marna Lee, 2914 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

2. More knitting, this time a woolly knitted elephant, to give to a child. Made by the blind; blue, white, or yellow, with contrasting saddle. $1.50 tax inc., ppd. The Lighthouse Craftshop, 111 East 59th St., N. Y. 22.

3. A pale, water-green emerald, ringed with diamonds, set in a honeycomb frame of 18-k. gold: cabochon ring, $595 tax inc., ppd. Lewkowitz, 430 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17.

4. From Japan, a 1961 calendar on a six-panel folding screen. Of paper on rigid backings; 14" high, 24" wide. $3.95 ppd. Artisan Galleries, 2100 North Haskell Ave., Dallas 4, Texas.

HOUND

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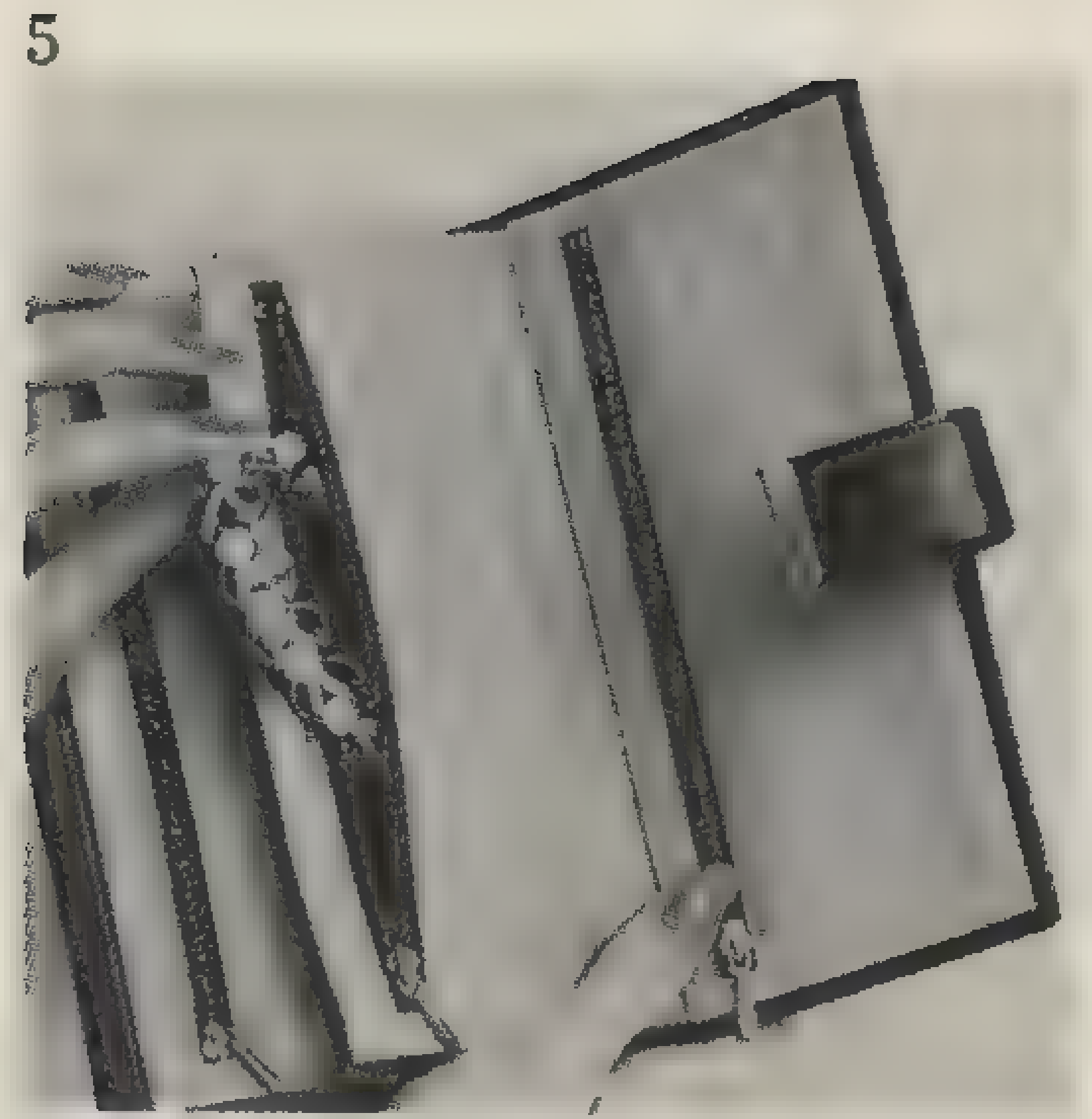

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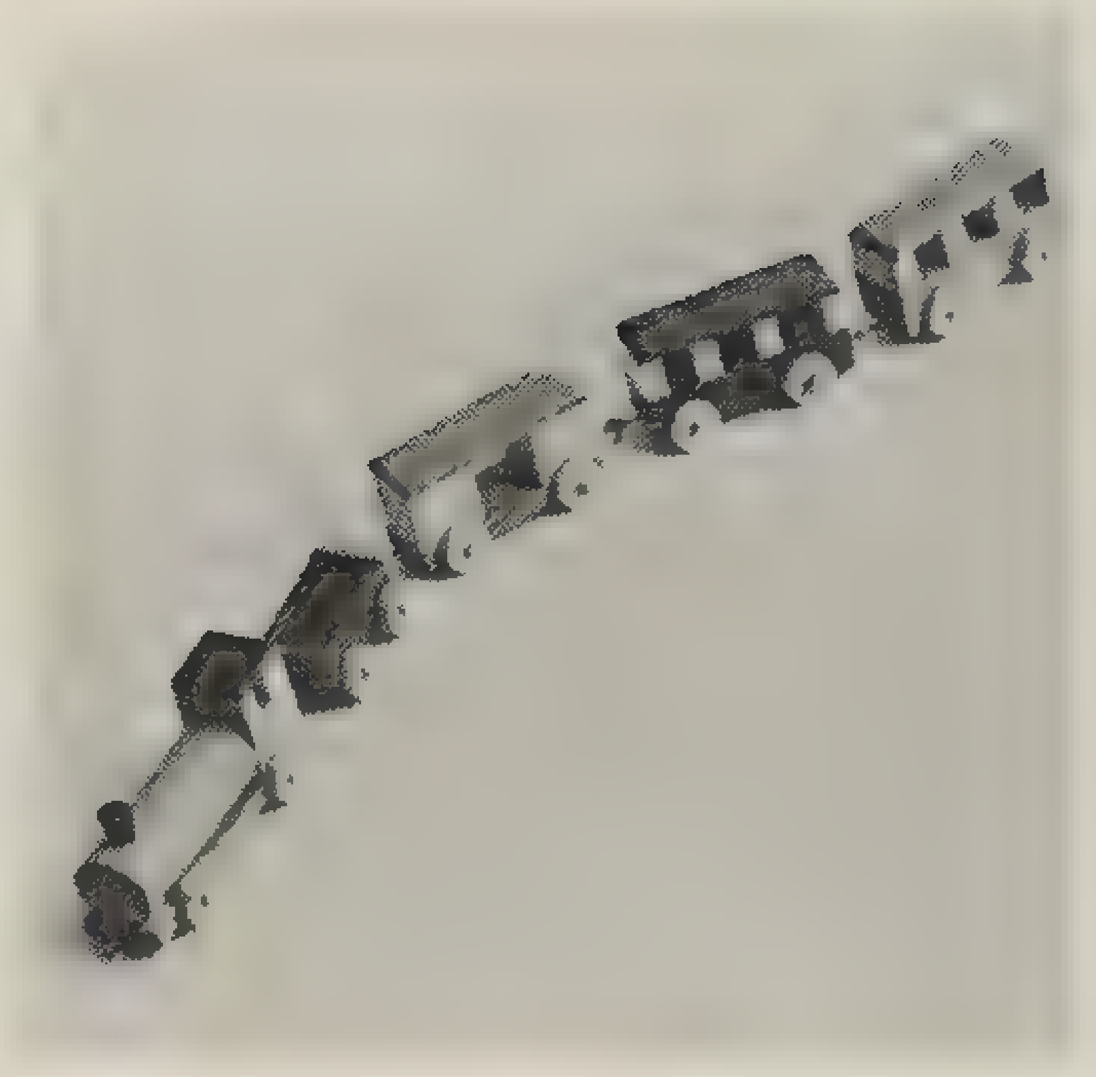

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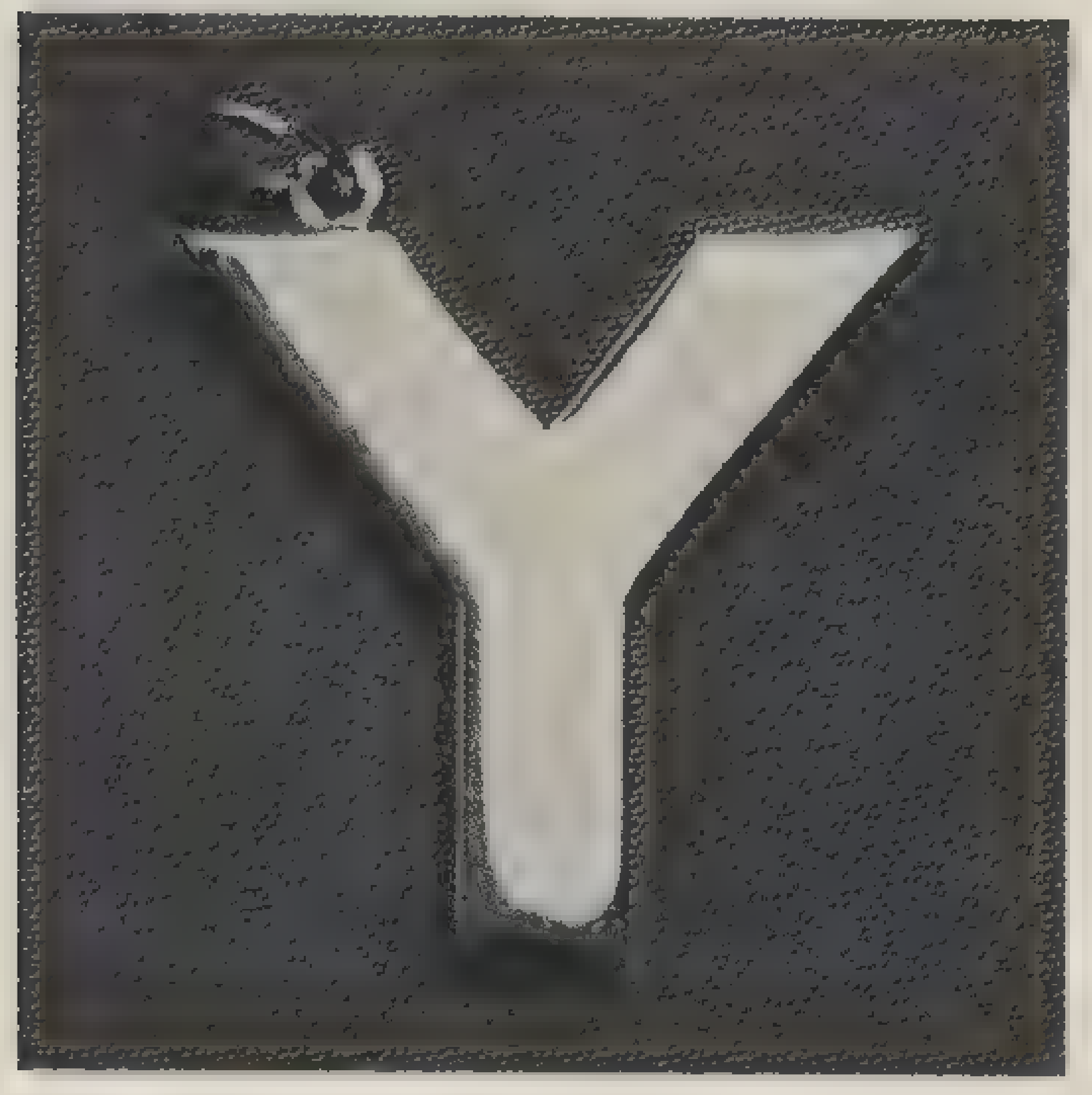

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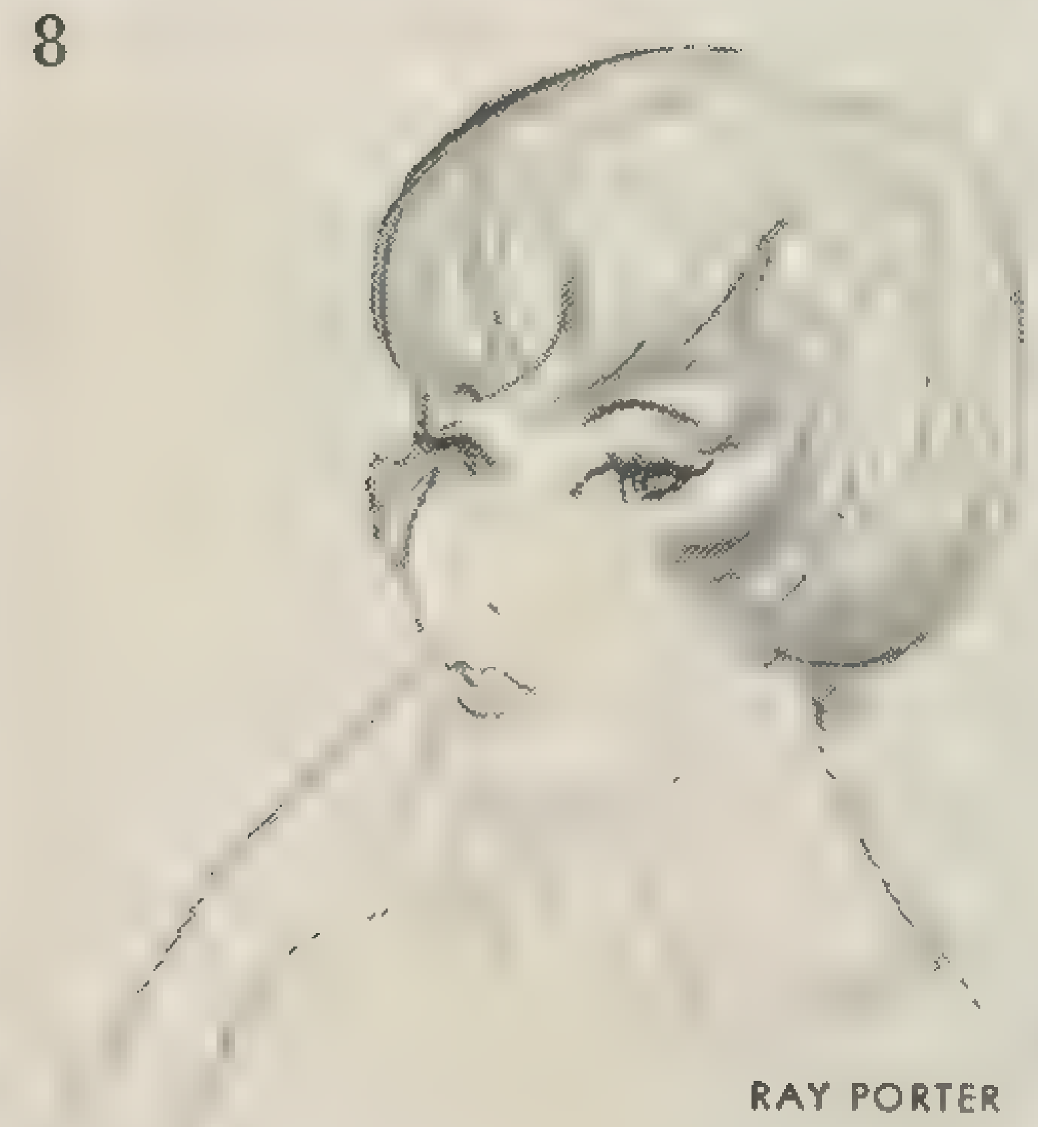

RAY PORTER

5. Christmas present to pack, a jewellery roll of crushed morocco. It has partitions, a ring holder, five pockets, a lock. Green, red, or black. $19.50 tax inc., ppd. T. Anthony, 772 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21.
6. A tiny wooden train from West Germany; only 1½" high, it makes a wonderful stocking gift. $1.39. Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Avenue, New York 22.
7. A single initial of 14-k. gold, to dangle from a charm bracelet; about 1⅛" high. Allow two to three weeks for delivery. $35 tax inc., ppd. Frances Boutique, Mendenhall, Pennsylvania.
8. Short, soft, urchin coiffure—a cap of hair, blown forward in little tendrils. From a salon whose specialty is tailoring current hair styles to meet the individual's requirements: Richard of the Madison, 15 East 58th Street, New York 22.

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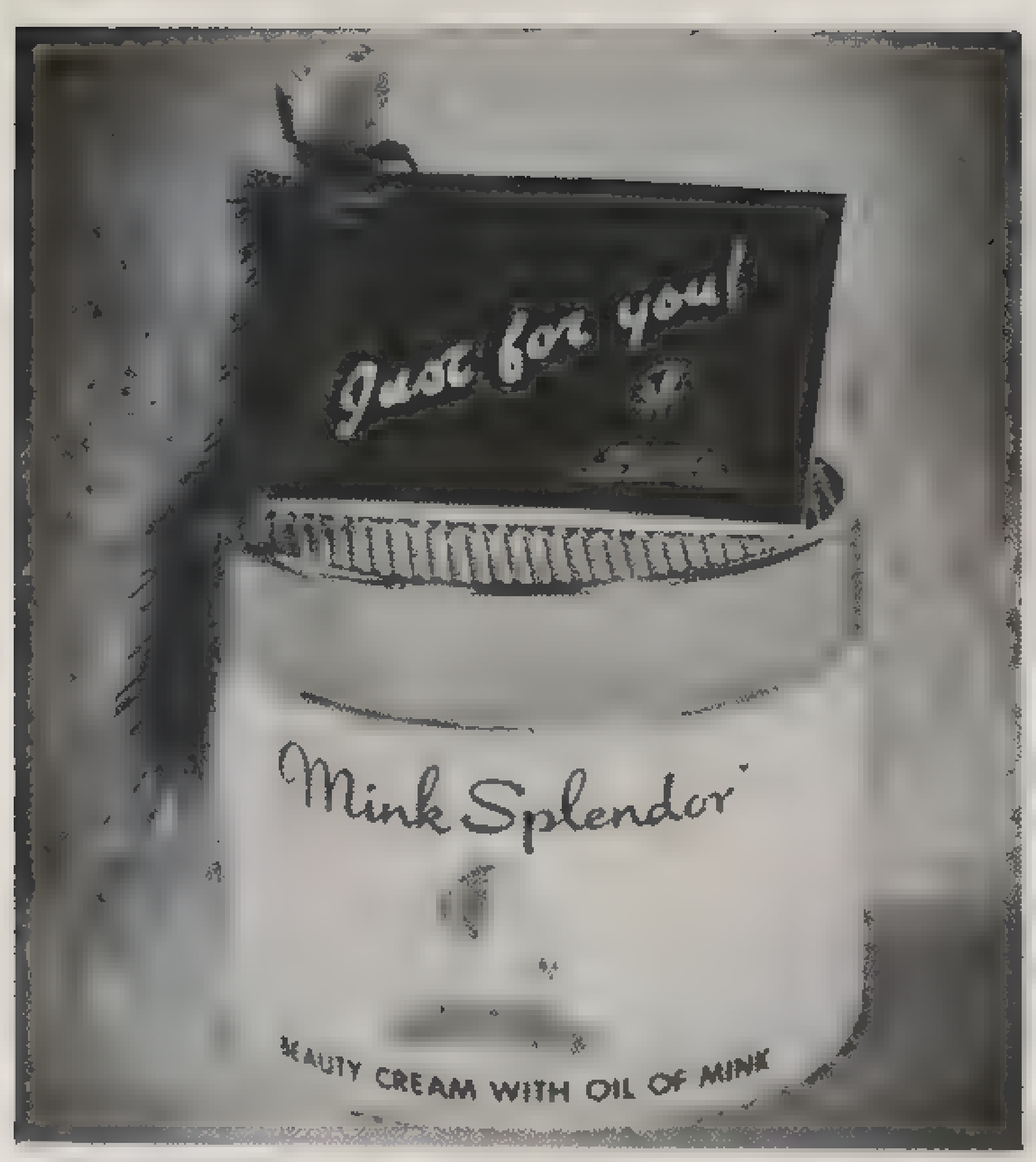

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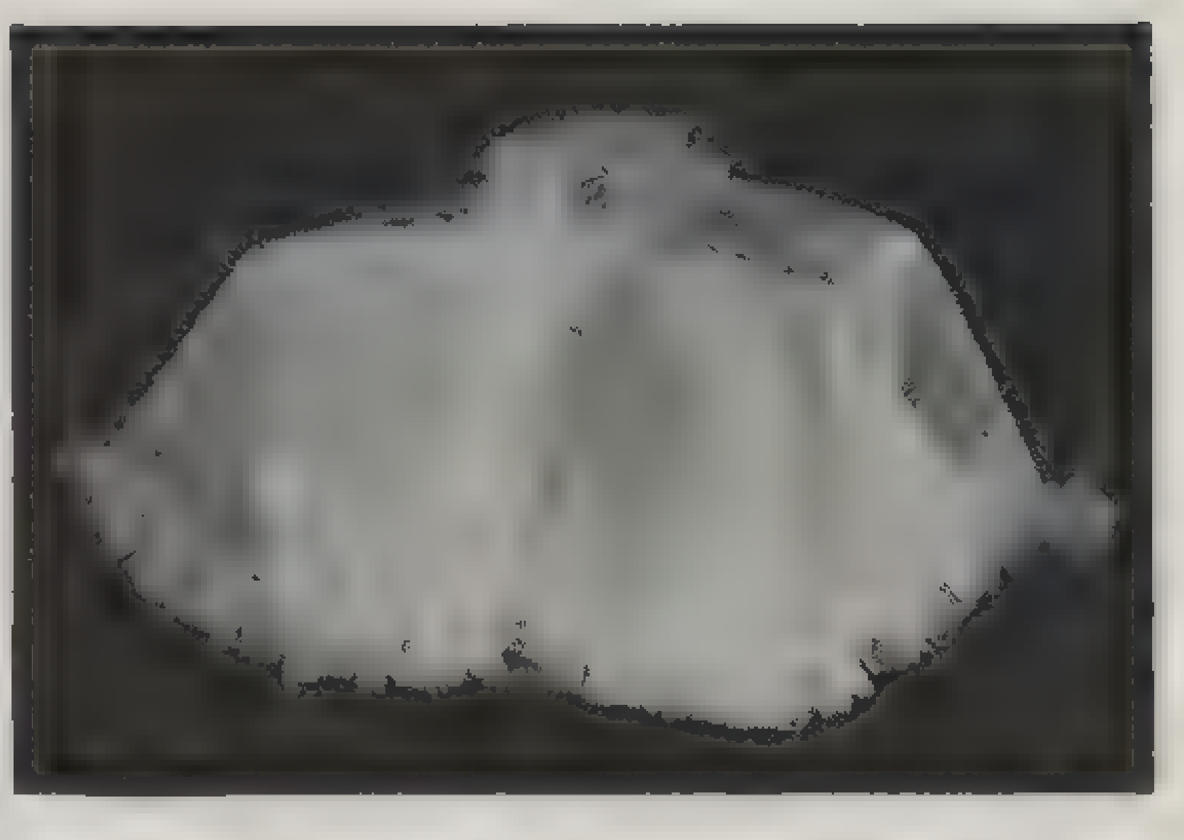

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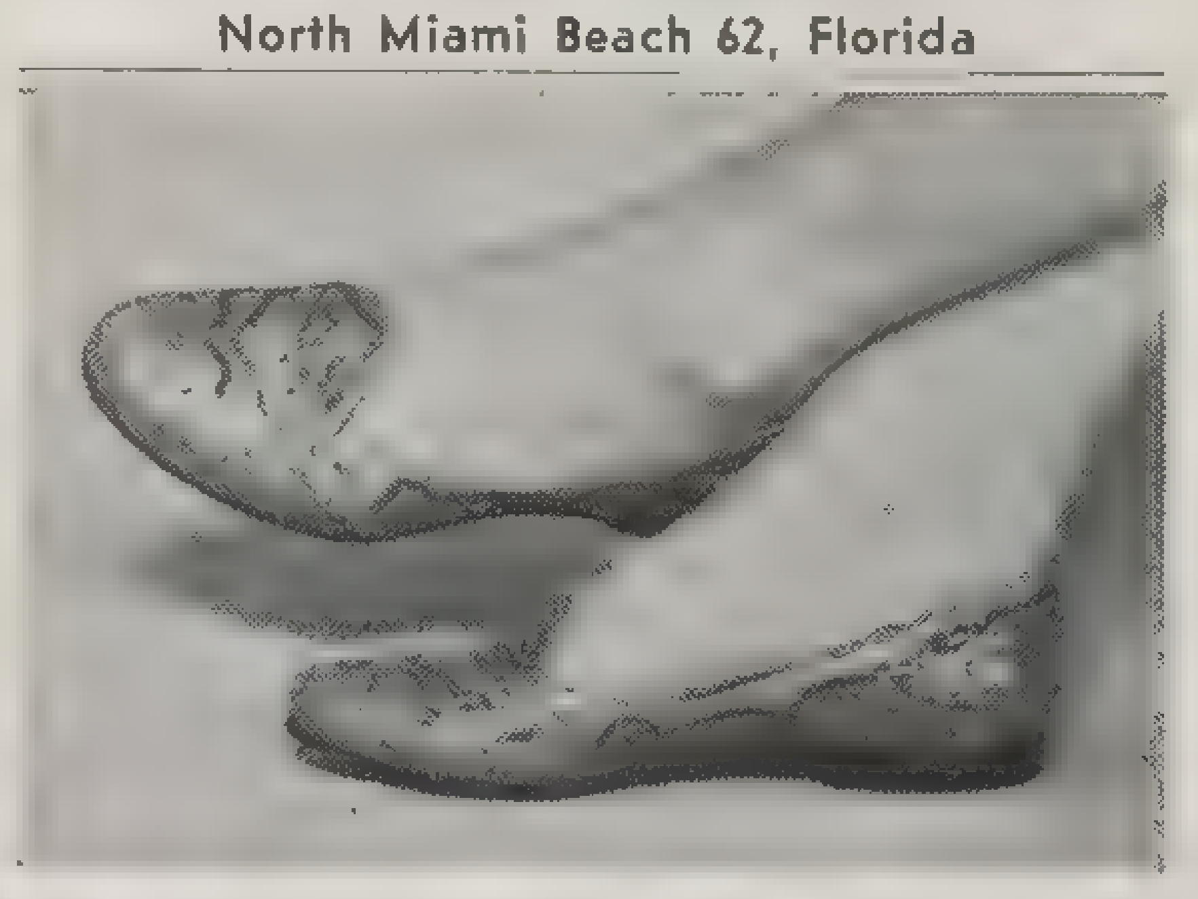

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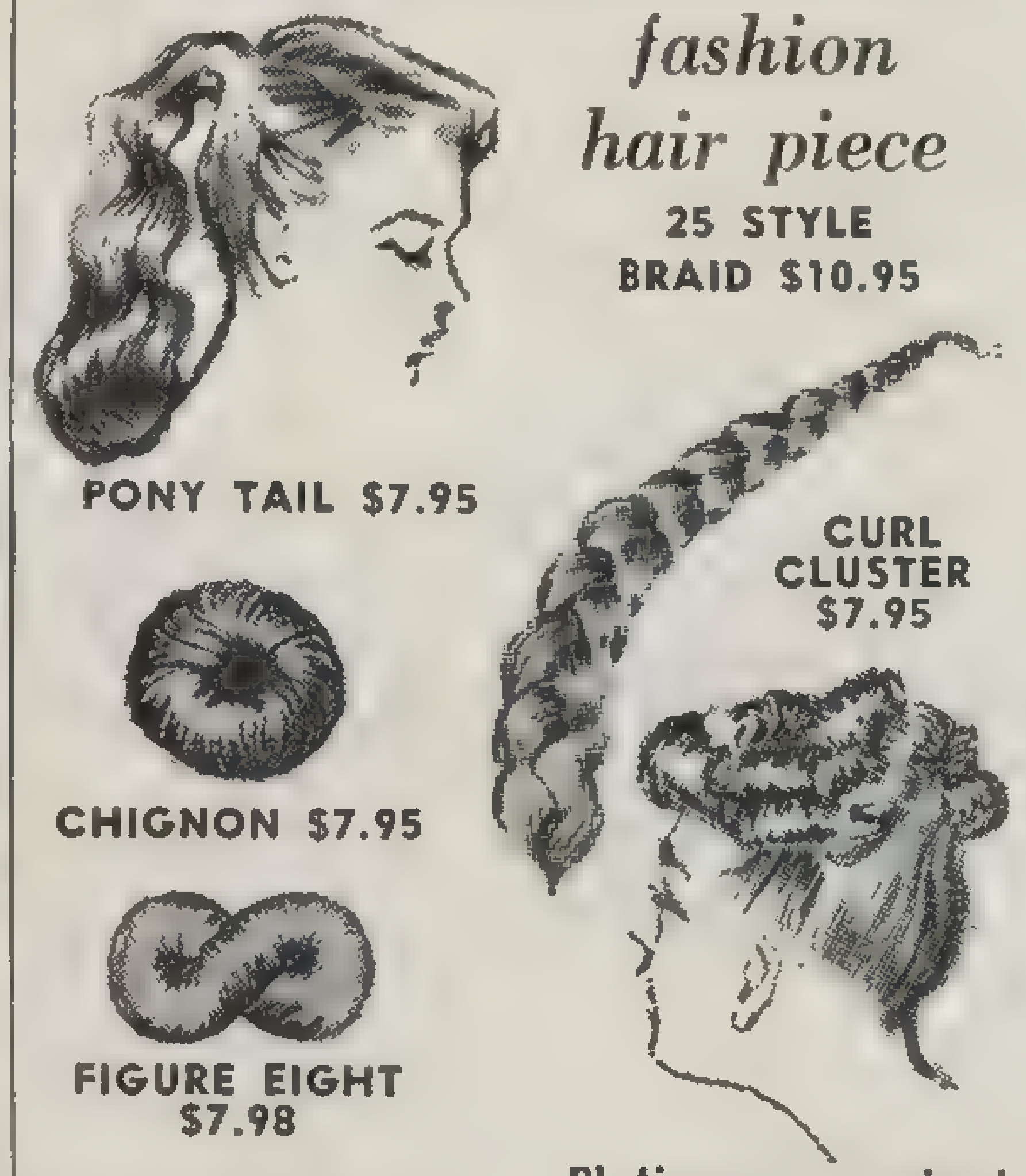

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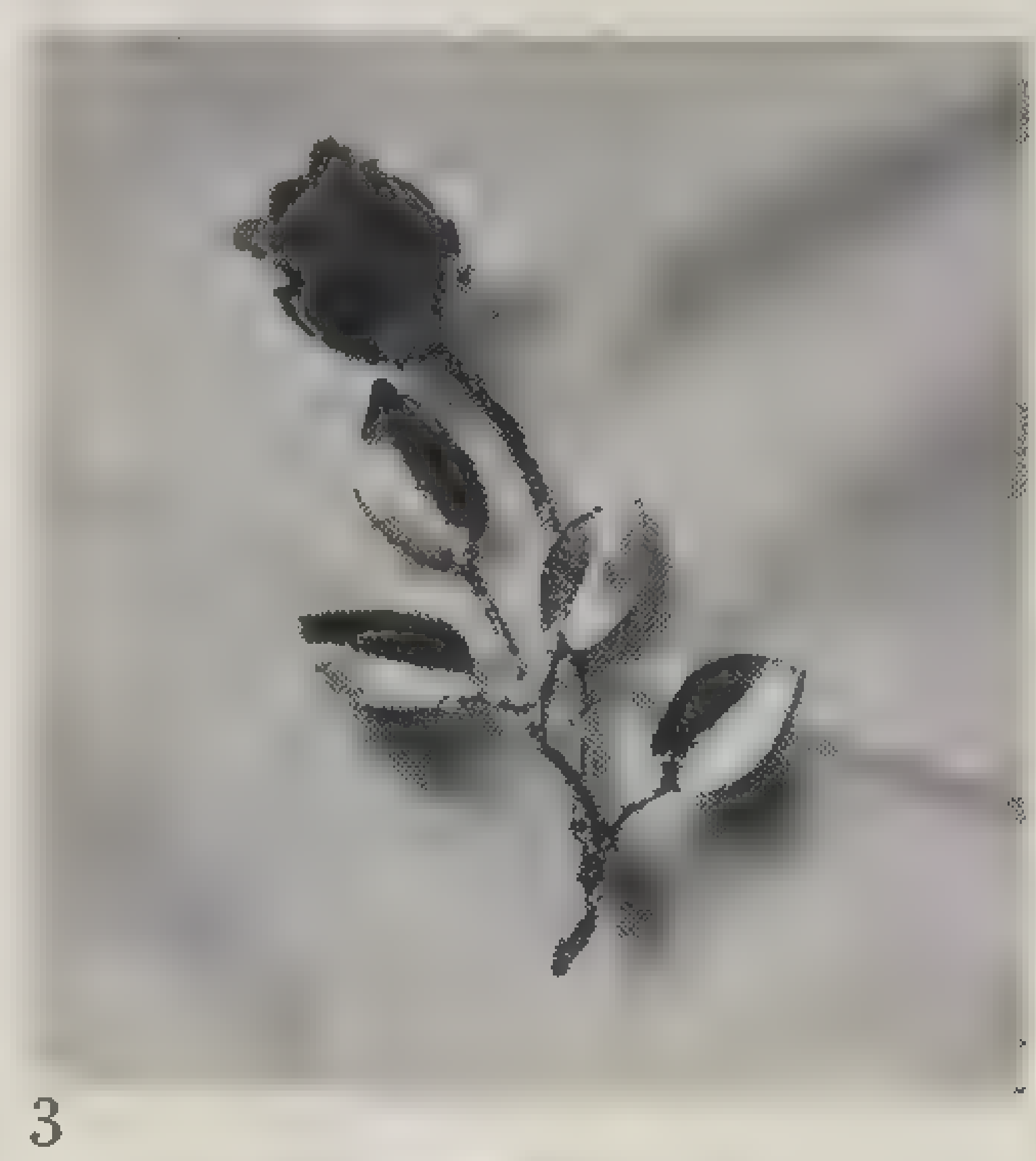

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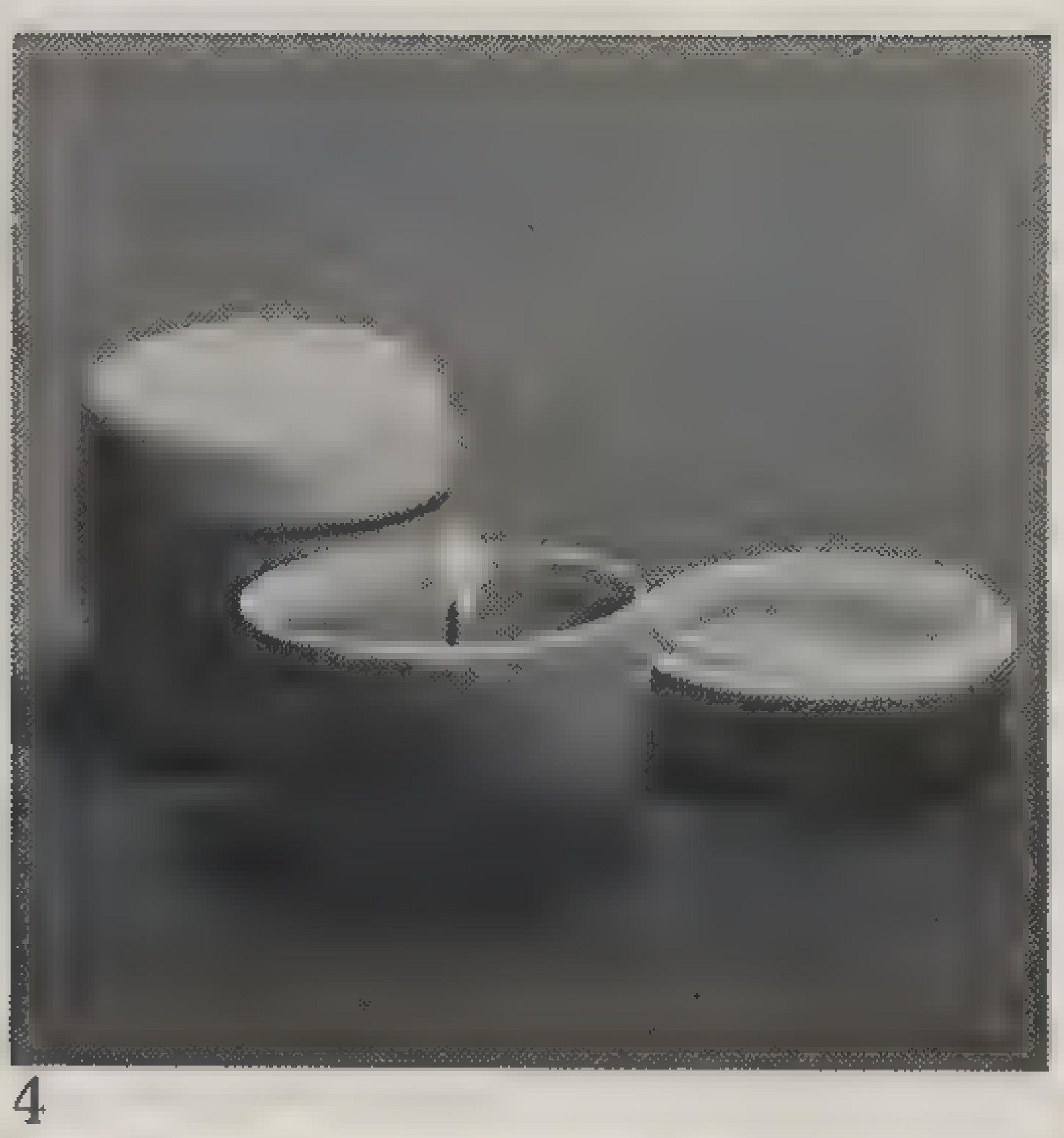

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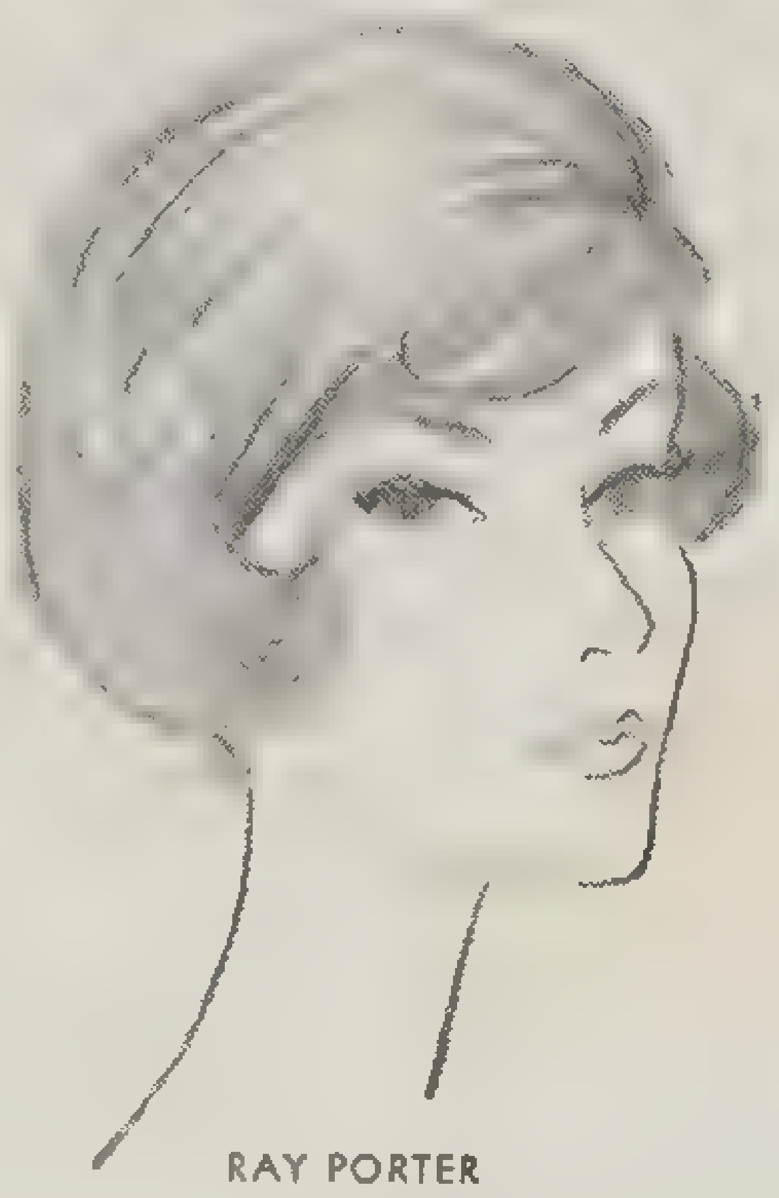

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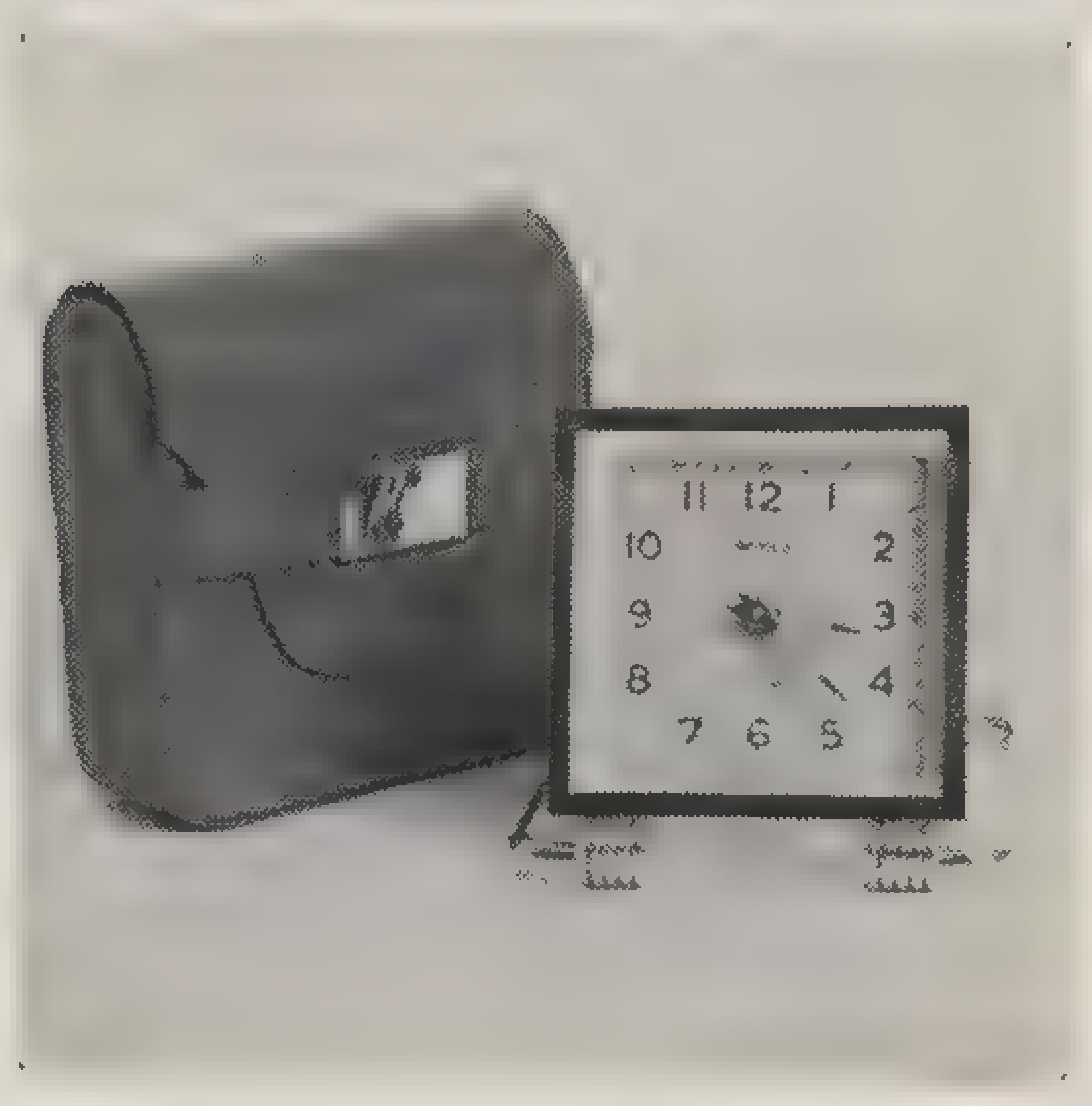

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HOUND

. . . all tied up in holiday planning

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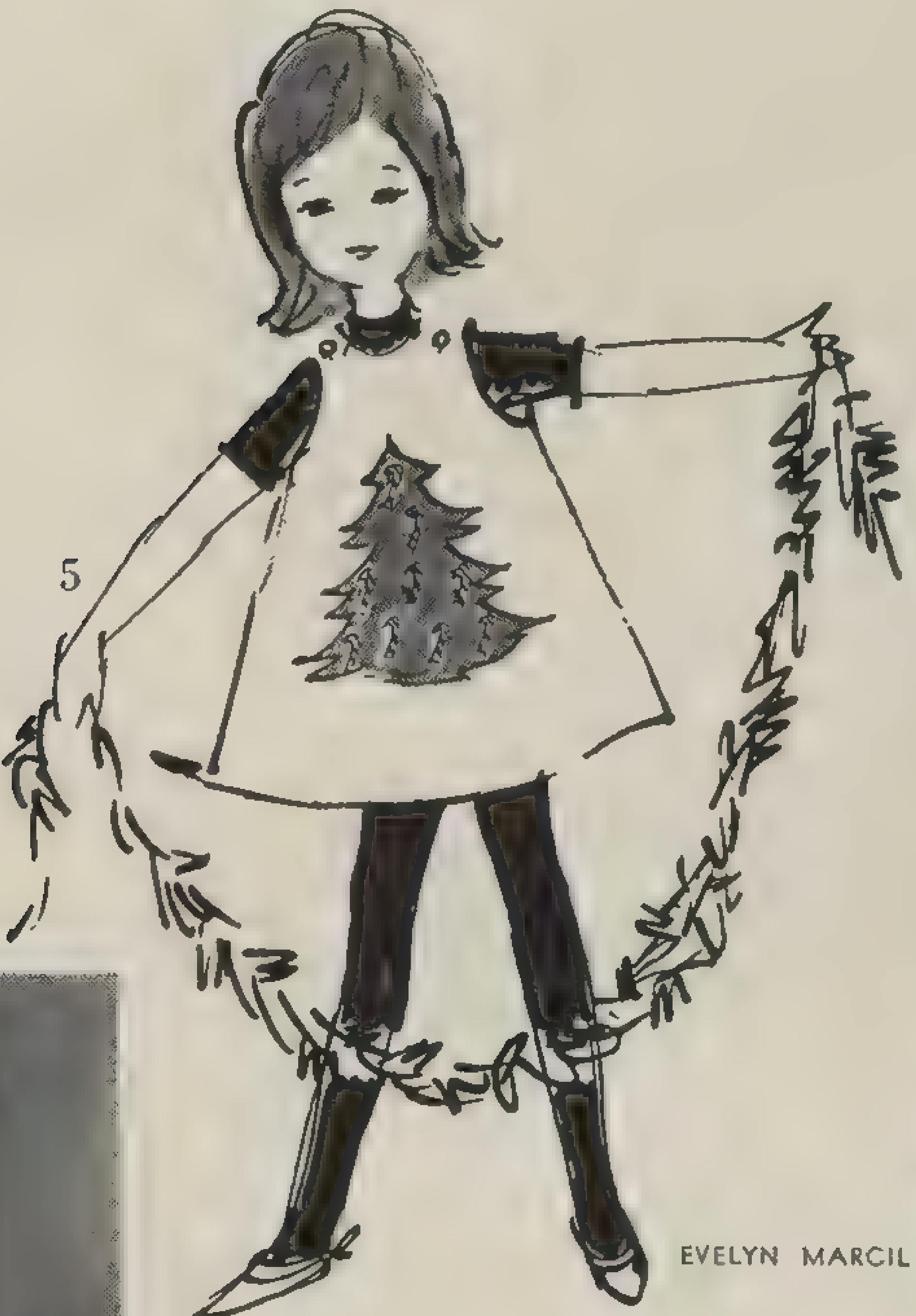

EVELYN MARCIL

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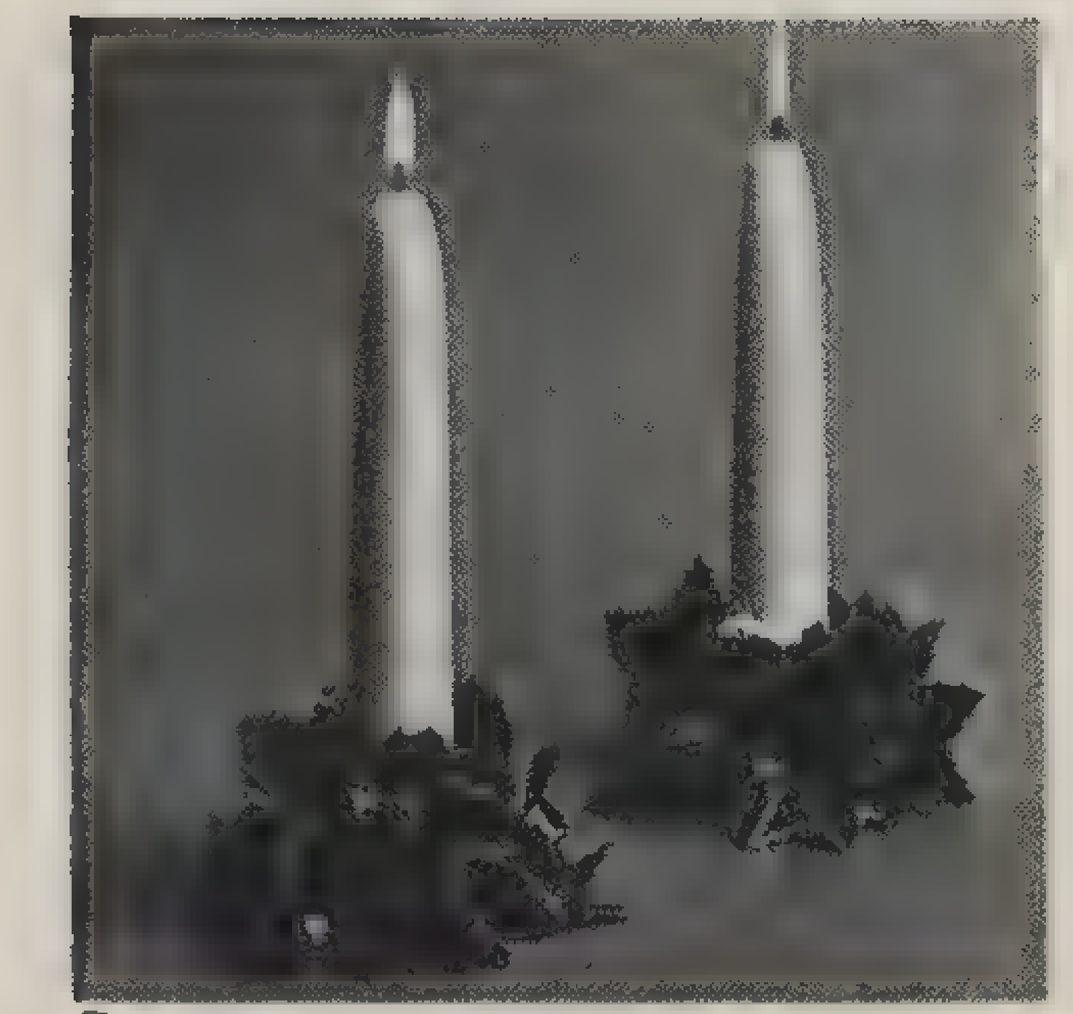

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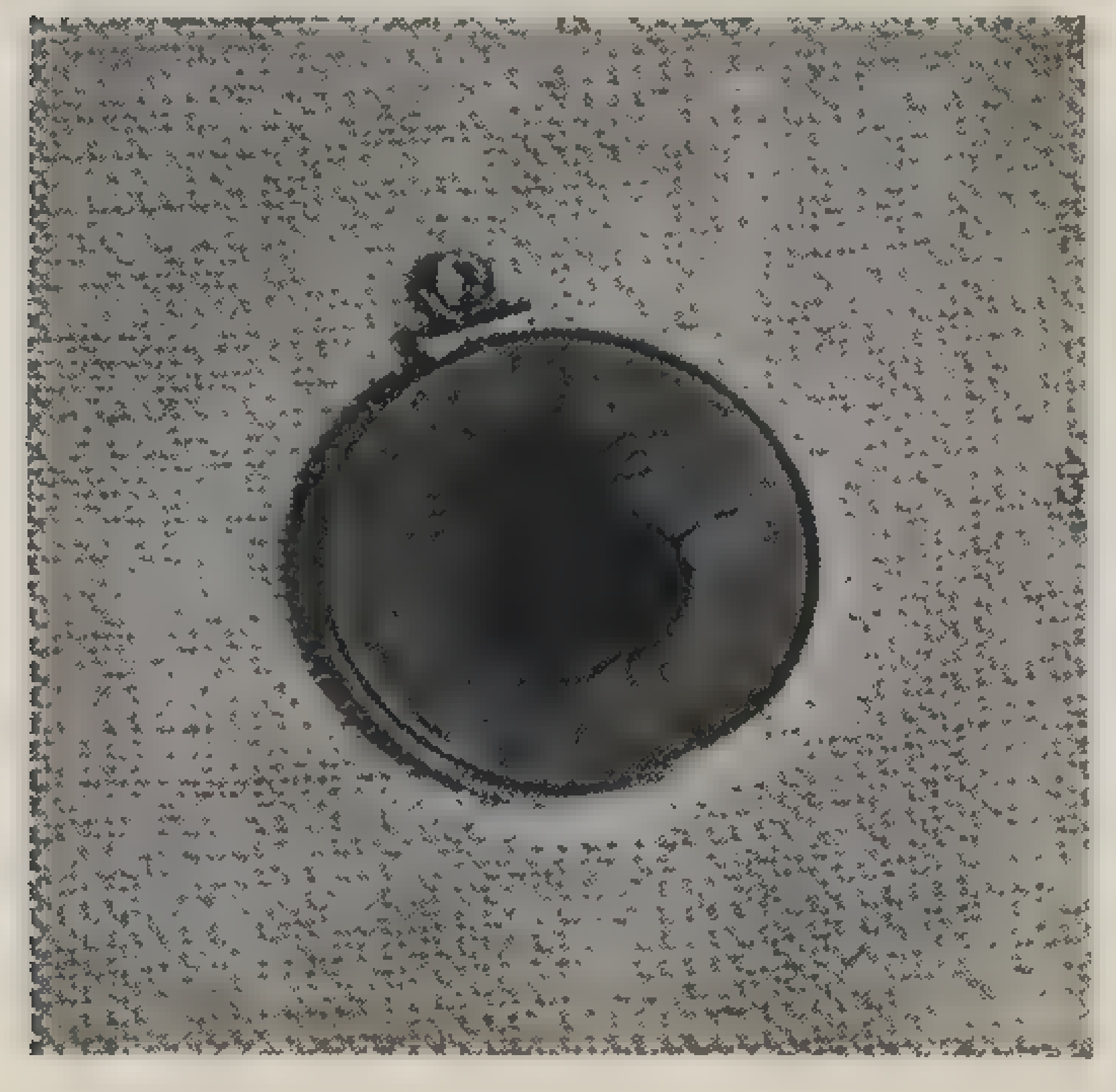

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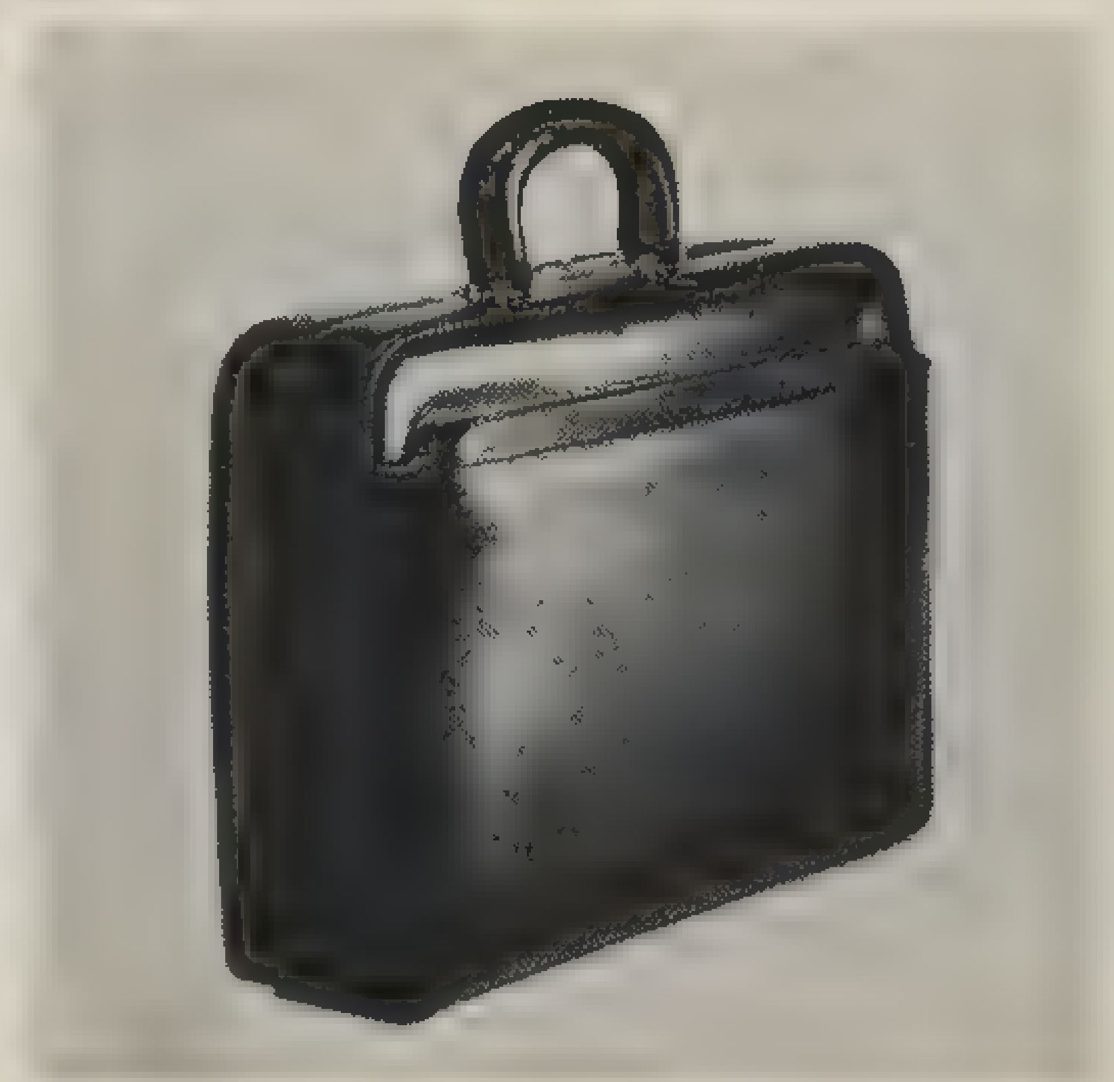

SHANNON

5. Makings for a little girl's Christmas tree smock, easy to sew. Kit includes white cotton duck fabric, a green swatch for the tree, red and white striped fabric for candy canes, pearly buttons. Sizes 2, 4, 6. $3.75 ppd. Lida Brown, 18 E. 60th St., New York 22.

6. Tiny wreaths, to hold Christmas candles; they're made of artificial holly: $5 pair, ppd. Phoebe Widmer, Box 662, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

7. From Italy, an unusual charm—a plump black marble cat silhouetted against a marble ground; all, hand inlaid. Rim of 14-k. gold. $27.50 tax inc., ppd. Merrin, 530 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

8. Man's folio case with a handy outside back pocket; the inside is leather-lined, has a zipper pocket. Of black or brown cowhide; $49.50 plus tax. By Delforge, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22.

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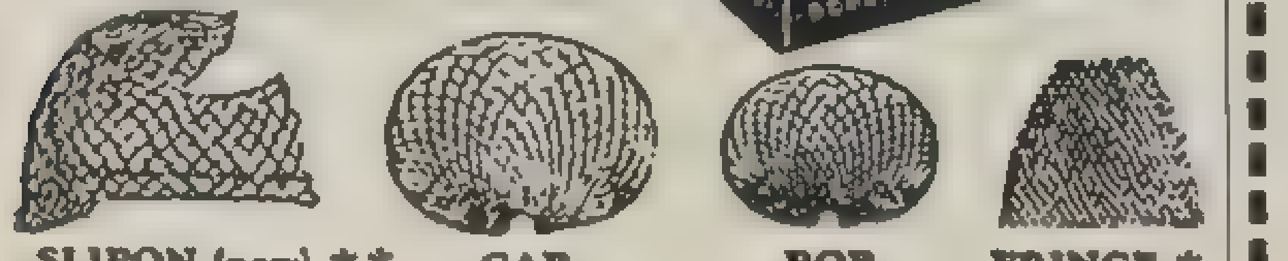

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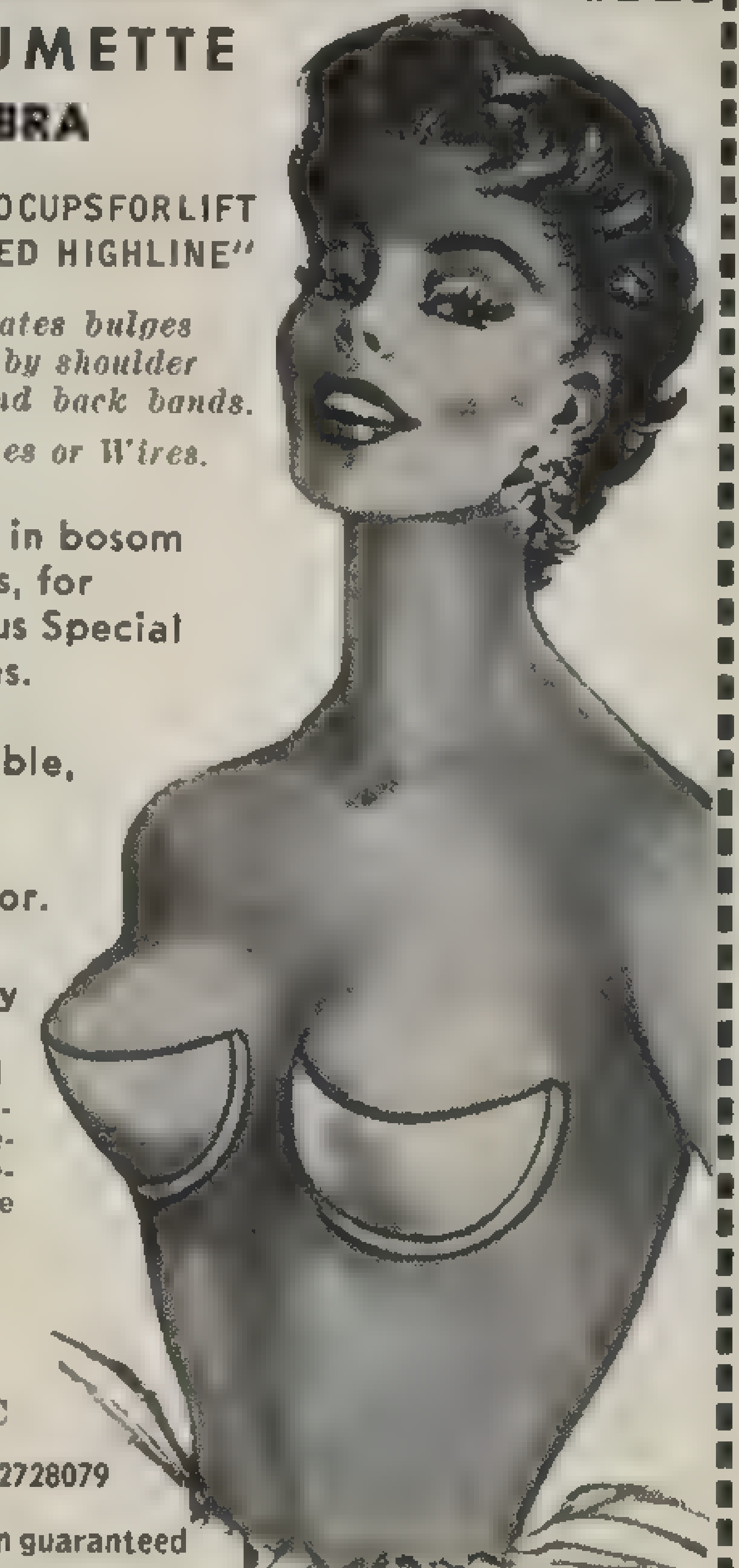

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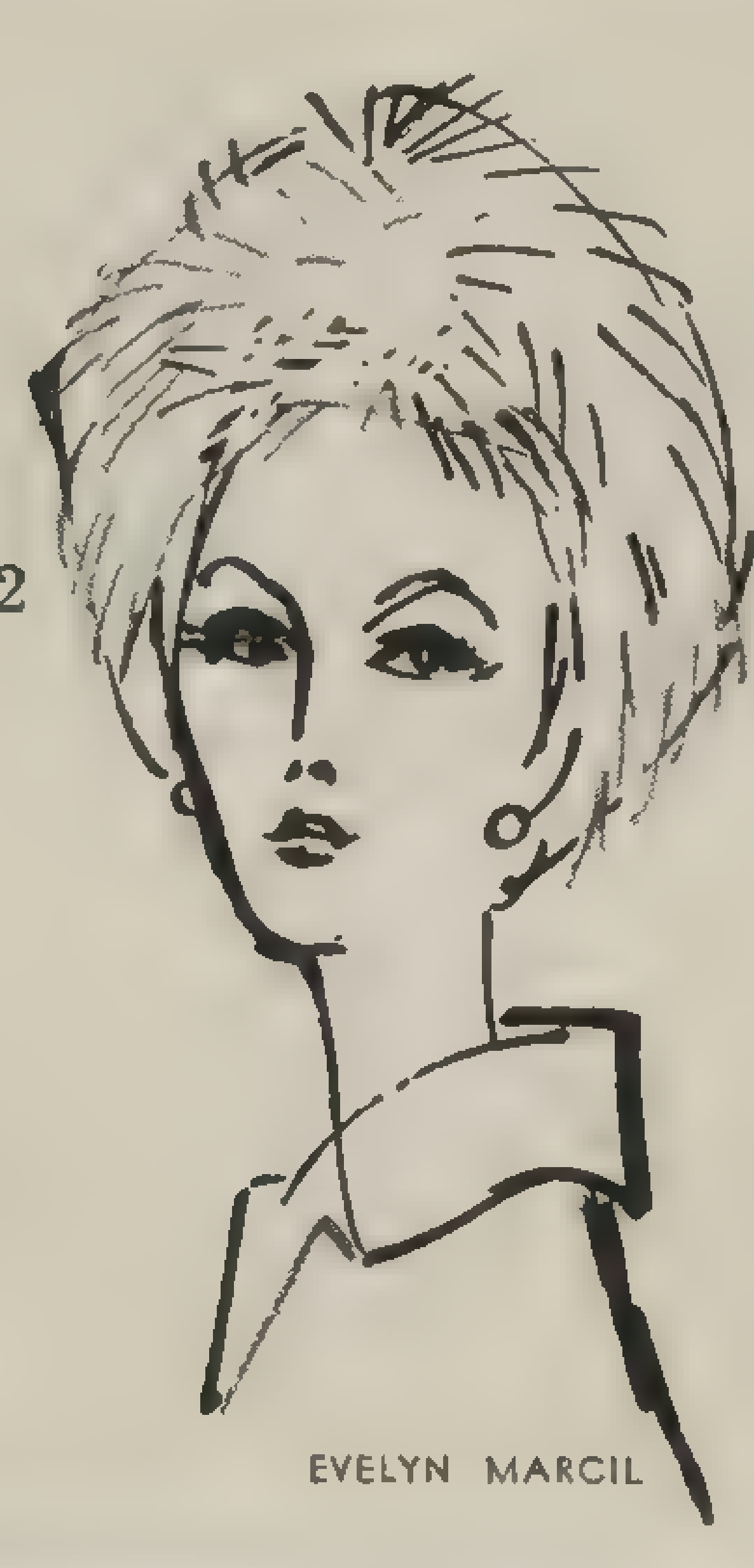

EVELYN MARCIL

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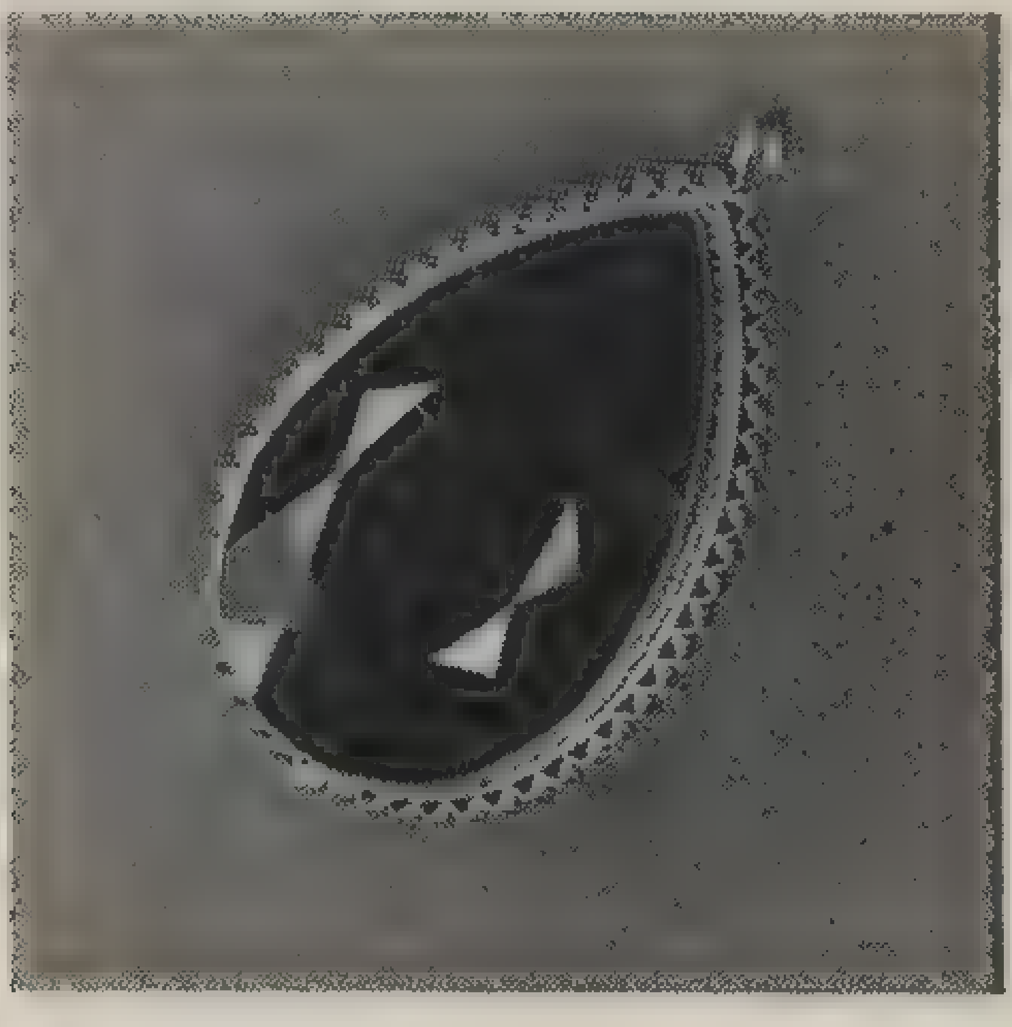

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"DO ALL AMERICAN COOKS OWN DRIVERS' LICENSES?"

BY MALCOLM BRADBURY

Fishing is enjoyable and women are amusing, but if there is one thing in this world that I enjoy, it is eating. Don't misunderstand me. I see myself as gourmet rather than glutton; what I have is a practical English appreciation of something that satisfies fully and doesn't involve you in a relationship with anybody.

Soon after I came to America, I went to stay with some American friends who thought of a meal not as a splendid mixture of gastronomic delights but as a collection of food-flavoured calories. They ate two meals a day: a modest breakfast and a modest dinner. They counted vitamins and measured calories, and didn't really know that it was food they were eating at all. After a day or two as their guest, I began to indulge in secret eating, sneaking out to the supermarket and returning with cookies and cold meats and pastries. I explained to them how many meals I had in England: a large breakfast, a mid-morning snack, a hot lunch, afternoon tea, an evening dinner, and another snack before retiring. They looked at me pityingly. "I think you're a compulsive eater," one of them said.

When I am allowed to eat it, however, I find American food quite splendid. The English, as you doubtless know, do not have a reputation for being daring cooks. They like their roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, their roast lamb and mint sauce, and their steak and kidney pudding. The recipe-mongers in the English magazines have learned, the hard way, to keep a tight rein on the imagination. An erudite culinary expert called "Syllabub," writing in a forward-looking newspaper called *The Observer*, once started a campaign against the potato. (The English believe that if it doesn't have potatoes, it isn't a meal.) This campaign soon petered out, and I see that "Syllabub" now recommends potato soup and potato pie as generously as the next expert.

The Englishman is expected to be a good trencherman, and he is willing to risk obesity in the attempt. There is none of this fuss about limiting starches, none of the worry that fats may be causing thrombosis. My mother once decided that she should lose some weight and sent away for a diet recommended by a magazine. She read it and threw it away in disgust. "They try to make you cut down on food," she said.

An Englishman will visit the best restaurants of every country in Europe, and come back disappointed. "I couldn't get a decent steak and kidney pie anywhere," he'll say. On the other hand, I can't help wondering if Americans aren't just a little *too* imaginative.

As I browse through those fat American cookbooks, I am sometimes affected by the uneasy feeling that all the recipes have been used up, that there will never, never be another new dish. Americans are a race of collectors, and practically every recipe that has been evolved by anyone, at any time, in any country, has been taken down by the Alan Lomaxes of cooking and presented in the pages of an American cookbook.

An American friend of mine was telling me only the other day about his own attempts to write a cookbook. His intention was a small opus on the eating of rough stuff—raw whale steak, hodge-podge omelettes, and so on, perhaps with an appendix on the art of chomping bones to the marrow. His aim was a kind of reversion to primitive living, which, he felt, might fall in with the bias toward outdoor cooking. It sounded new, and it had the proper trappings: an epigram which he had written and attributed to Mark Twain ("The man who ate the first artichoke and the one who invented the strip-tease had a lot in common"), and a good title, *A Bone to Pick.*

Prospects should have been bright. They were not, however. Raw whale steak had been done, by the famous arctic explorer, Vilhjalmur Stefansson; the eggshell omelette—calculated to conquer calcium deficiency while making awkward cooks who can't keep shards of shell out of the pan feel like craftsmen—had been treated in a hundred and one books called *A Hundred and One Ways to Cook an Eggshell Omelette.*

My friend has now gone on to writing sad books about starving peoples, and is making quite a living; but what worries him is that recipe-writers are not reproducing themselves as a breed. Where will the next generation find an author strongly enough apprenticed to re-popularize "The Soft Drinks of Montenegro" for the housewife of 1990? And will anyone be able to jazz up the table of the future with "Coconut-Covered Eels for Breakfast—An Exciting New Idea from the Seacoast of Bohemia?" Cookery writers do not spring full-blown from the head of Fanny Farmer, and the future looks bleak indeed.

Just as every recipe that ever existed is available in America, so is every kind of food. In England, culinary imagination is kept in check by the absence of rare foods to make rare dishes. You can scarcely buy anything—cottage cheese or garlic or curry powder or mangoes—without going to London's Soho or even sending away to India.

In America, the rarities are to be found on every supermarket shelf. The American supermarket is packed with things that in England can be found only in one store, Fortnum and Mason's, a specialist in the arcane. What English mind would have thought of bringing chocolate-covered ants to the masses?

Then there are spices. In England we maintain a proper distrust of spices, because, after all, they are used to disguise the fact that the food they cover is bad. Yet in any American kitchen you will find a glorious array of rare sandalwoods and cinnamons. (My wife, who is *very* English, claims that this is because all American food has been refrigerated and frozen so much that the flavour has disappeared, and has to be replaced by condiments.)

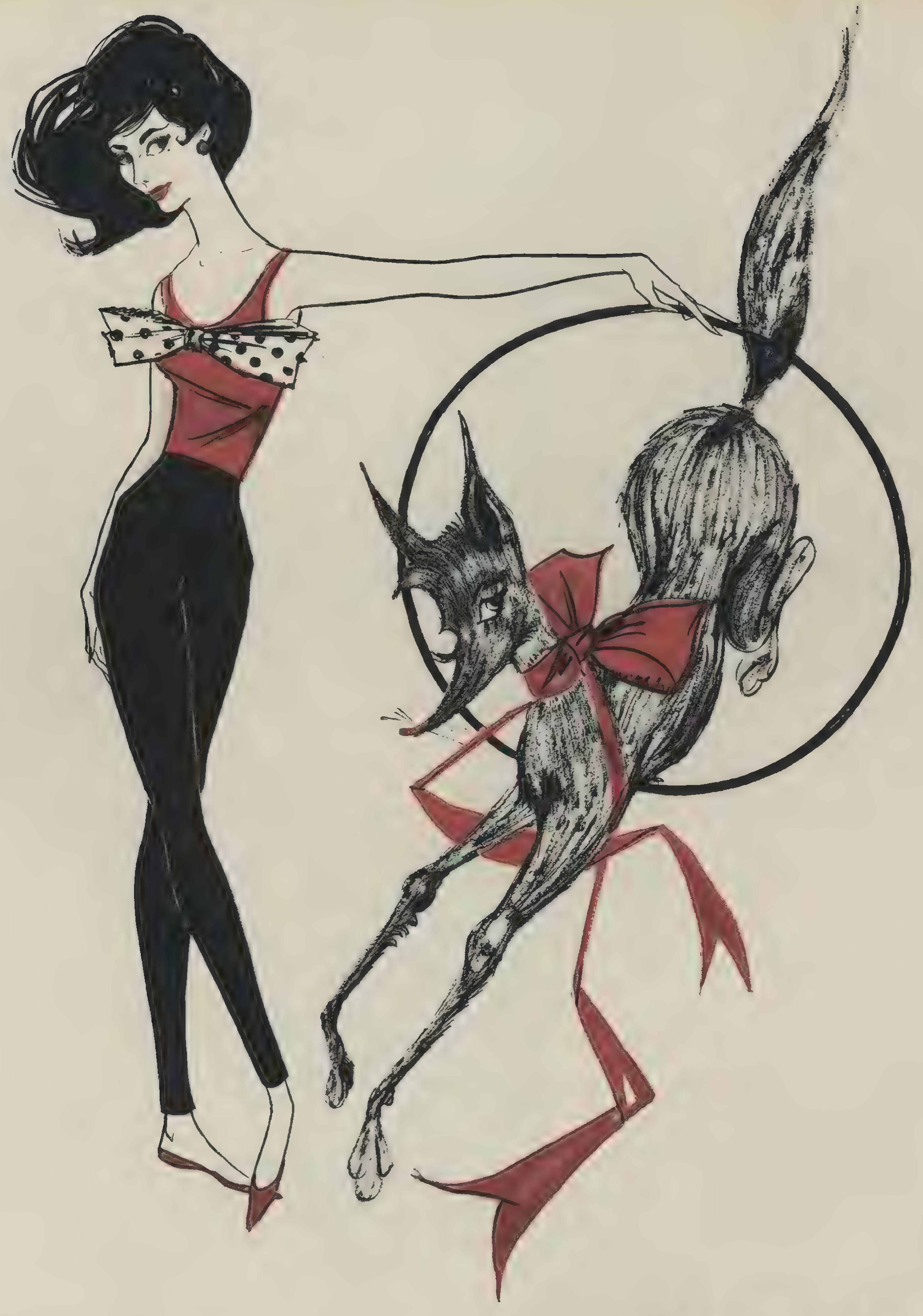
But the real difference between English and American cooking can be seen by the relative status of the kitchen in an English and in an American house. An American kitchen is large, and the best equipped room in the house. It has a cooker with so many dials that you need a driver's license before you can cook, and a refrigerator that would house an English kitchen.

An English kitchen is hard to find. Some American friends of ours once bought an English house and decided to install an American kitchen in it. They purchased all the cookers and washers and spin-driers and freezers, but they had, unfortunately, overlooked one thing. The kitchen was too small. The washer would have to go on top of the refrigerator, the freezer would have to stand out in the drive. They finally made the living room into the kitchen; now, when they have guests, they pack them like sardines in their new living room, the former kitchen.

My wife claims that the English kitchen, and the English appetite, have a single purpose: to keep English wives from leaving the house. They are a kind of chastity belt.

When she arrived in America, she emerged, puzzled, from the kitchen of our apartment. "I can't use it," she said, "I don't have the technical knowledge." She is still frightened by the washer-and-drier in the basement; she insists that it is alive, and sneaks upstairs at night to steal its food from the refrigerator.

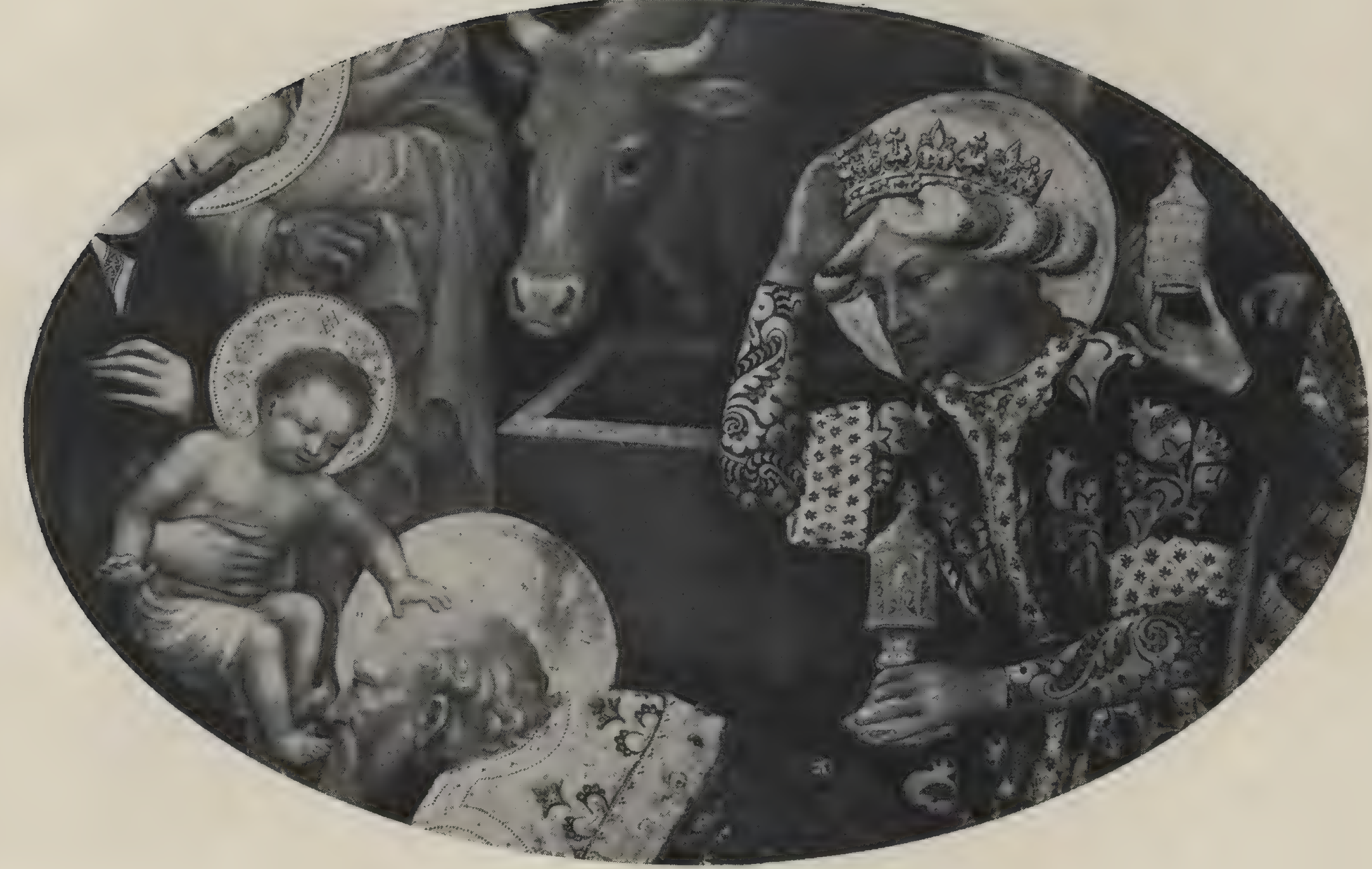
What mystifies us is that most Americans, despite all these labour-saving devices, frequently go out to eat. Maybe they are secretly afraid of their kitchens; maybe the whole thing has simply gone wrong, and the poor American husband doesn't know how to fix it. That's one thing about an English kitchen. It may not be geared to elaborate recipes, but there is nothing, absolutely nothing, to go wrong.



I taught an old dog new tricks—with **NOSTALGIA**

Parfums Monteil

VOGUE DECEMBER, 1960

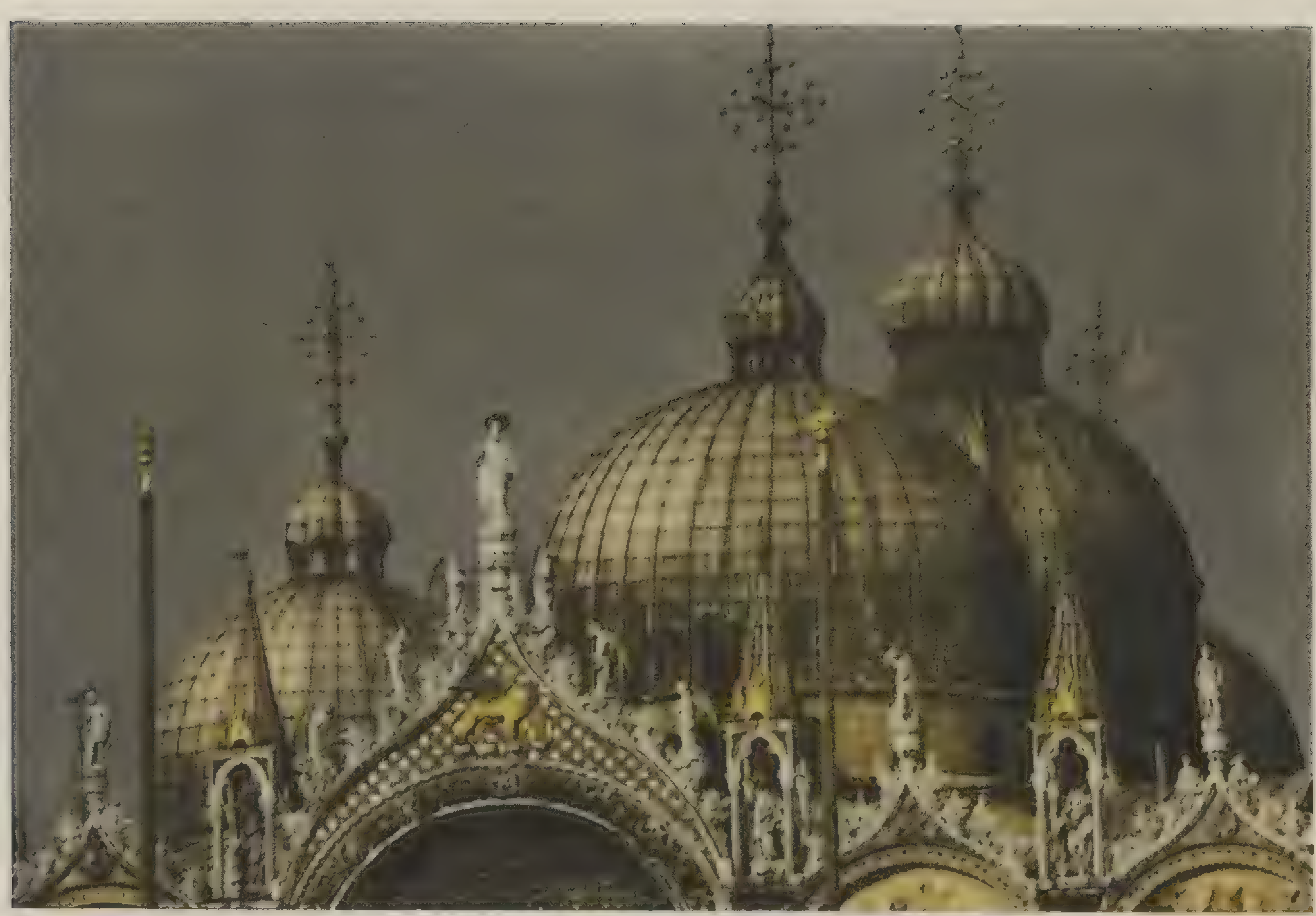


"The Adoration of the Magi" (detail),
by Gentile da Fabriano.

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF PERSONAL COMMITMENT

The Three Kings came, bearing gifts; and the gifts they brought are remembered now because of the long journey they took. They came themselves, to make their offerings, and for an important reason—"we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him." Perhaps it is this—the quality of personal commitment—that seems, more and more, to be missing from Christmas now. It is missing from the Christmas cards with names imprinted, often sent and received by people who have never met. It is missing from the Christmas packages ordered by telephone, delivered by the shop, and "gift-wrapped" by someone who knows neither donor nor recipient. It is missing from the check sent off to a settlement house a few blocks away, but never visited; and from the check sent to a church whose Christmas Eve service there won't be time to attend. It's all such a rush, of course, and all these short cuts are essential.... Or are they? Mightn't it be possible to write something (even your name) on the cards yourself; deliver the presents yourself; help out at the settlement house Christmas party, as well as sending the check; get to the service at midnight? It will take more planning, more effort, more love—in short, more personal commitment. But remember the Three Kings. They didn't send somebody to represent them. They came themselves.

PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF ALINARI FRATELLI



THE BASILICA'S BYZANTINE DOMES AND GOTHIC CROWN

SAINT MARK'S OF VENICE

THE ANGELS, THE GREAT LION, THE GREEK BRONZE HORSES

Photographed through magical telephoto lens—a close-vision magnificence never seen before

The glory of the gold-winged angels, against the blue Venetian skies, venerating through eternity the martyred St. Mark, can be seen here and on the next three pages, all at eye level in a series of extraordinary photographs by Alexander Liberman. (On the fourth page, two of the marvellous Greek bronze horses and the figure of a warrior saint.) Perhaps the most famous description of St. Mark's Basilica is that of John Ruskin in *Stones of Venice* from which this excerpt comes: "... a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other *(Continued on page 103)*

Right ANGEL, IN ATTITUDE OF VENERATION

On the next two pages
THE LITURGICAL PROCESSION OF ANGELS, ABOVE THE WINGED LION OF ST. MARK

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

SAINT MARK'S OF VENICE

across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, 'their bluest veins to kiss'—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst."

◆ ◆ ◆

Almost everything about St. Mark's Basilica, with the exception of its actual beauty, is in scholarly dispute. It was built, presumably in 829 A.D., as a glittering magnificence to house the body of St. Mark, whose body, the legend goes, had been stolen in 828 by two Venetians from its Alexandrian tomb in Egypt. (To keep the body from the Muslims, the adventurers are supposed to have covered it with pickled pork.) In the eleventh century after partial burning, the Basilica was rebuilt. Then beginning in 1385 a glorious Gothic crown—with soaring leafage, tabernacles, angels, warrior saints, and the halo'd St. Mark, the Evangelist—was added to the roof line; many of the statues, and particularly those of the angels, seem to be the work of the Tuscan sculptor, Niccolò Lamberti. (Some of the leafage and the busts of the prophets may have been done by Lombard sculptors.) Note: in the photograph on the centre spread, showing two angels with censers, and one with an aspergillum and holy water vessel, there is the great golden Lion of St. Mark's, that symbol of Venice, and an open golden book on which the blurred Latin inscription means: Peace Be With You, Mark, My Evangelist. Below the figure of St. Mark, below the double curve of the arches with the angels, below the Lion, stand the four Greek horses of bronze, gilded and greened. Their possible date may be the third or fourth century, B.C., and they may be either exact casts by the Romans of Greek originals, or they may well be the originals. Like St. Mark's body, they too may have come from Alexandria. Later, they may have pranced on the Emperor Constantine's triumphal Arch in Rome, eventually the Emperor is supposed to have brought them to Constantinople, and from there, after the Fourth Crusade they travelled to this Byzantine Basilica. Napoleon took them to Paris, placed them on the Place du Carrousel. At length they returned to St. Mark's and the enchanted view of the Lagoon, the Piazzetta, and the Piazza.

THE SPLENDOUR OF THE BRONZE HORSES,
VITAL, NERVOUS, ABOVE THE CENTRAL BAY

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

Young A

Published here for the first time in any magazine, this famous story originally appeared in a 1924 collection of Huxley stories. A man of vast and rangy learning, Aldous Huxley, who has a special love for science, is the prodigious author of such satirical novels as *Point Counter Point, Brave New World,* and *Eyeless in Gaza;* of plays, symbolist poems, essays on almost everything, including art and music, plus two notable books of historical studies. (In the early twenties, he was a writing editor on British Vogue in London.) Now, he has just completed a series of lectures on Human Nature, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, using as his scaling rope this quotation from *Hamlet:* "What a piece of work is man!"

It was the view which finally made us take the place. True, the house had its disadvantages. It was a long way out of town and had no telephone. The rent was unduly high, the drainage system poor. On windy nights, when the ill-fitting panes were rattling so furiously in the window frames that you could fancy yourself in an hotel omnibus, the electric light, for some mysterious reason, used invariably to go out and leave you in the noisy dark. There was a splendid bathroom; but the electric pump, which was supposed to send up water from the rainwater tanks in the terrace, did not work. Punctually every autumn the drinking well ran dry. And our landlady was a liar and a cheat.

But these are the little disadvantages of every hired house, all over the world. For Italy they were not really at all serious. I have seen plenty of houses which had them all and a hundred others, without possessing the compensating advantages of ours—the southward-facing garden and terrace for the winter and spring, the large cool rooms against the midsummer heat, the hilltop air and freedom from mosquitoes, and finally the view.

And what a view it was! Or rather, what a succession of views. For it was different every day; and without stirring from the house one had the impression of an incessant change of scene: all the delights of travel without its fatigues. There were autumn days when all the valleys were filled with mist and the crest of the Apennines rose darkly out of a flat white lake. There were days when the mist invaded even our hilltop and we were enveloped in a soft vapour in which the mist-coloured olive trees, that sloped away below our windows towards the valley, disappeared as though into their own spiritual essence; and the only firm and definite things in the small, dim world within which we found ourselves confined were the two tall black cypresses growing on a little projecting terrace a hundred feet down the hill. Black, sharp, and solid, they stood there, twin pillars of Hercules at the extremity of the known universe; and beyond them there was only pale cloud and round them only the cloudy olive trees.

These were the wintry days; but there were days of spring and autumn, days unchangingly cloudless, or—more lovely still—made various by the huge floating shapes of vapour that, snowy above the faraway snow-capped mountains, gradually unfolded, against the pale bright blue, enormous heroic gestures. And in the height of the sky the bellying draperies, the swans, the aerial marbles, hewed and left unfinished by gods grown tired of creation almost before they had begun, drifted sleeping along the wind, changing form as they moved. And the sun would come and go behind them; and now the town in the valley would fade and almost vanish in the shadow, and now, like an immense fretted jewel between the hills, it would glow as though by its own light. And looking across the nearer tributary valley that wound from below our crest down towards the Arno, looking over the low dark shoulder of hill on whose extreme promontory stood the towered church of San Miniato, one saw the huge dome airily hanging on its ribs of masonry, the square campanile, the sharp spire of Santa Croce, and the canopied tower of the Signoria, rising above the intricate maze of houses, distinct and brilliant, like small treasures carved out of precious stones. For a moment only, and then their light would fade away once more, and the travelling beam would pick out, among the indigo hills a short story by ALDOUS HUXLEY

To see a World in a Grain of Sand,
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour.
—WILLIAM BLAKE

Archimedes

beyond, a single golden crest.

There were days when the air was wet with passed or with approaching rain, and all the distances seemed miraculously near and clear. The olive trees detached themselves one from another on the distant slopes; the faraway villages were lovely and pathetic like the most exquisite small toys. There were days in summertime, days of impending thunder when, bright and sunlit against huge bellying masses of black and purple, the hills and the white houses shone as it were precariously, in a dying splendour, on the brink of some fearful calamity.

How the hills changed and varied! Every day and every hour of the day, almost, they were different. There would be moments when, looking across the plain of Florence, one would see only a dark-blue silhouette against the sky. The scene had no depth; there was only a hanging curtain painted flatly with the symbols of mountains. And then, suddenly almost, with the passing of a cloud, or when the sun had declined to a certain level in the sky, the flat scene transformed itself; and where there had been only a painted curtain, now there were ranges behind ranges of hills, graduated tone after tone from brown, or grey, or a green gold to faraway blue. Shapes that a moment before had been fused together indiscriminately into a single mass now came apart into their constituents. Fiesole, which had seemed only a spur of Monte Morello, now revealed itself as the jutting headland of another system of hills, divided from the nearest bastions of its greater neighbour by a deep and shadowy valley.

At noon, during the heats of summer, the landscape became dim, powdery, vague, and almost colourless under the midday sun; the hills disappeared into the trembling fringes of the sky. But as the afternoon wore on the landscape emerged again, it dropped its anonymity, it climbed back out of nothingness into form and life. And its life, as the sun sank and slowly sank through the long afternoon, grew richer, grew more intense with every moment. The level light, with its attendant long, dark shadows, laid bare, so to speak, the anatomy of the land; the hills—each western escarpment shining, and each slope averted from the sunlight profoundly shadowed—became massive, jutty, and solid. Little folds and dimples in the seemingly even ground revealed themselves. Eastward from our hilltop, across the plain of the Ema, a great bluff cast its ever-increasing shadow; in the surrounding brightness of the valley a whole town lay eclipsed within it. And as the sun expired on the horizon, the further hills flushed in its warm light, till their illumined flanks were the colour of tawny roses; but the valleys were already filled with the blue mist of evening. And it mounted, mounted; the fire went out of the western windows of the populous slopes; only the crests were still alight, and at last they too were all extinct. The mountains faded and fused together again into a flat painting of mountains against the pale evening sky. In a little while it was night; and if the moon were full, a ghost of the dead scene still haunted the horizons.

Changeful in its beauty, this wide landscape always preserved a quality of humanness and domestication which made it, to my mind at any rate, the best of all landscapes to live with. Day by day one travelled through its different beauties; but the journey, like our ancestors' Grand Tour, was always a journey through civilization. For all its mountains, its deep slopes and deep valleys, the Tuscan scene is dominated by its inhabitants. They have cultivated every rood of ground that can be cultivated; their houses are thickly scattered even over the hills, and the valleys are populous. Solitary on the hilltop, one is not alone in a wilderness. Man's traces are across the country, and already—one feels it with satisfaction as one looks out across it—for centuries, for thousands of years; it has been his, submissive, tamed, and humanized. The wide, blank moorlands, the sands, the forests of innumerable trees—these are places for occasional visitation, healthful to the spirit which submits itself to them for not too long. But fiendish influences as well as divine haunt these total solitudes. The vegetative life of plants and things is alien and hostile to the human. Men can not live at ease except where they have mastered their surroundings and where their accumulated lives outnumber and outweigh the vegetative lives about them. Stripped of its dark woods, planted, terraced, and tilled almost to the mountains' tops, the Tuscan landscape is humanized and safe. Sometimes upon those who live in the midst of it there comes a longing for some place that is solitary, inhuman, lifeless, or peopled only with alien life. But the longing is soon satisfied, and one is glad to return to the civilized and submissive scene.

I found that house on the hilltop the ideal dwelling place. For there, safe in the midst of a humanized landscape, one was yet alone; one could be as solitary as one liked. Neighbours whom one never sees at close quarters are the ideal and perfect neighbours.

Our nearest neighbours, in terms of physical proximity, lived very near. We had two sets of them, as a matter of fact, almost in the same house with us. One was the peasant family, who lived in a long, low building, part dwelling house, part stables, storerooms, and cow sheds, adjoining the villa. *(Continued on page 106)*

Young Archimedes *continued*

Our other neighbours—intermittent neighbours, however, for they only ventured out of town every now and then, during the most flawless weather—were the owners of the villa, who had reserved for themselves the smaller wing of the huge L-shaped house—a mere dozen rooms or so—leaving the remaining eighteen or twenty to us.

They were a curious couple, our proprietors. An old husband, grey, listless, tottering, seventy at least; and a signora of about forty, short, very plump, with tiny fat hands and feet and a pair of very large, very dark black eyes, which she used with all the skill of a born comedian. Her vitality, if you could have harnessed it and made it do some useful work, would have supplied a whole town with electric light. The physicists talk of deriving energy from the atom; they would be more profitably employed nearer home—in discovering some way of tapping those enormous stores of vital energy which accumulate in unemployed women of sanguine temperament and which, in the present imperfect state of social and scientific organization, vent themselves in ways that are generally so deplorable, in interfering with other people's affairs, in working up emotional scenes, in thinking about love and making it, and in bothering men till they can not get on with their work.

Signora Bondi got rid of her superfluous energy, among other ways, by "doing in" her tenants. The old gentleman, who was a retired merchant with a reputation for the most perfect rectitude, was allowed to have no dealings with us. When we came to see the house, it was the wife who showed us round. It was she who, with a lavish display of charm, with irresistible rollings of the eyes, expatiated on the merits of the place, sang the praises of the electric pump, glorified the bathroom (considering which, she insisted, the rent was remarkably moderate), and when we suggested calling in a surveyor to look over the house, earnestly begged us, as though our well-being were her only consideration, not to waste our money unnecessarily in doing anything so superfluous. "After all," she said, "we are honest people. I wouldn't dream of letting you the house except in perfect condition. Have confidence." And she looked at me with an appealing, pained expression in her magnificent eyes, as though begging me not to insult her by my coarse suspiciousness. And leaving us no time to pursue the subject of surveyors any further, she began assuring us that our little boy was the most beautiful angel she had even seen. By the time our interview with Signora Bondi was at an end, we had definitely decided to take the house.

"Charming woman," I said, as we left the house. But I think that Elizabeth was not quite so certain of it as I.

Then the pump episode began.

On the evening of our arrival in the house we switched on the electricity. The pump made a very professional whirring noise; but no water came out of the taps in the bathroom. We looked at one another doubtfully.

"Charming woman?" Elizabeth raised her eyebrows.

We asked for interviews; but somehow the old gentleman could never see us, and the Signora was invariably out or indisposed. We left notes; they were never answered. In the end, we found that the only method of communicating with our landlords, who were living in the same house with us, was to go down into Florence and send a registered express letter to them. For this they had to sign two separate receipts and even, if we chose to pay forty centimes more, a third incriminating document, which was then returned to us. There could be no pretending, as there always was with ordinary letters or notes, that the communication had never been received. We began at last to get answers to our complaints. The Signora, who wrote all the letters, started by telling us that, naturally, the pump didn't work, as the cisterns were empty, owing to the long drought. I had to walk three miles to the post office in order to register my letter reminding her that there had been a violent thunderstorm only last Wednesday, and that the tanks were consequently more than half full. The answer came back: bath water had not been guaranteed in the contract; and if I wanted it, why hadn't I had the pump looked at before I took the house? Another walk into town to ask the Signora next door whether she remembered her adjurations to us to have confidence in her, and to inform her, that the existence in a house of a bathroom was in itself an implicit guarantee of bath water. The reply to that was that the Signora couldn't continue to have communications with people who wrote so rudely to her. After that I put the matter into the hands of a lawyer. Two months later the pump was actually replaced. But we had to serve a writ on the lady before she gave in. And the costs were considerable.

One day, towards the end of the episode, I met the old gentleman in the road, taking his big Maremmano dog for a walk—or being taken, rather, for a walk by the dog. For where the dog pulled the old gentleman had perforce to follow. And when it stopped to smell, or scratch the ground, or leave against a gatepost its visiting card or an offensive challenge, patiently, at his end of the leash, the old man had to wait. I passed him standing at the side of the road, a few hundred yards below our house. The dog was sniffing at the roots of one of the twin cypresses which grew one on either side of the entry to a farm; I heard the beast growling indignantly to itself, as though it scented an intolerable insult. Old Signor Bondi, leashed to his dog, was waiting. The knees inside the tubular grey trousers were slightly bent. Leaning on his cane, he stood gazing mournfully and vacantly at the view. The whites of his old eyes were discoloured, like ancient billiard balls. In the grey, deeply wrinkled face, his nose was dyspeptically red. His white moustache, ragged and yellowing at the fringes, drooped in a melancholy curve. In his black tie he wore a very large diamond; perhaps that was what Signora Bondi had found so attractive about him.

I took off my hat as I approached. The old man stared at me absently, and it was only when I was already almost past him that he recollected who I was.

"Wait," he called after me, "wait!" And he hastened down the road in pursuit. Taken utterly by surprise and at a disadvantage—for it was engaged in retorting to the affront imprinted on the cypress roots—the dog permitted itself to be jerked after him. Too much astonished to be anything but obedient, it followed its master. "Wait!"

I waited.

"My dear sir," said the old gentleman, catching me by the lapel of my coat and blowing most disagreeably in my face, "I want to apologize." He looked around him, as though afraid that even here he might be overheard. "I want to apologize," he went on, "about that wretched pump business. I assure you that, if it had been only my affair, I'd have put the thing right as soon as you asked. You were quite right: a bathroom is an implicit guarantee of bath water. I saw from the first that we should have no chance if it came to court. And besides, I think one ought to treat one's tenants as handsomely as one can afford to. But my wife"—he lowered his voice—"the fact is that she likes this sort of thing, even when she knows that she's in the wrong and must lose. And besides, she hoped, I dare say, that you'd get tired of asking and have the job done yourself. I told her from the first that we ought to give in; but she wouldn't listen. You see, she enjoys it. Still, now she sees that it must be done. In the course of the next two or three days you'll be having your bath water. But I thought I'd just like to tell you how . . ." But the Maremmano, which had recovered by this time from its surprise of a moment since, suddenly bounded, growling, up the road. The old gentleman tried to hold the beast, strained at the leash, tottered unsteadily, than gave way and allowed himself to be dragged off. ". . . how sorry I am," he went on, as he receded from me, "that this little misunderstanding . . ." But it was no use. "Good-by." He smiled politely, made a little deprecating gesture, as though he had suddenly remembered a pressing engagement, and had no time to explain what it was. "Good-by." He took off his hat and abandoned himself completely to the dog.

A week later the water really did begin to flow, and the day after our first bath Signora Bondi, dressed in dove-grey satin and wearing all her pearls, came to call.

"Is it peace now?" she asked, with a charming frankness, as she shook hands.

We assured her that, so far as we were concerned, it certainly was.

"But why *did* you write me such dreadfully rude letters?" she said, turning on me a reproachful glance that ought to have moved the most ruthless malefactor to contrition. "And then that writ. How *could* you? To a lady . . ."

I mumbled something about the pump and our wanting baths.

"But how could you expect me to listen to you while you were in that mood? Why didn't you set about it differently—politely, charmingly?" She smiled at me and dropped her fluttering eyelids.

I thought it best to change the conversation. It is disagreeable, when one is in the right, to be made to appear in the wrong.

A few weeks later we had a letter—duly registered and by express messenger—in which the Signora asked us whether we proposed to renew our lease (which was only for six months), and notifying us that, if we did, the rent would be raised twenty-five per cent, in consideration of the improvements which had been carried out. We thought ourselves lucky, at the end of much bargaining, to get the lease renewed for a whole year with an increase in the rent of only fifteen per cent.

It was chiefly for the sake of the view that we put up with these intolerable extortions. But we had found other reasons, after a few days' residence, for liking the house. Of these the most cogent was that, in the peasant's youngest child, we had discovered what seemed the perfect playfellow for our own small boy. Between little Guido—for that was his name—and the youngest of his brothers and sisters there was a gap of six or seven years. His two older brothers worked with their father in the fields; since the time of the mother's death, two or three years before we knew them, the eldest sister had ruled the house, and the younger, who had just left school, helped her and in between-whiles kept an eye on Guido, who by this time, however, needed very little looking after; for he was between six and seven years old and as precocious, self-assured, and responsible as the children of the poor, left as they are to themselves almost from the time they can walk, generally are.

Though fully two and a half years older than little Robin—and at that age thirty months are crammed with half a lifetime's experience—Guido took no undue advantage of his superior intelligence and strength. I have never seen a child more patient, tolerant, and untyrannical. He never laughed at Robin for his clumsy efforts to imitate his own prodigious feats; he did not tease or bully, but helped his small companion when he was in difficulties and explained when he could not understand. In return, Robin adored him, regarded him as the model and perfect Big Boy, and slavishly imitated him in every way he could.

These attempts of Robin's to imitate his companion were often exceedingly ludicrous. For by an obscure psychological law, words and actions in themselves quite serious become comic as soon as they are copied; and the more accurately, if the imitation is a deliberate parody, the funnier—for an overloaded imitation of someone we know does not make us laugh so much as one that is almost indistinguishably like the original. The bad imitation is only ludicrous when it is a piece of sincere and earnest flattery which does not quite come off. Robin's imitations were mostly of this kind. His heroic and unsuccessful attempts to perform the feats of strength and skill, which Guido could do with ease, were exquisitely comic. And his careful, long-drawn imitations of Guido's habits and mannerisms were no less amusing. Most ludicrous of all, because most earnestly undertaken and most incongruous in the imitator, were Robin's impersonations of Guido in a pensive mood. Guido was a thoughtful child, given to brooding and sudden abstractions. One would find him sitting in a corner by himself, chin in hand, elbow on knee, plunged, to all appearances, in the profoundest meditation. And sometimes, even in the midst of his play, he would suddenly break off, to stand, his hands behind his back, frowning and staring at the ground. When this happened, Robin became overawed and a little disquieted. In a puzzled silence he looked at his companion. "Guido," he would say softly, "Guido." But Guido was generally too much preoccupied to answer; and Robin, not venturing to insist, would creep near him, and throwing himself as nearly as possible into Guido's attitude—standing Napoleonically, his hands clasped behind him, or sitting in the posture of Michelangelo's Lorenzo the Magnificent—would try to meditate too. Every few seconds he would turn his bright-blue eyes towards the elder child to see whether he was doing it quite right. But at the end of a minute he began to grow impatient; meditation wasn't his strong point. "Guido," he called again and, louder, "Guido!" And he would take him by the hand and try to pull him away. Sometimes Guido roused himself from his *(Continued on page 170)*

CANTINFLAS
PLAYS FOR VOGUE A CURTAIN-RAISER ON THE PARTY SEASON

You are a swe-et flower," murmurred Cantinflas, slipping expertly into his wistful-rapture sequence, while the mannequin—in the rôle of a startled young charmer—struggled to stay in character....This brief, enchanted clown, famous in Mexico since the Thirties, first caught hold of U. S. audiences when he negotiated the World in Eighty Days, deftly popping champagne in a balloon-gondola over the Alps. This month he will be seen in *Pepe*, an extravagant new movie with a cast-of-thousands glitter that may well be outshone by his fresh mélange of double-talk (no scene is ever played twice, with the same words), his range of pantomine. In the get-up of a Cargador, or clever Mexican bum, his manner is just that. Without his "character," he is Mario Moreno, quiet, knowledgeable, a thoroughly elegant Latin-American.

PENN

FASHION DETAILS ON PAGE 40

An evening with chiffon ...

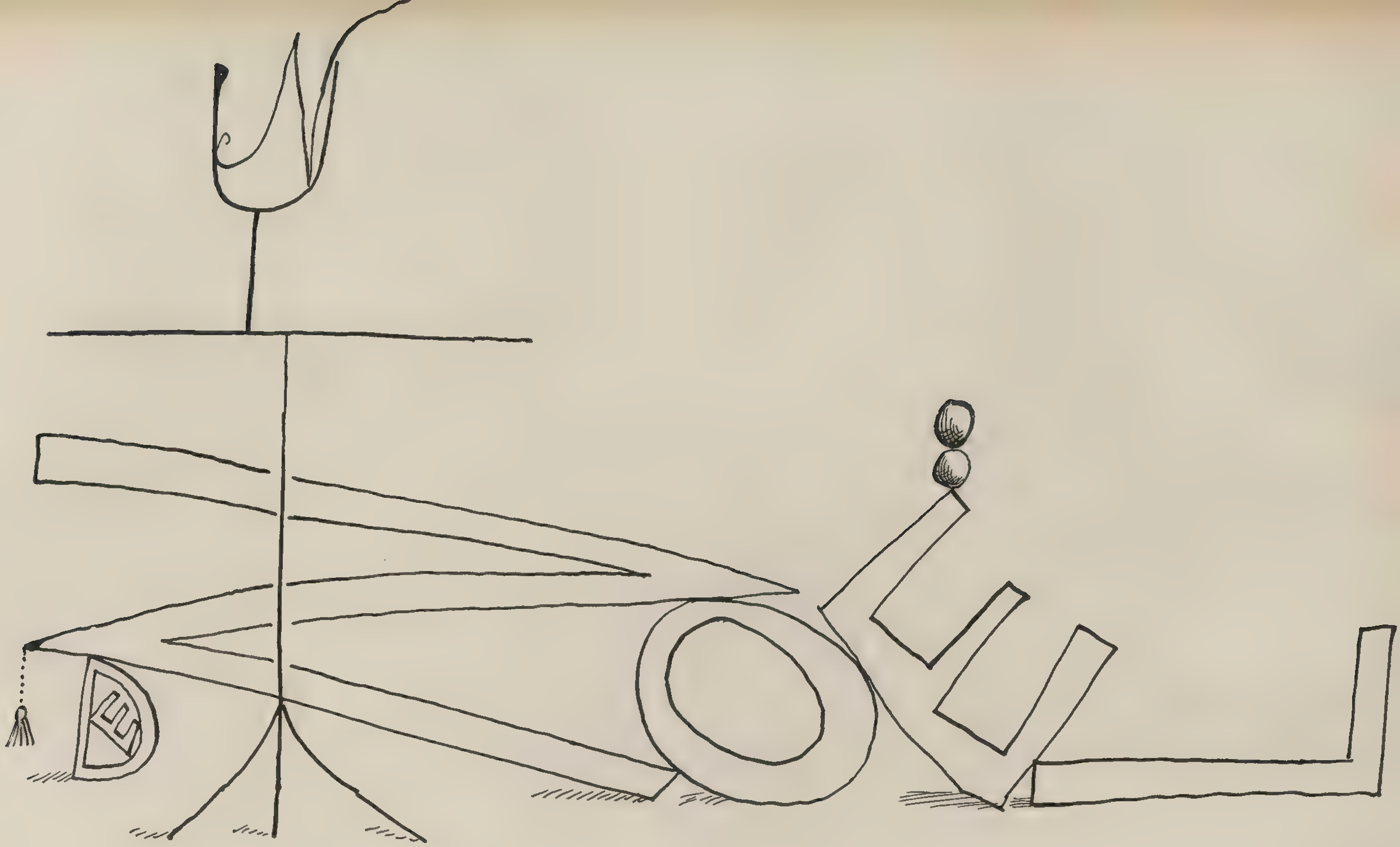
PENN

Unsinkable combination: chiffon and holiday parties, when don't-dress plans often require extra dazzle. (This dazzle, also good for evenings the year 'round, chiffon being seasonless.) Starting here, four new chiffon dresses—all short, all partyable. *Far left:* One of the brightest chiffons in its class, a tangerine dress with fichu neckline (that can be lifted to the shoulders), short skirt. By Adele Simpson, of Bianchini silk chiffon; about $185. Trifari pin. This and the dress: Henri Bendel. The dress is also at Harzfeld's; Joseph Magnin. *This page:* Chiffon meets beads, with memorable results. The top, a pullover embroidered in pale-bronze paillettes and beads, worn over a short full skirt of white silk chiffon. By Ceil Chapman; about $245. Ball earrings by Scaasi. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus.

An evening with chiffon *continued*

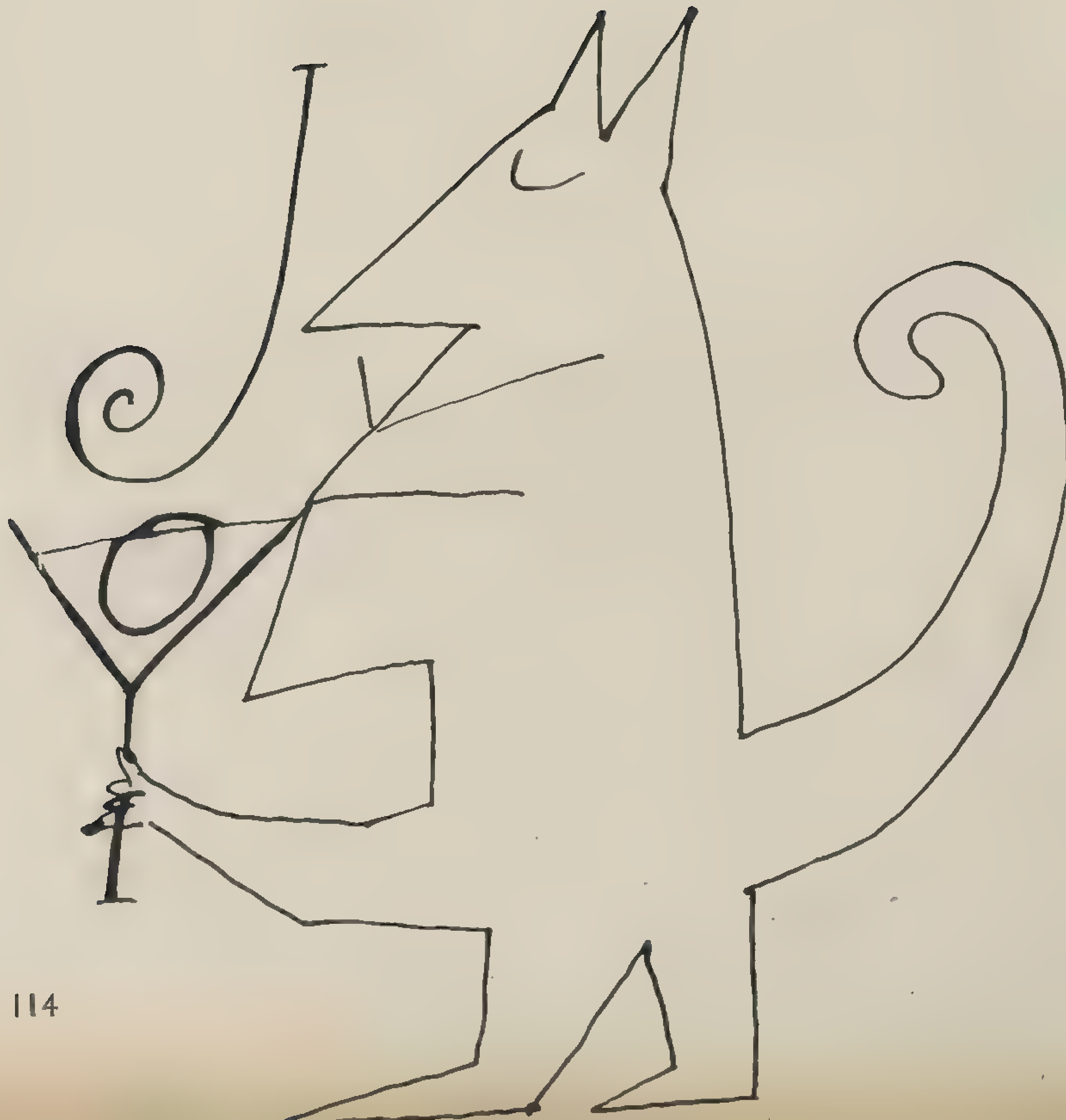
Left: Black silk chiffon with the extra chiffonment of capelet sleeves that flutter engagingly, provide a compromise of coveredness. By Miss Elliette; about $40. Necklace by de Firenze. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz. On both pages: gloves by Dawnelle. *Right:* Short, blissfully uncomplicated dress of silk chiffon, with one sentimentality—the colour of violet. By E.T. Jrs.; $30 at De Pinna; Hudson's; Bullock's, Los Angeles. The widespread bib of necklace, by Richelieu.

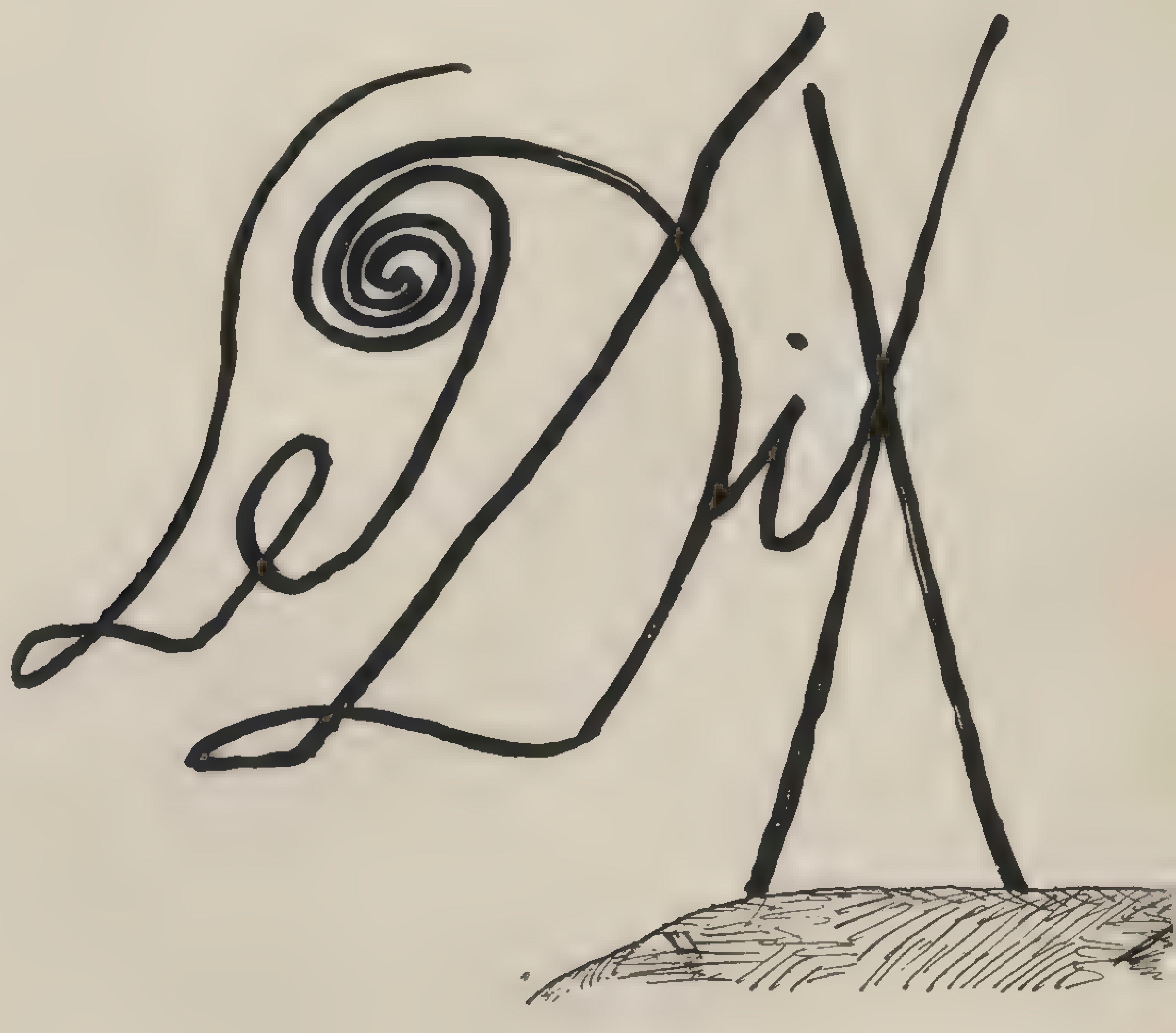
PENN

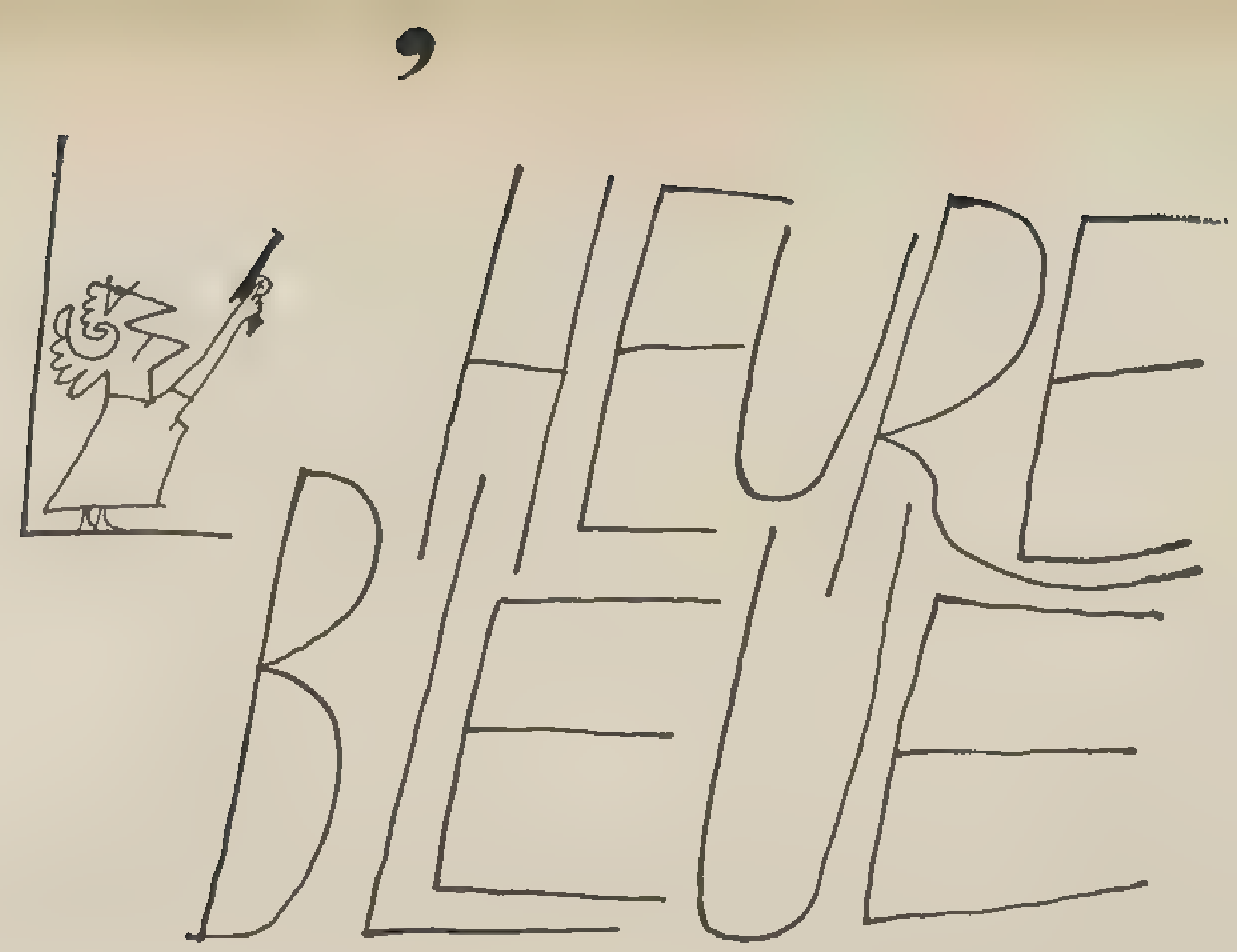


STEINBERG

moves quietly in on the perfume question, his brilliant scratchy wit treaded with velvet paws. Shopping facts, p. 62



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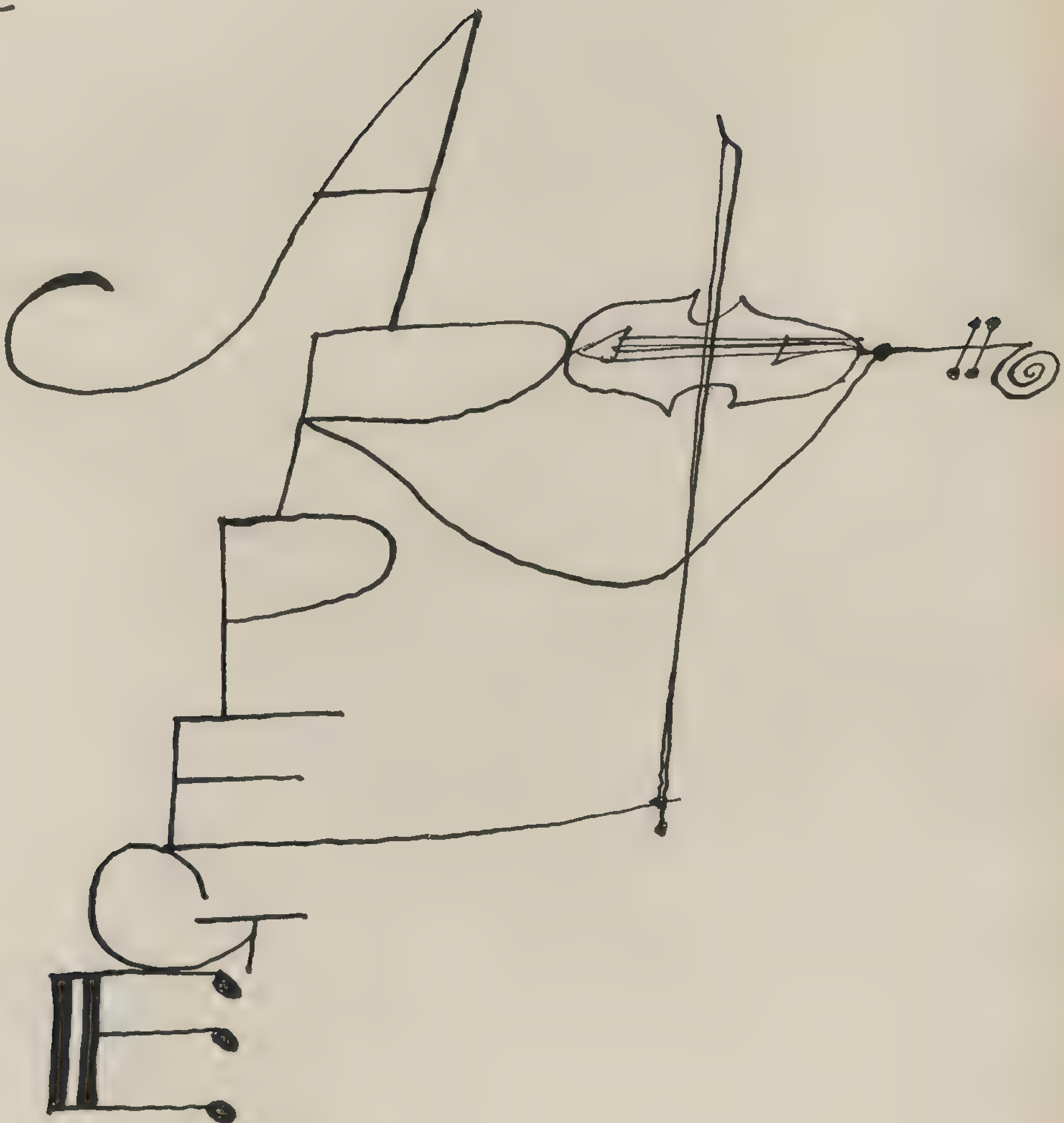
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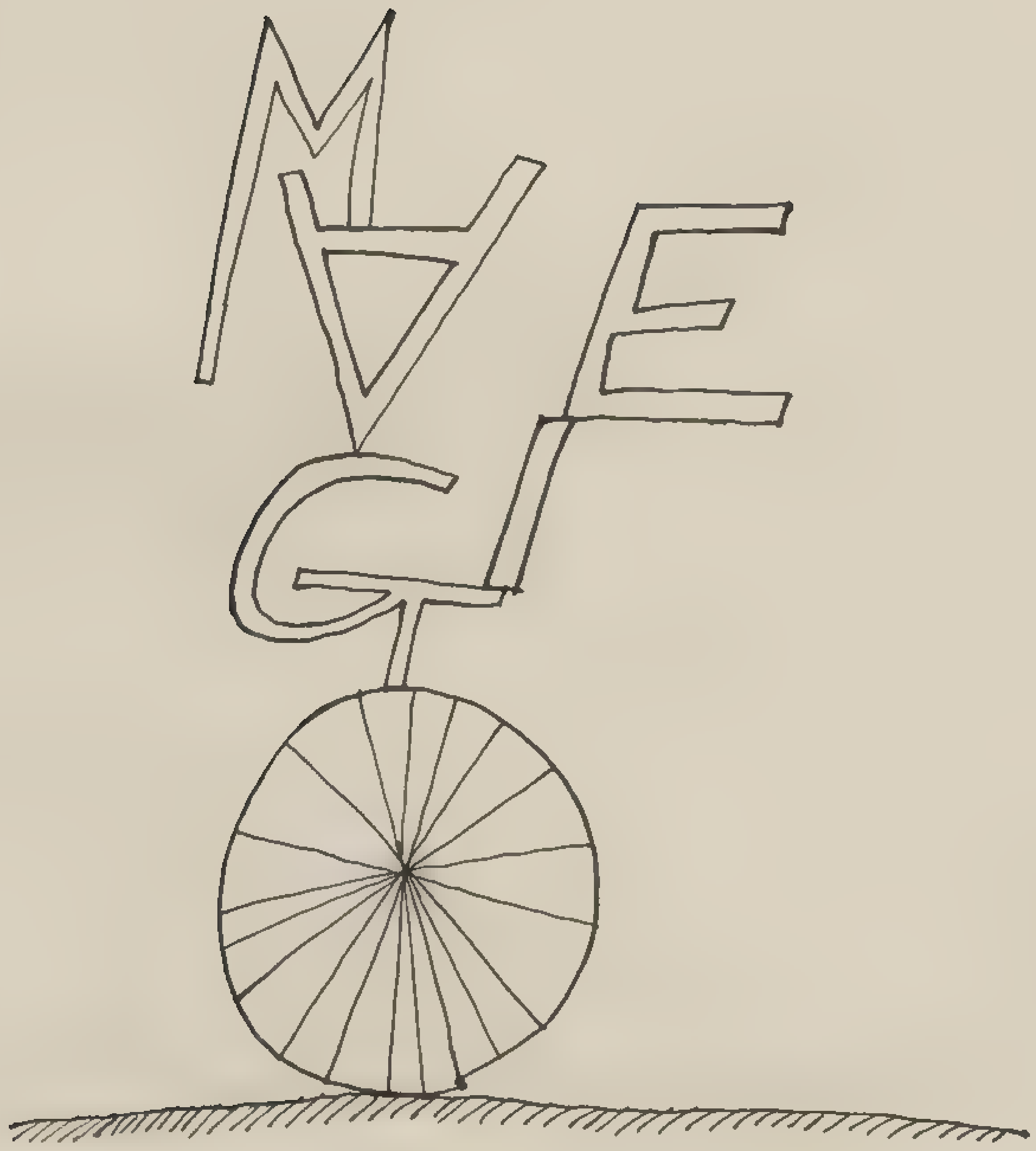
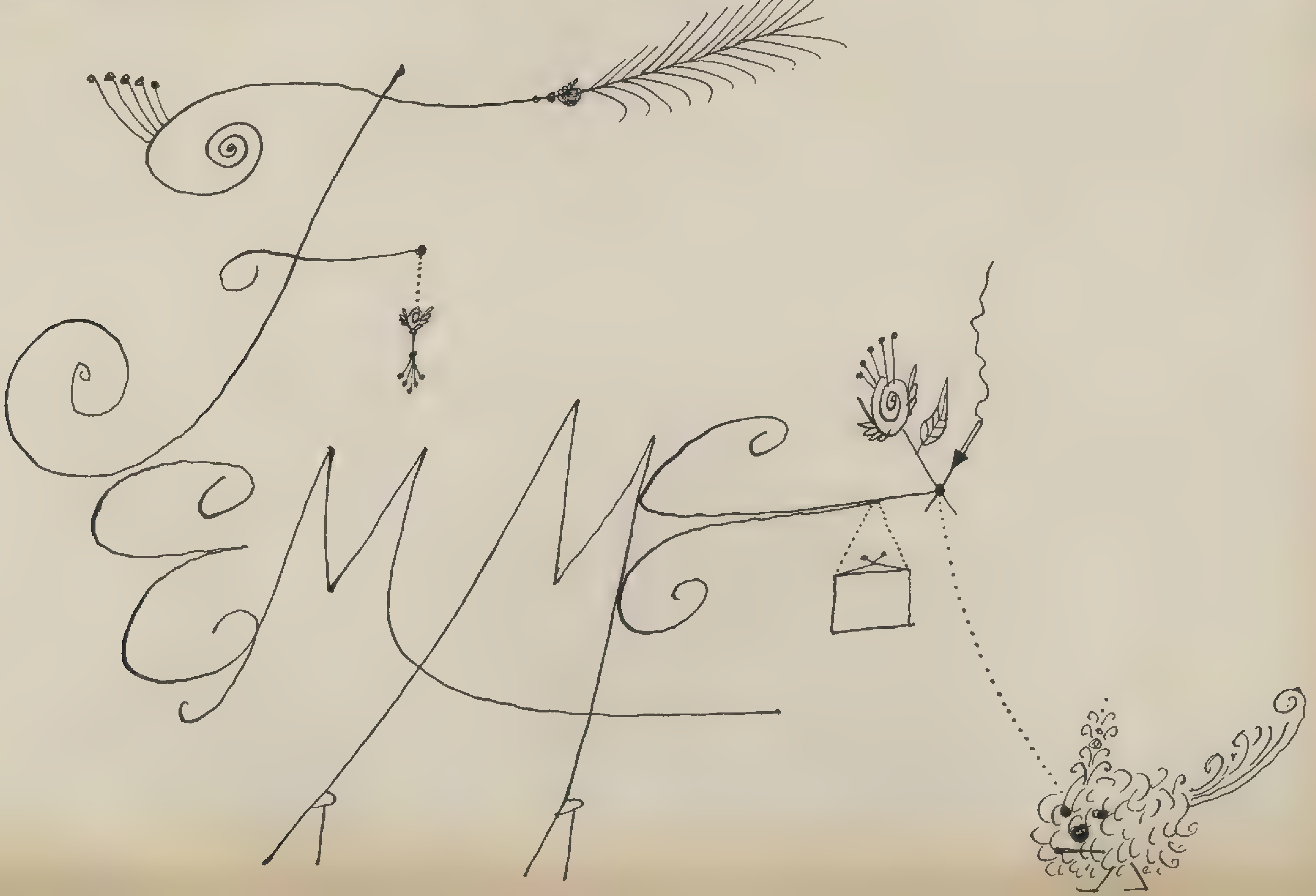

MAGIE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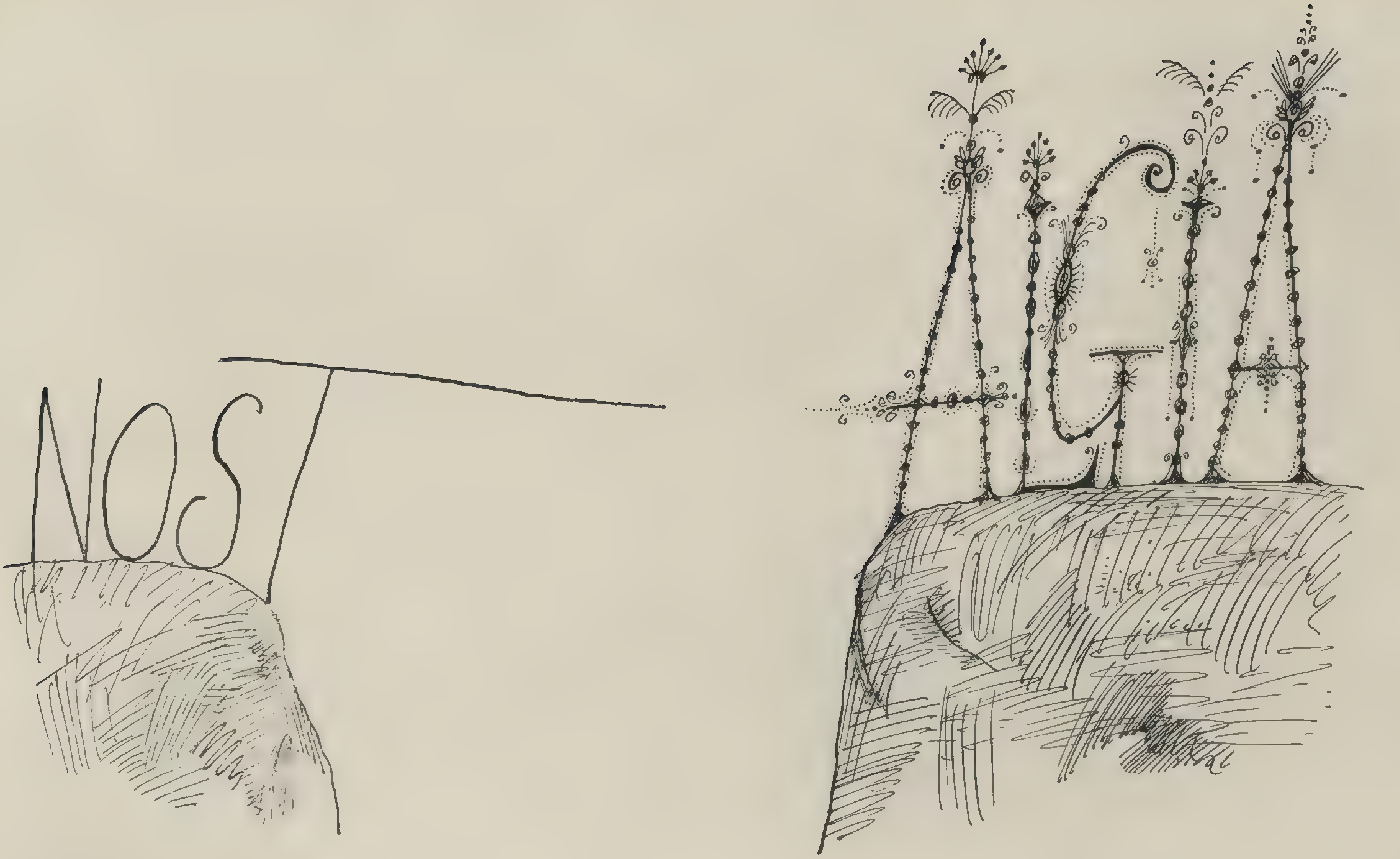
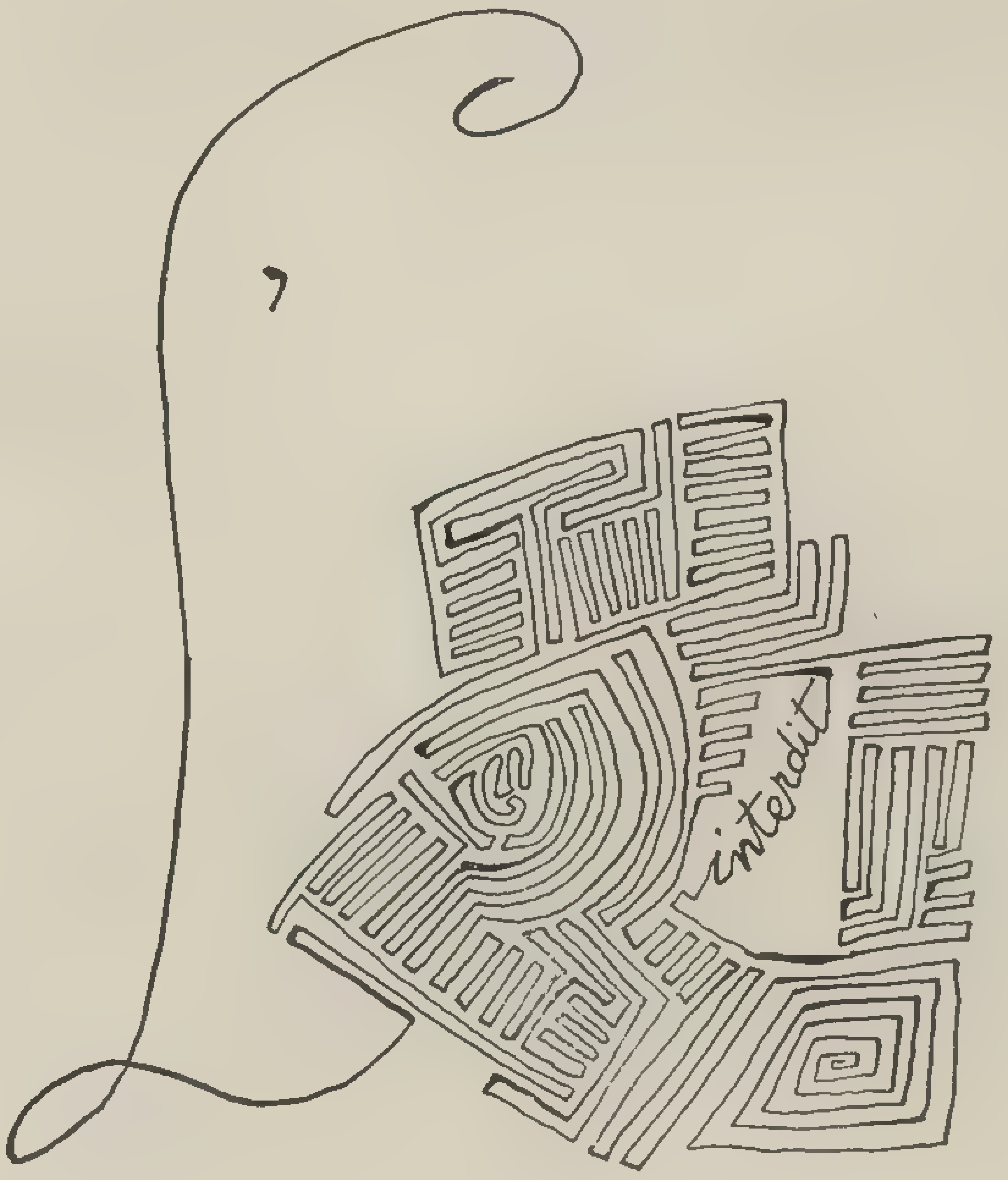
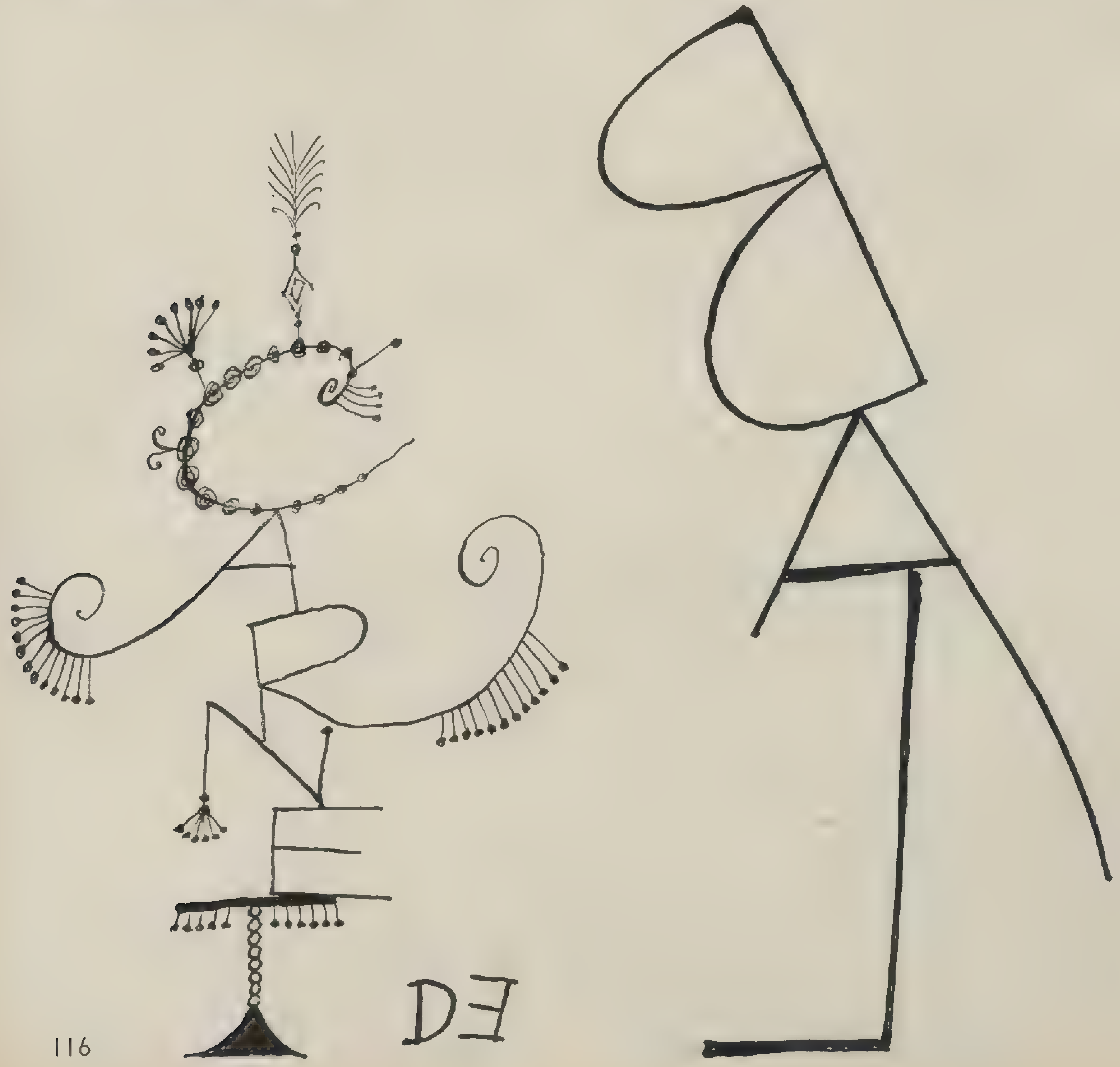


STEINBERG

more of his perfume-association pictures

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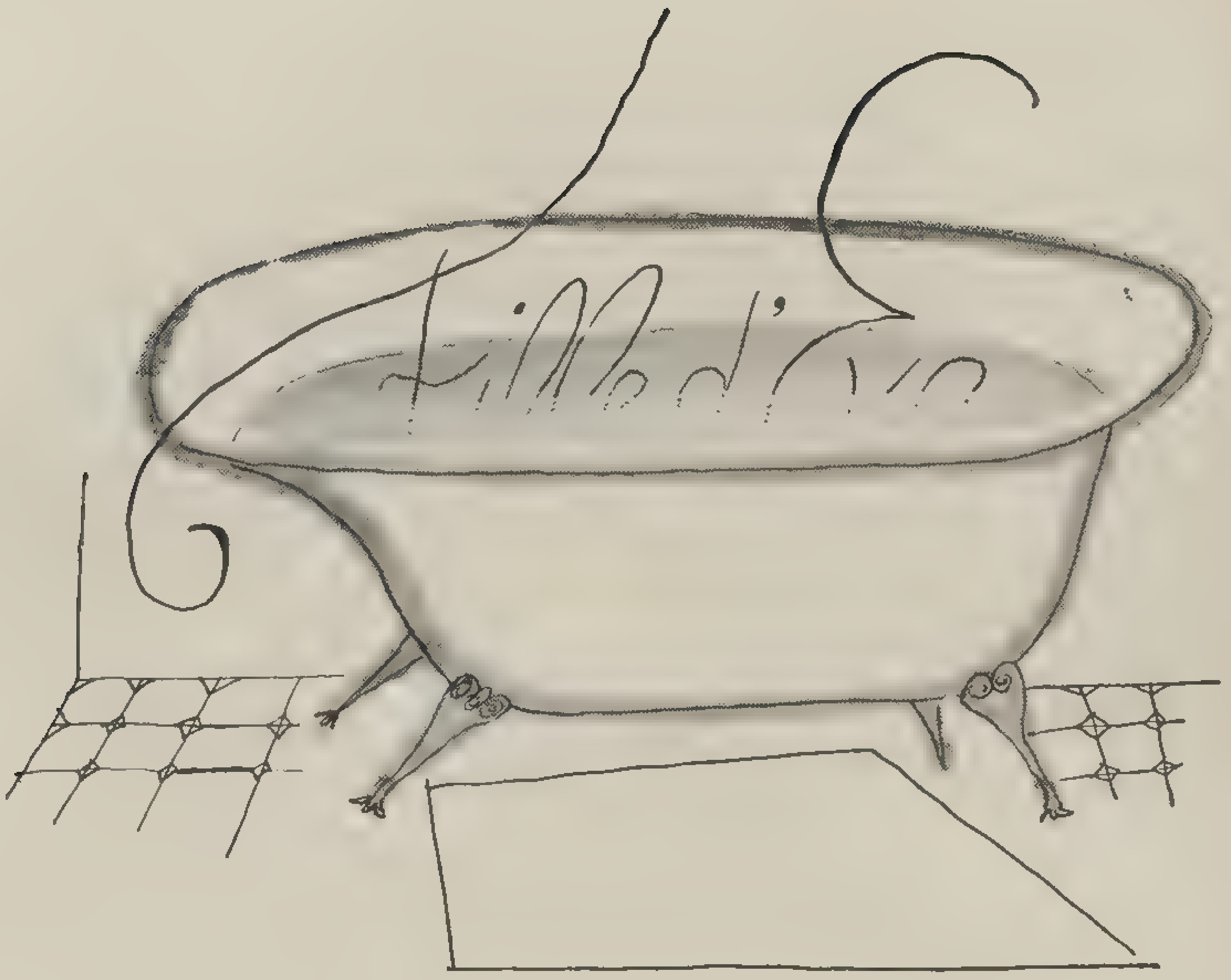
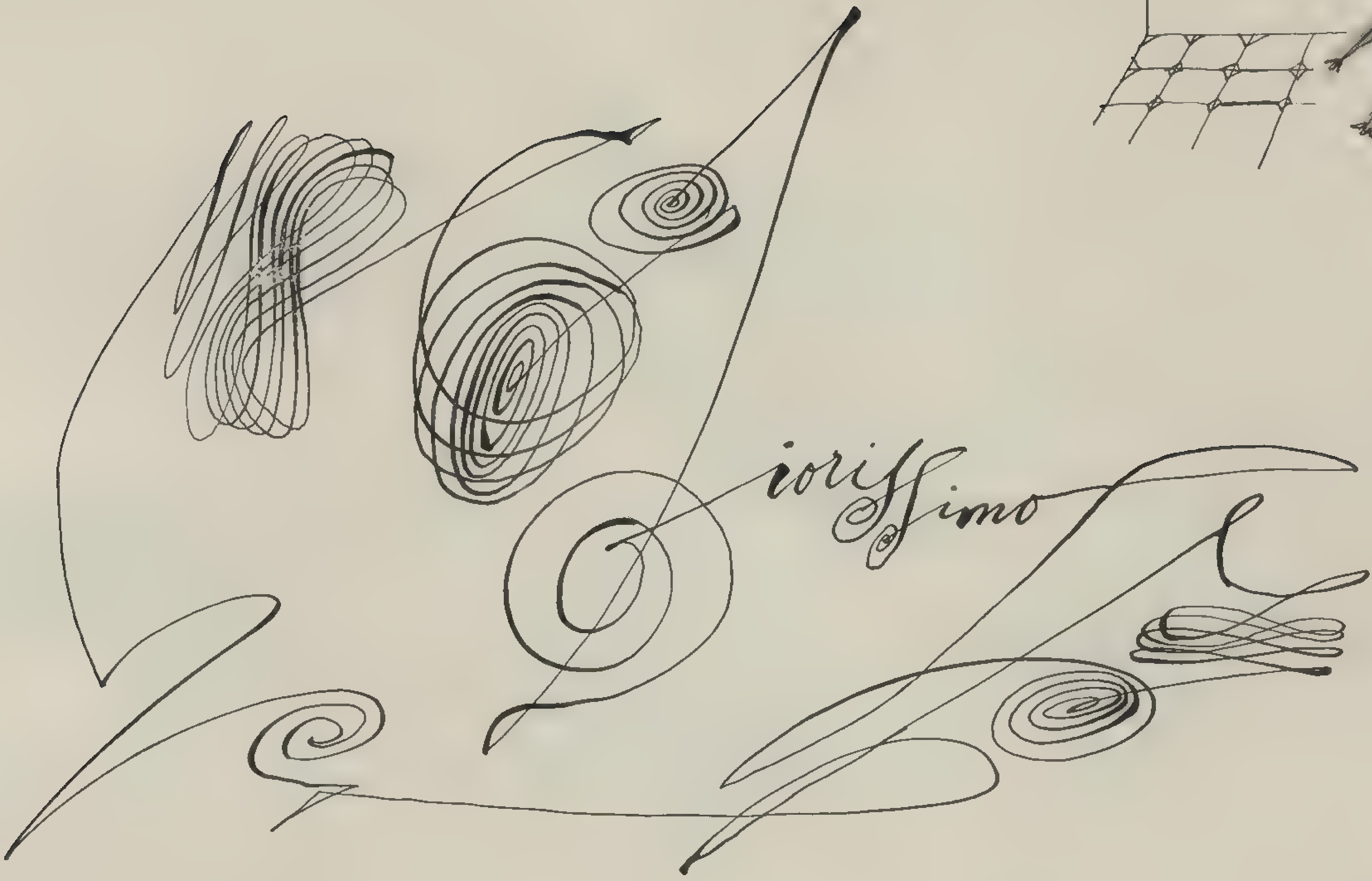

Fille d'Eve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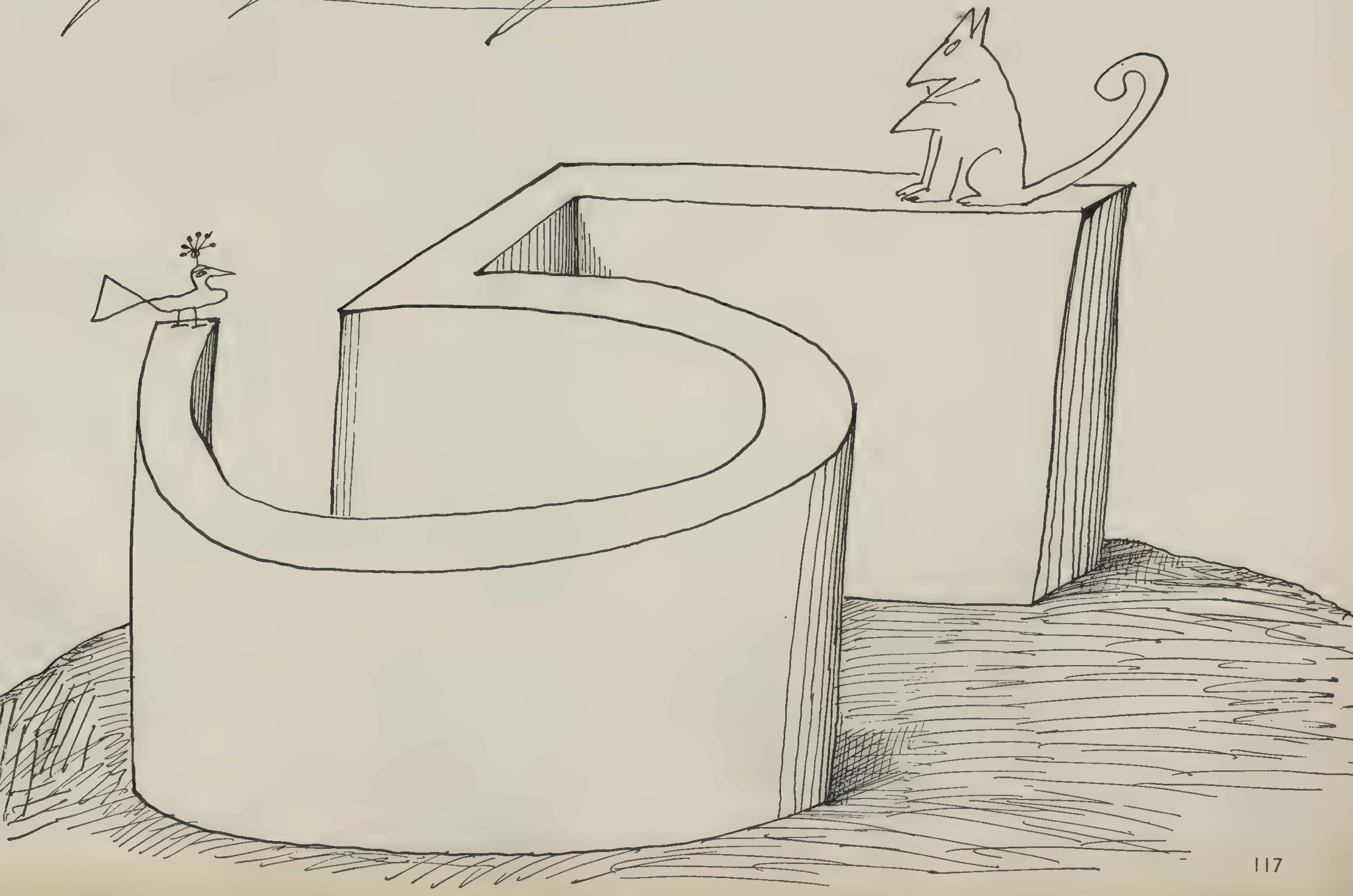


The new Colour-bloom in suits

LOOKS THAT ARE NEVER OUT OF SEASON

Extra flattery-power to have and enjoy right now,
for women who look wonderful in colours:
bright suits—coming up in nearly every
blooming colour—with a refreshing,
might-as-well-be-spring attitude
toward time, place, season.
These, to splash their brilliance beyond usual
suit limits and appear north under furs,
south under sunshine, late-day under equally
brilliant jewellery, and all spring and summer
under town-country-travel conditions.
Almost snowed under by blooms, opposite, a
wool suit of phlox-pink flaked with white,
a silk shantung overblouse in the same shade,
a pin of fake amethysts in a new sprawly size.
By Frechtel; suit, about $145; blouse, about $35.
At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman;
Hudson's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.
Good for pink flower-colours:
Pink Sunshine, the lipstick by Max Factor.

GORDON PARKS

New colour-bloom in suits

Left: Blending into the greenery—and blue-ery—here, a bud-green suit of soft wool that could come out of the garden into fur surroundings for now in town. The blouse, green warp-printed silk taffeta. Suit by Christian Dior-New York, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Marvella bracelet. *Right:* Azalea-pink dress and braid-buttoned jacket to lead a hardy-perennial life in hothouse or northern city from this minute on. By Maurice Rentner, in Lesur fabric of mohair, wool, and nylon. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's. Frances Denney make-up for bright, hot-pastel colours.

GORDON PARKS

To keep your looks about you: NEW TECHNIQUES WITH STAYING POWER

Letting go of your cosmetic childhood is one of the best ways of holding on to your face, of keeping your looks about you. To that end we've culled from pros as well as a few of the most attractive women we know a complete plan for a full, unshy make-up, one that has really come of contemporary age—with a becoming, organized look and staying power for all day or evening. Now hold onto something else, your surprise—while you can get a fresh, well made-up face with half a dozen cosmetics, a look with extra allure eight hours a day takes as many as sixteen cosmetics and three cosmetic brushes. And that's definitely not a face that has disappeared under a make-up of owl eyes, fake lashes, pale cheeks, and wan lips. It's bright and clear, with the eyes opened up, the features delineated and spaced. It's a face to make your own, remembering that no make-up lesson is really in the bag until you take it home and try it out. Take it, too, with more than a few grains of self-analytic salt. Some faces obviously don't need a cover cream for eye circles or lines; others, under a heavy load of the thickest, creamiest foundations, however delicious they look at the start, will begin to smear after an hour or so. Some make-up extremes—*not*, by the way, extremes in evening make-up—are included in the sixteen cosmetics (which take a half hour to use) along with ways to get special effects from them. (For quick repairs to looks you want to keep about you, see in the November 15 Vogue: "Beauty Repairs that Go Like Clockwork.") The first step, assuming a cleaned face already wearing a slip of protective cream or moisturizer, is a shady one with the objective of camouflaging dark undereye circles, tired lines, and slight skin blemishes. The cosmetic is a covering cream (1), liquid, paste, or stick, a few tones lighter than the make-up base. A tired face, however, can sometimes go pale under the eyes, and needs brightening instead of lightening. What is called for in this case is a cover-up cosmetic a few shades darker than the base colour. There are quite effective liquids, chocolate-brown in the bottle, spread on very thin, they help shade out pale areas or blemishes, and can slenderize a face with jowls by shading over the area to be minimized. To tone down a too ruddy complexion, there are cool, pale-green liquid coverers that blend easily and evenly over the entire face and neck; violet coverers will warm up a sallow look. Neat blending on the face under a strong light is all any of the coverers needs in the way of technique. There's more than one system for the order of application here: the green or violet coverers usually go on first, followed in some cases by a foundation, then a skin-tone cover-up cream, and/or the brown liquid one. In this particular make-up plan, the second step is with a make-up staple, foundation cream (2) or liquid, close to *(Continued on page 187)*

The suit bloom in blue

Hyacinth-blue worsted jersey suit that divides into a dress and easy jacket—this colour, cultivated flattery for blue eyes, brown hair, brown fur. Sitting in for beads: an enormous pin of fake blue stones. Suit by Ben Gershel; about $245 at Bergdorf Goodman; Himelhoch's; Wm. H. Block; I. Magnin. Lipstick to cultivate hyacinths: Portofino Rose, by Estée Lauder.

GORDON PARKS

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The hurrah of Cabinet appointments, scheduled by the next Administration. . . . The present need for the good Greek word, *battologia*, meaning much speaking or vain repetitions, as used by St. Matthew (6:7). . . . Harvard's President, Nathan M. Pusey, who said recently: "At Harvard we have at least one professor who can hardly wait to get to the moon."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The only great pleasure in the Metropolitan Opera's new *Nabucco:* the chorus, singing with remarkable colour and clarity, in mass scenes that look like a Veronese.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . "Takraw," a game beautiful to watch, played with light, big, cream-white balls, airily holed, and wicker baskets which look a little like *jai alai* baskets. . . . The insufferable success of the musical, *Tenderloin*, an expensive affair, cheaply written and composed, with only one amusing song, "How The Money Changes Hands." . . . The charm, the freshness of The Brooklyn Museum exhibition of Egyptian sculpture, from the period 700 B.C. to 100 A.D., a show with one hundred and forty-one pieces, some of them just a comfortable handful.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The public's sensitive response, by quickly buying, to three new books: *The Artist in His Studio* by Alexander Liberman, *Moments Preserved* by Irving Penn, and the *Vanity Fair* anthology, edited by Cleveland Amory and Frederic Bradlee. . . . In Paris, the music hall talents of Raymond Devos, who all by himself is a theatrical troupe, a logician of the absurd, a fat man who sees everything with a fresh eye, acts out his stories, and once said: "People are so preoccupied that if you don't drop a bomb, they go to sleep."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . "Securitone," the Dr. Lee Salk invention, meant to be placed next to an infant's crib to give a baby the feeling that mother is near, the machine simulating the sound of a normal heartbeat. . . . The exhortation in Bob Luman's voice on the record, "Let's Think About Living." . . . The flaccid, hokey sequences in the movie, *The Alamo*, in which Laurence Harvey plays Travis as though he were General Cornwallis, a dreary notion that detracts from the superb colour photography, with almost every frame composed as though it were a Remington painting.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The exhibition of paintings, strong and attractive, by Betty Parsons at the Latow Gallery. . . . The Columbia records in which Sviatoslav Richter plays Moussorgsky, Liszt, and Schubert—Richter, that phenomenal Russian pianist whose pedalling gives a new sound, and who plays on stage as though he were alone, listening, examining the music closely, with the audience eavesdropping, as he peels the music, layer by thin tissue layer, until the essence is revealed.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The big, wonderful voice of Joan Sutherland, a soprano whose Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni* has some extraordinary moments. . . . The pool spectacular, gained by stocking ponds and streams with goldfish, which grow, outdoors, to be about a foot long, still golden, but with beautifully enlarged trailing tails.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Vulgarians*, a knockout, irritated book, with both water colours and words by Robert Osborn who is fed up to the hairline with the clots who spread their own mediocrity around. . . . Scandinavian night places relying on Italian orchestras playing Italian songs to hop up their box office. . . . Peter Ustinov, that Constant Movie-saver, amusing and touching in Fred Zinnemann's *The Sundowners*, a really good movie, with its forest fire, race track excitement, scenes of birth in a lonely sheep station, and a fascinating trek of sheep, massed for a long, weary wander across the Australian outback.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The fakery, the amusement of the Arthur Laurents comedy, *Invitation to a March*, in which Celeste Holm is good, wholesome, plump as a plum in a blue bathrobe, and Eileen Heckart, thin as vinyl, throws out her lines like lighted matches and looks like a depraved blue-haired vision in Lucinda Ballard's long-legged trousers and beaded clashing tops. . . . The grainy and beautiful, big red, careful paintings of the sky, the moon, and the stars by Staniša Radulović, recently at the Bodley Gallery. . . . Television panelists' bearing down boringly on "viable" and "emergent," particularly on the David Susskind "Open End."

IN "CAMELOT," a rich clabber of varied famous talents, bags of money, and far-reaching publicity, Julie Andrews and Richard Burton play that fated pair, Queen Guinevere and King Arthur, sing, in their beautiful costumes, a special duet, "What Do Simple Folk Do?". Although *Camelot* had an early mess of troubles—an Alan Jay Lerner ulcer, a Moss Hart heart attack, added to a book too long by half—it had the comfort of just one big-shouldered backer, the Columbia Broadcasting System; the comfort of the songs by Frederick Loewe, of lyrics by Mr. Lerner, who adapted the T. H. White novel, *The Once and Future King;* the comfort of direction by Mr. Hart, of costumes designed by the late Adrian and finished by Tony Duquette, of the sets by healthy Oliver Smith. It even has, on its list of blessings, handsome young Robert Goulet as Sir Lancelot to sing "If Ever I Would Leave You." So many are the queued-up theatre party benefits that *Camelot* will help pay the deficits this year for organizations devoted to delinquents, indigents, unmarried mothers, summer vacations for children, hospital care, students, and a hundred other causes. A boon, that's what it is, a boon.

FRIEDMAN-ABELES

To hear: some MASTERS OF MUSIC *—at home*

BY JOHN CONLY One of the worst-used words in our best dictionaries is amateur. It is a beautiful word, but is usually ill and clumsily defined, and often wrongly. An amateur is a lover, not a bumbler. Amateurs are persons who use their senses modestly, generously, openly, and keenly, to discover what gratifies and excites, the obvious or the obscure. Anyone can be an amateur; it only takes wits and warmth.

There is a shortage nowadays of good amateurs in record listening. This reflects a flaw in our economy. It may not seem serious in Washington, but it seems serious to me. There are now practically no good record shops, or very nearly none, where one can be known and be offered something new (or old) especially to one's taste, because of the knowingness behind the counter.

I remember how I was sold the British Council's Plum Label HMV *Hebrides Folk Songs* (that was long ago, and I do not recall whether I was more taken with "People Who Have Gardens," sung by Midlands schoolgirls in unison, or the dog bark after they finished, but I was sold). The man knew I would want it, and he had saved it for me, and in fact he later became a pretty good friend of mine. We don't have that any more. Maybe plastics are to blame. People go in now and buy a bulk load of Leonard Bernstein or Renata Tebaldi, from a bland damosel who would not know George Frederick Handel if he popped up out of the H-rack in a cloud of steam. If we want to get delectation—and make no mistake, it is there to be got—we must hunt it ourselves.

First requisite to such hunting is a copy of Schwann. By this I mean the *Schwann Long Playing Record Catalog*, a 35-cent monthly treasure that any record seller can provide. Indeed, if you are not armed with a Schwann, there is hardly any use asking a dealer for, say, *A Festival of Lessons and Carols* performed by the people and associates of King's College, Cambridge, the most beautiful Christmas song record ever made. ("Once in David's Royal City" marches up to you, mounting from whisper to glory.) There is no such thing, the dealer will tell you. Maybe in England? Just five inches from his hand, it happens, are several perfectly dandy Yuletide discs by Mitch Miller, Robert Shaw, or the Roger Wagner Chorale. Yes? This is when you draw your Schwann, as if it were Arthur's Excalibur, flip to the right page, and confound the knave with London OS-25119. He may hate you, but he will order the record. You can not subscribe to Schwann direct, but William Schwann, 137 Newbury Street, Boston, will tell you what dealer can supply you.

Another complication is stereo. Stereophonic phonography, and we will have no arguments about this, is a dramatic advance in living-room listening; it makes simulacrum into real reproduction. But not everyone has its machinery, yet. Some record companies, notably London, have almost abandoned monophonic recording, and others will surely follow suit. In stereo, Mozart's Figaro and his pert Susanna come alive, and start measuring the corner of your living room. They are almost visible, whether they are brought to you by London and Erich Kleiber or by Victor and Erich Leinsdorf. Or, at will, you may substitute Béla Bartók's whimsical percussion and strings, to discourse from one end of the window seat to the other. Perhaps most surprisingly, song recitals and chamber music take on in stereo the liveliest realism of anything. I arouse the stereo complication simply because it is there, and no wishing will dispel it. Why should one want to dispel delight, anyway?

Still, our main treasure of music and drama and humour remains on monophonic LP, of which we have had a decade's riches. Indeed, my favourite album of the past two years is monophonic, not stereo. This is the two-and-a-half-hour music written in 1691 by Henry Purcell for *The Fairy Queen*, a pageant adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The set is produced by Oiseau-Lyre, and *(Continued on page 184)*

ISAAC STERN belongs to that small group (just right for a game of bridge) of internationally acclaimed violinists whose names are prefaced with the phrase, "the great." But when he walked out on the stage last September for the New York Philharmonic Pension Fund concert, the audience rose in spontaneous applause for Stern, the man, Chairman of the Citizens Committee for Carnegie Hall, who had saved this newly golden-white hall. After the Beethoven *Concerto in D Major*, the applause rose again, this time for Stern, the violinist, for his linear elegance in the first and third movements, for the tenderness of the Larghetto. (There may even have been a bit for the drama of his broken E string, when Stern, with sleight of hand, switched his Guarnerius for the concertmaster's Stradivarius, with only the loss of a measure.) A rounded man, physically, mentally, emotionally, and musically, he plays with a calm intensity, a sustained purity of tone, and scrupulous taste. In fact, one of the happiest trios in music are Stern, his violin, and a score. With the exception of his first six months of life in Russia, Stern has lived his forty years in this country. He began his study of the violin during his early years in San Francisco, continued all his training here. A world power among violinists, he gives some hundred and twenty-five concerts a year on three or four continents, returns to New York for a little quiet family life with Mrs. Stern and their two small children. An outgiving man, persuasive, gregarious, and a long distance talker, he has so much energy that he frequently practises from eleven at night to four in the morning, can work twelve hours at recording sessions, has a number of extraordinary discs, including those of the Casals Festival at Prades, his Brahms and Prokofief sonatas, and his Bartók and Beethoven concerti.

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

HORST

Star-status furs in black and white

A magnificent white mink, a toe-length shaft of black seal: glamour with all stops out, for the season's great galas. Both coats are from the new and dazzlingly luxe collection of Emeric Partos.

Facing page: White mink with a kind of throwaway elegance, a sports-coat dash, from its cardigan cut and plain pearly buttons. The fur is tiered in deep bands—Partos used mink skins in this collection in wider ribbons than ever before. Three-quarter length, it's at its most dramatic when it's punctuated, as here, by a glittering downstroke, a long thin beaded black evening sheath. The coat, of "Jasmine," Emba natural white mutation mink, made to order; dress, a Curiel design. Both at Bergdorf Goodman.

This page: Whiplash evening coat: it's pure seal but it flows like velvet, in total simplicity. Fouke-dyed black Alaska fur seal, lined in white silk satin, worn with a long white dress of silk satin. Both coat and dress by Emeric Partos, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Jewellery, both pages: Van Cleef & Arpels.

Mink the colour of star dust

Left: Longer than day-length, and just about as gala as you can get—this magnificent evening coat of "Jasmine," Emba natural white mutation mink, deeply collared; the skins, white as swan feathers, falling straight in front, worked horizontally across the back. At its most dazzling with the full supporting cast you see here: white gloves, diamonds, a long, glittery full-evening dress. Coat, by Christie Bros. Dress, a fall of white silk brocade, with narrow shoulder straps; by Ceil Chapman in Couleur fabric. Both at Henri Bendel. Coat, also at Morton's, Boston; Neusteter's. Jewels: Van Cleef & Arpels.

Lipstick to look through

Clear as a cut garnet, or a glassful of red wine—new lipstick that provides a silky shine of translucent colour. It liquefies at skin temperature to a pure, deep pink that lasts almost indefinitely. Stained Glass lipstick by Juliette Marglen; about $2.50. Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros. More translucence: diamond earrings by Harry Winston.

HORST

LEN STECKLER

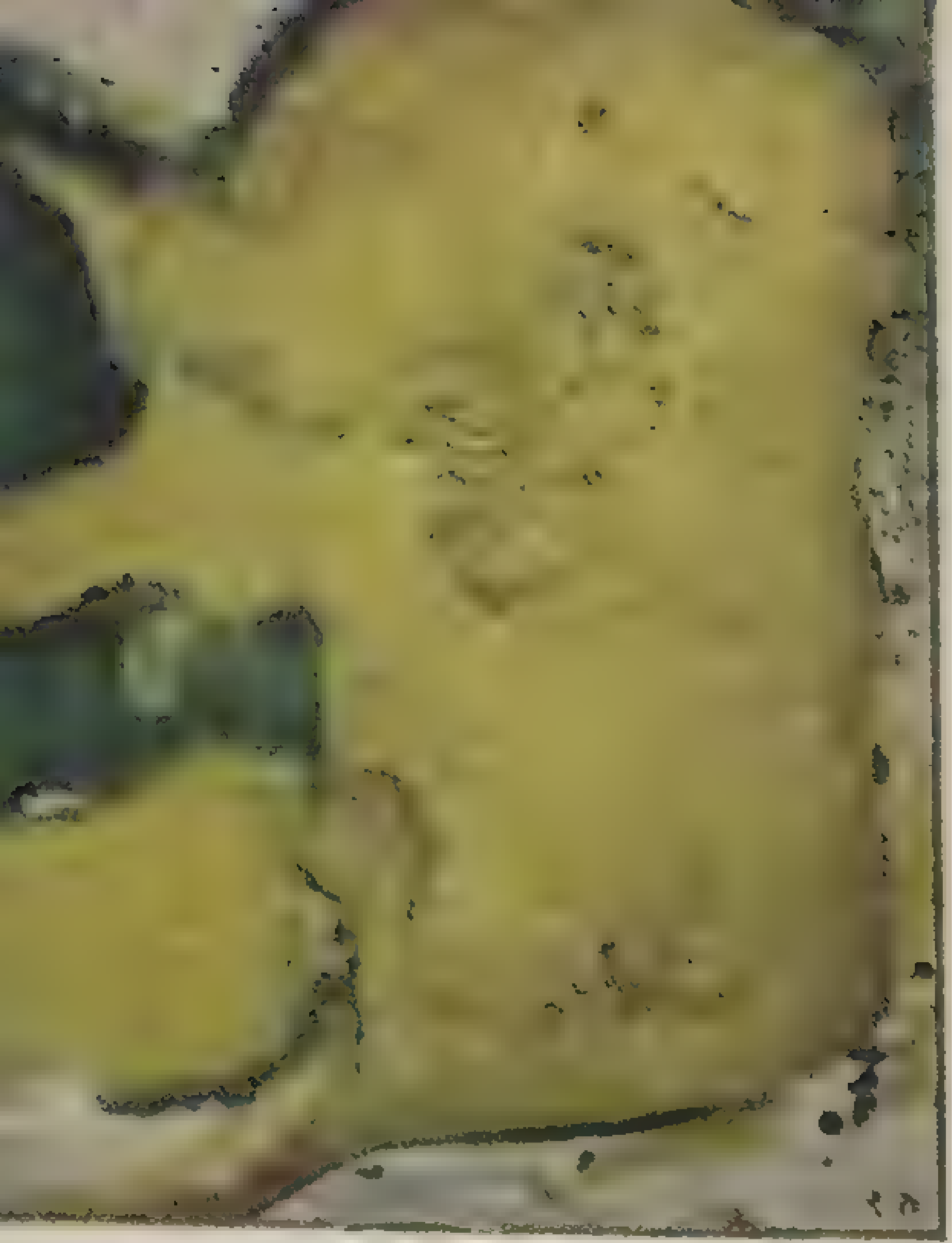
Pink-and-mink by Main

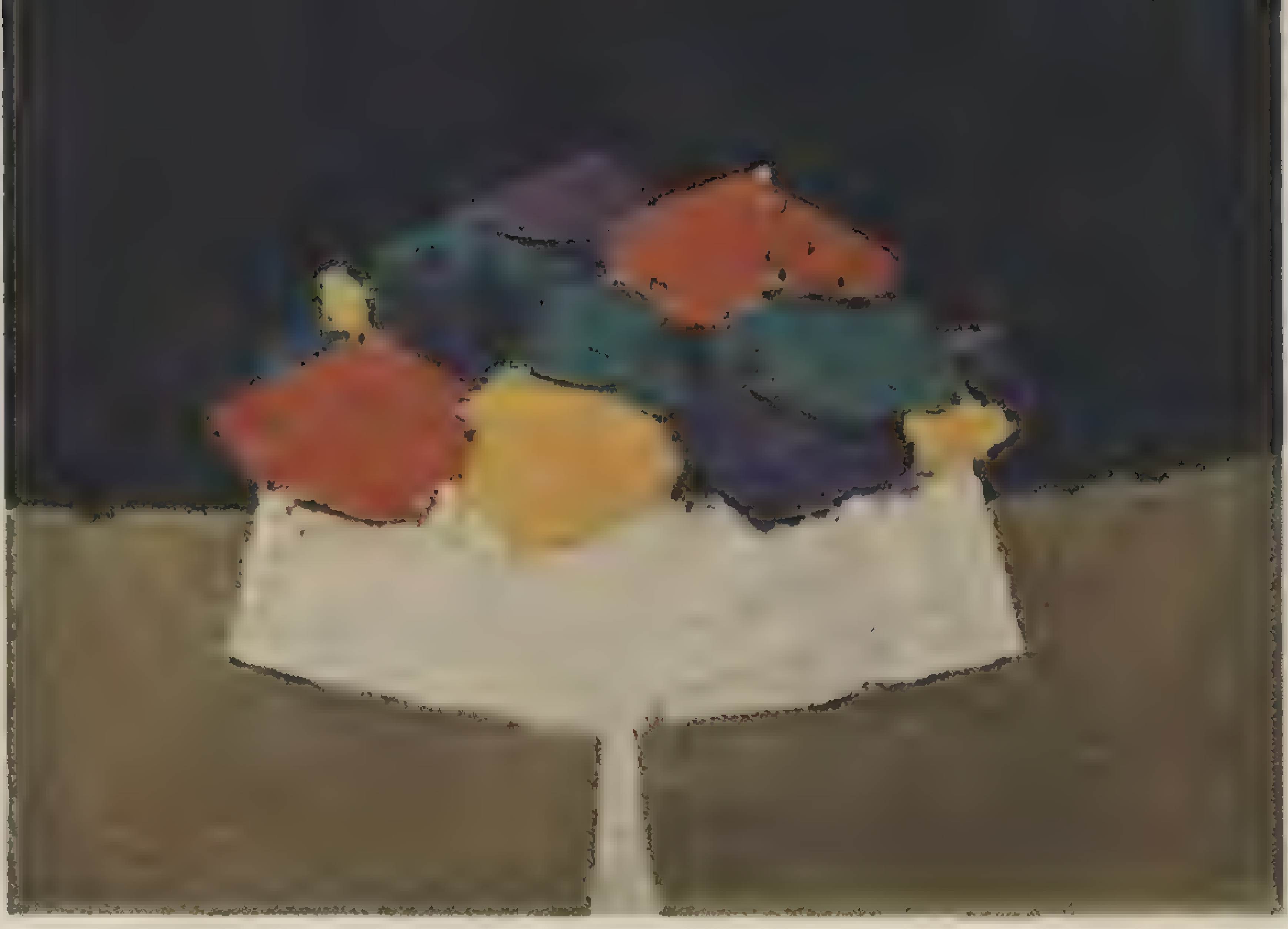
What might be the most delicious of all evening suits in history—Mainbocher's wool jersey in a pale bonbonny pink. The straight, tailored jacket-shape has a white mink interior; the skirt gathers to a round of fullness at the waist. Glitter inside: a sleeveless blouse of pink lace, re-embroidered in small paillettes. Made to order by Mainbocher. Diamond and ruby jewellery by Harry Winston.

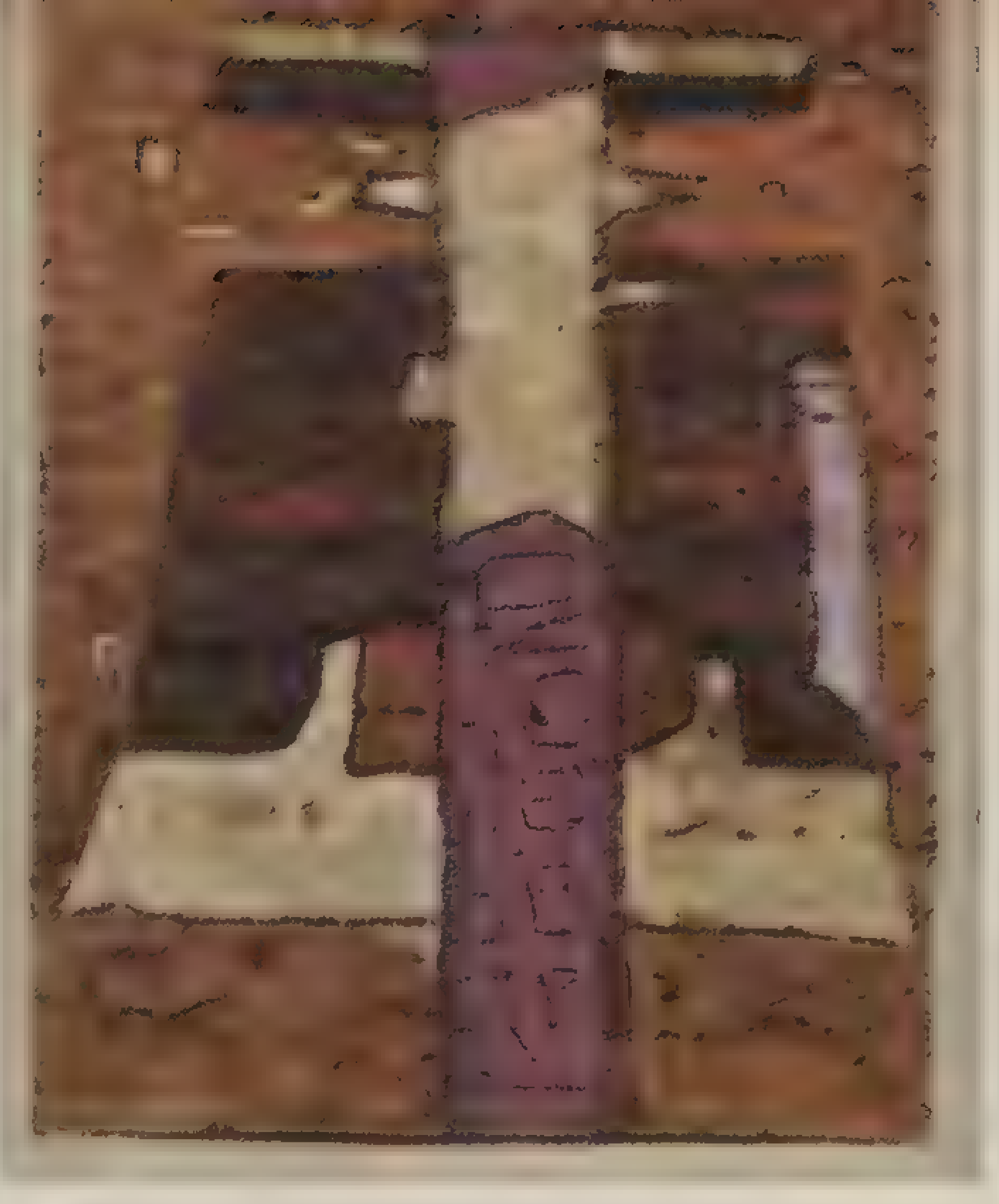
Suit glitter at night

Classic suit-shape—shell jacket, narrow skirt—of gleaming white brocade, with a sleeveless overblouse that scoops to make room for a big necklace (this, one of the season's wonderful fakes). Suit by David Crystal, in William Rose fabric of rayon, silk, and nylon. At Best & Co.; Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Trifari necklace, at Best & Co. The make-up is by Helena Rubinstein.

KAREN RADKAI







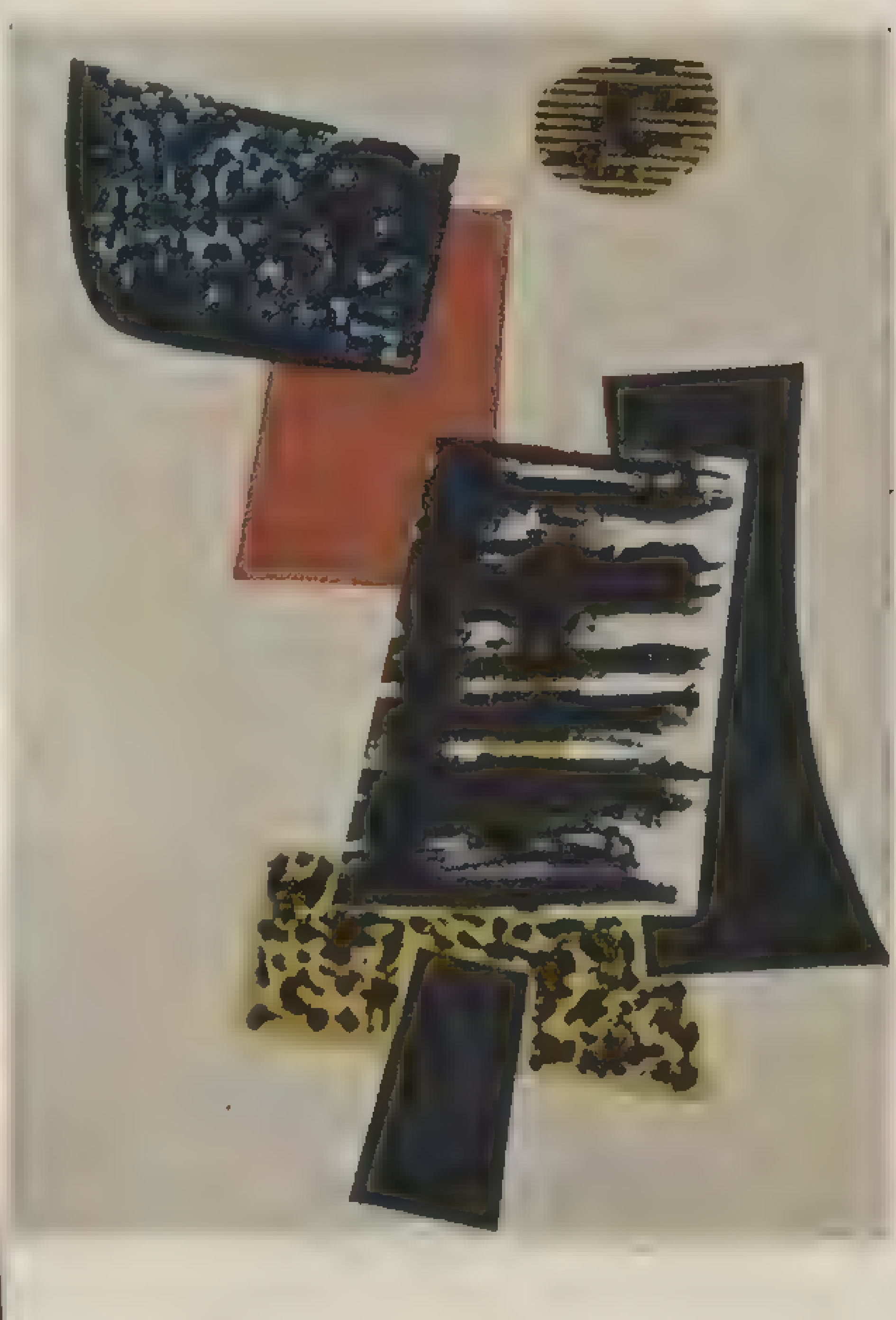
$350 MOTONAGA: 1959 large abstraction; oil, *above*. By a young Japanese, living in Japan, whose paintings were shown in New York for the first time last September. 36″ x 46″; three-quarters of an inch larger with simple frame. Martha Jackson.

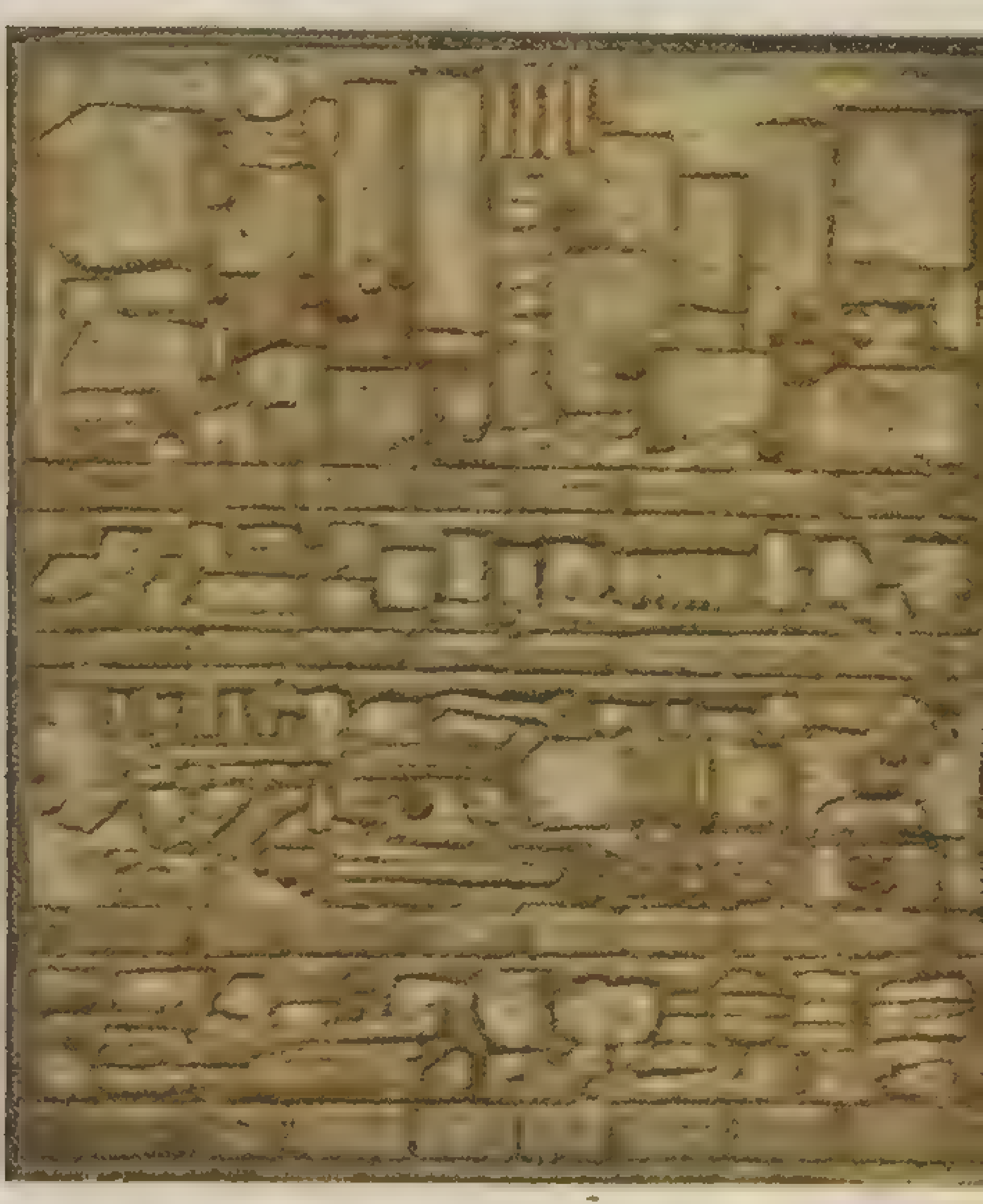
$175 CHARLES SHAW: "Companion Piece"; oil, *above*. The paintings of this sixty-eight-year-old American are in twenty-seven U.S. museums and the Musée de l'Art Moderne, Paris. Without frame, 12″ x 9″; with frame, 17½″ x 14½″. Albert Landry.

$450 JAN LEBENSTEIN: water colour, *above*. This thirty-year-old Polish painter won first prize in the first Paris Biennale in 1959. His paintings are in many distinguished European collections, in those of Governor Rockefeller and David Thompson. 17½″ x 23½″. At the Galerie Chalette.

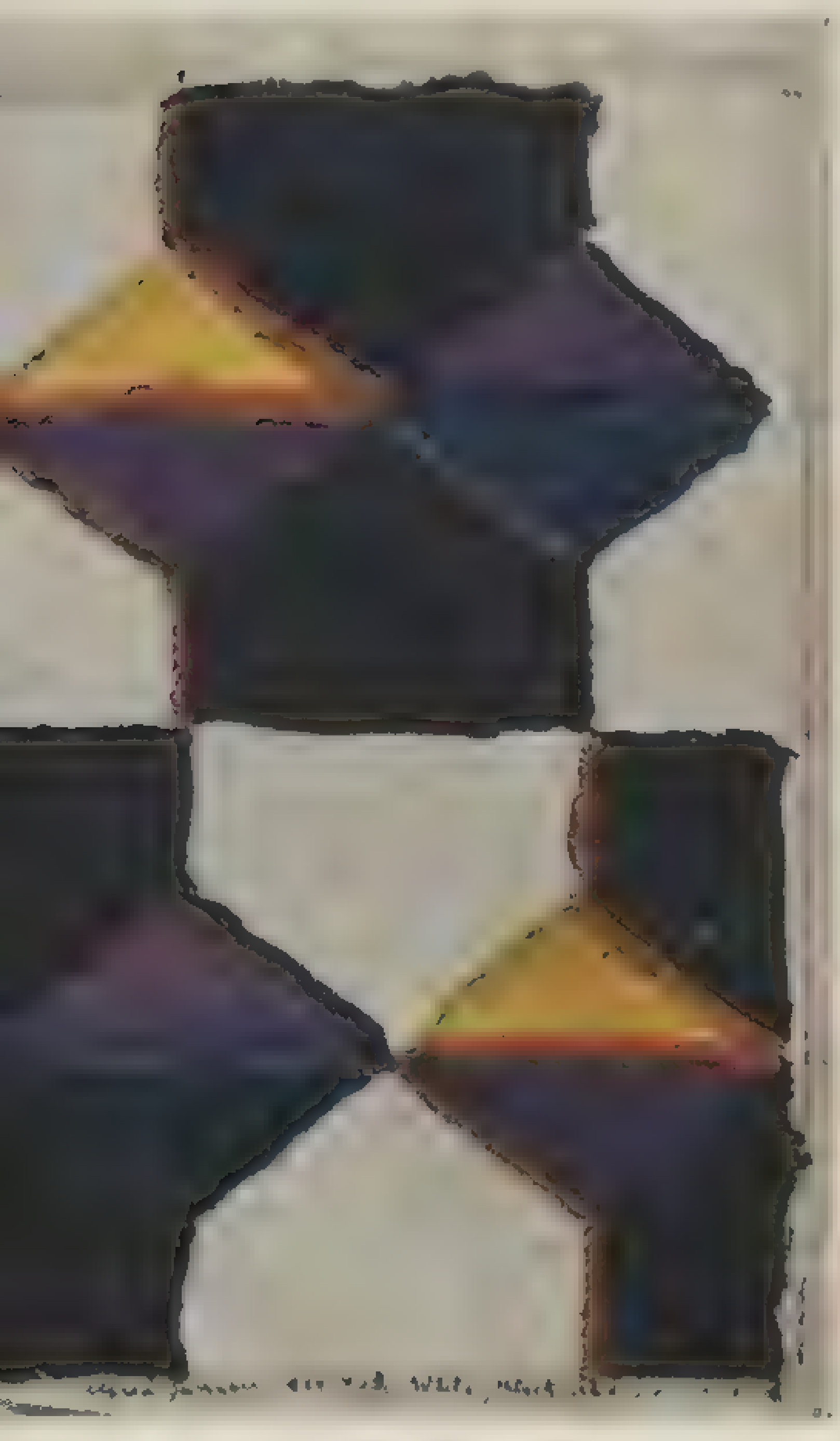
$400 ALFRED JENSEN: oil on paper, *below*. This fifty-six-year-old American studied at one time with Hans Hofmann, has paintings in many museums and private collections, here and abroad. Without frame, 11″ x 18½″. At the David Anderson Gallery.

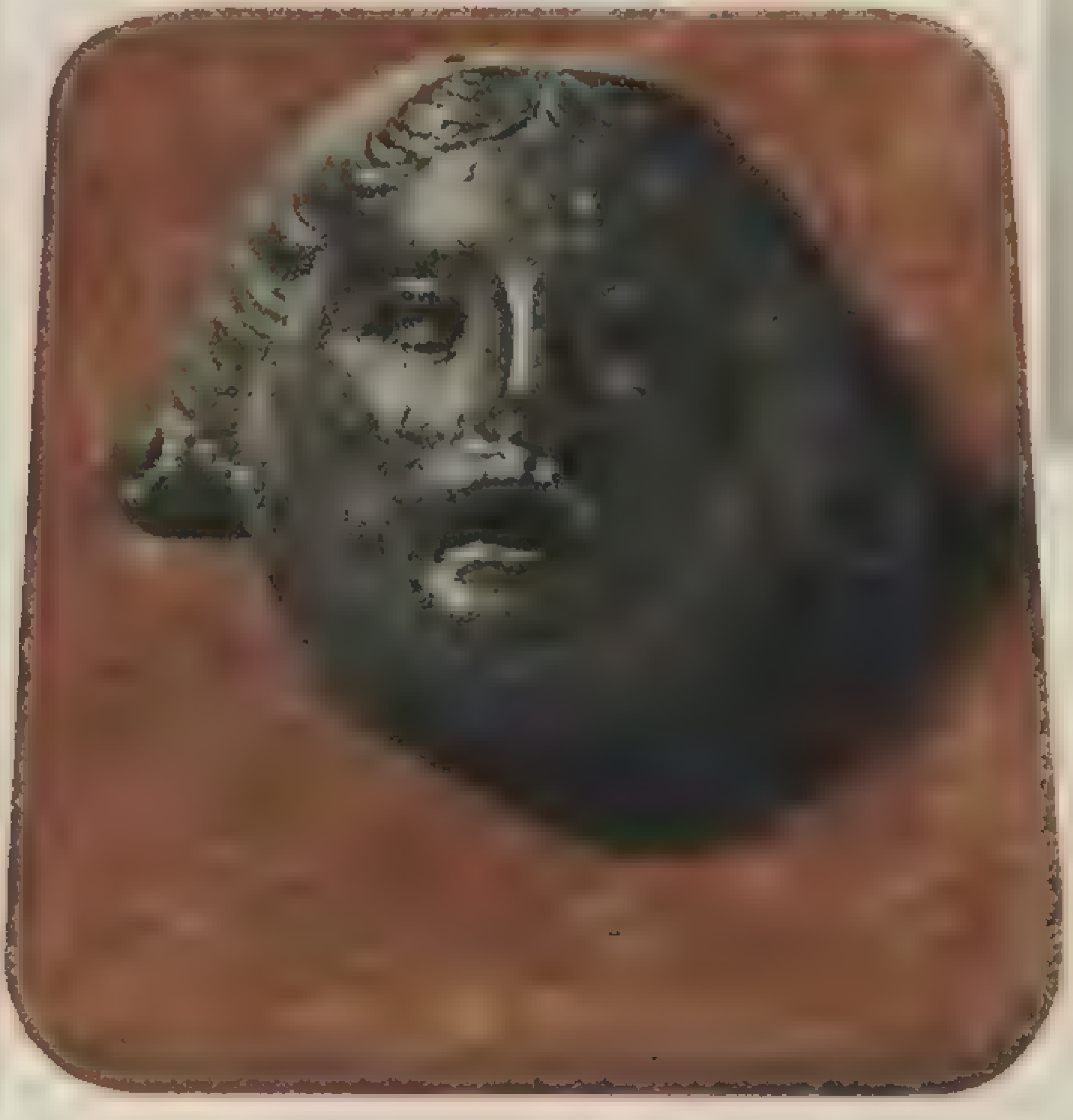
$450 BERTO LARDERA: collage with gouache, *right*. The sculpture by this forty-nine-year-old Italian who lives in Paris, looks in form much like this strong collage. His sculptures are in museums from Helsinki to Rio de Janeiro. 29″ x 40½″. Knoedler.

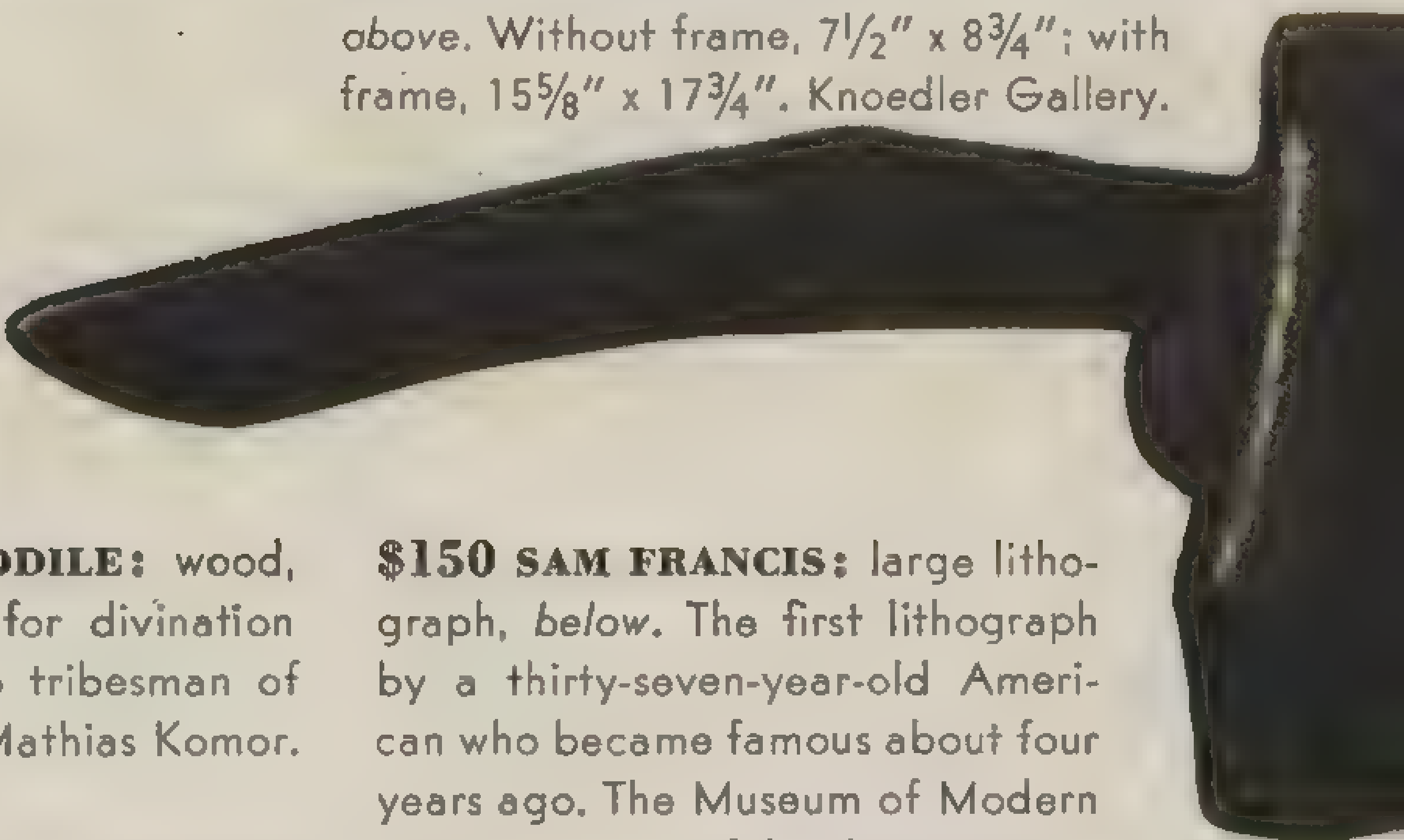




$375 PIERRE COURTIN: "Septembre"; incised, intaglio engraving, *above*. Without frame, 7½″ x 8¾″; with frame, 15⅝″ x 17¾″. Knoedler Gallery.







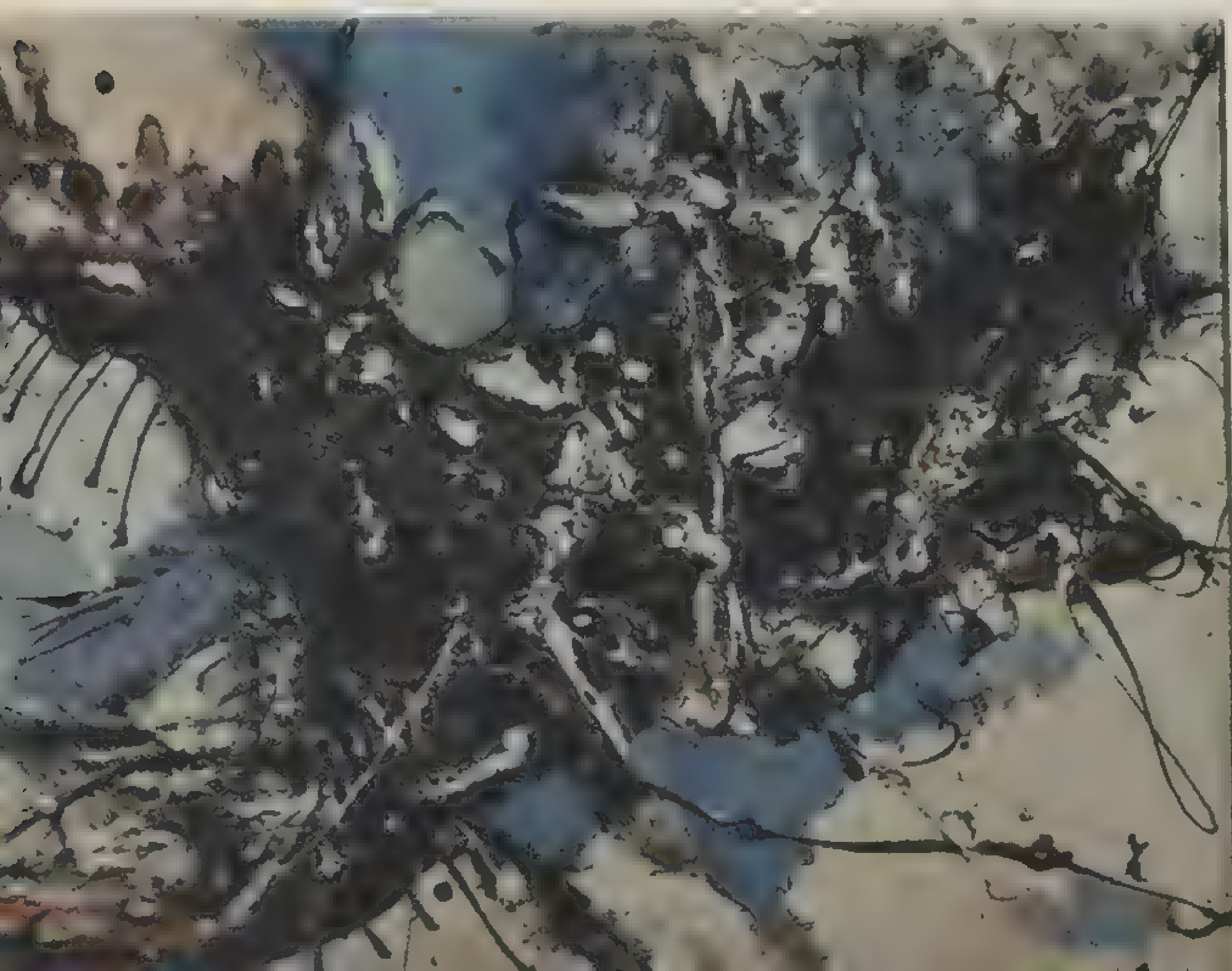
$450 TADEUSZ KANTOR: oil, *below*. An important Polish painter with great influence in Poland. Showed at 1960 Venice Biennale, recently had first exhibition in U.S.A. 32″ x 25¾″. Saidenberg.

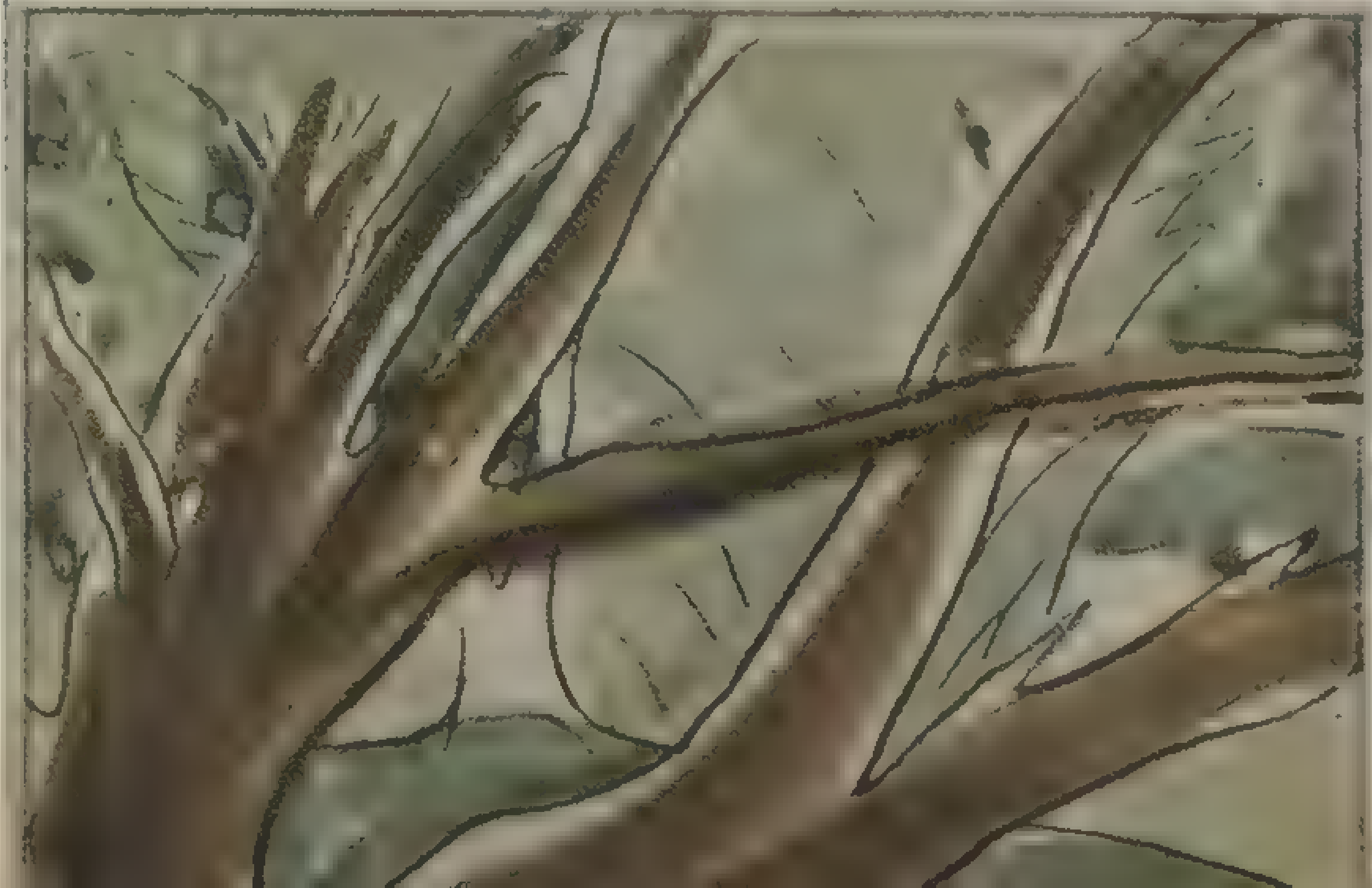
$300 BRONZE GREEK HEAD, *above*. 4th century B.C. From the well-known Lord Nathan collection of antiquities; 2″ x 2″; with original Edwardian apricot velvet mounting, 3″ x 3½″. At Mathias Komor.

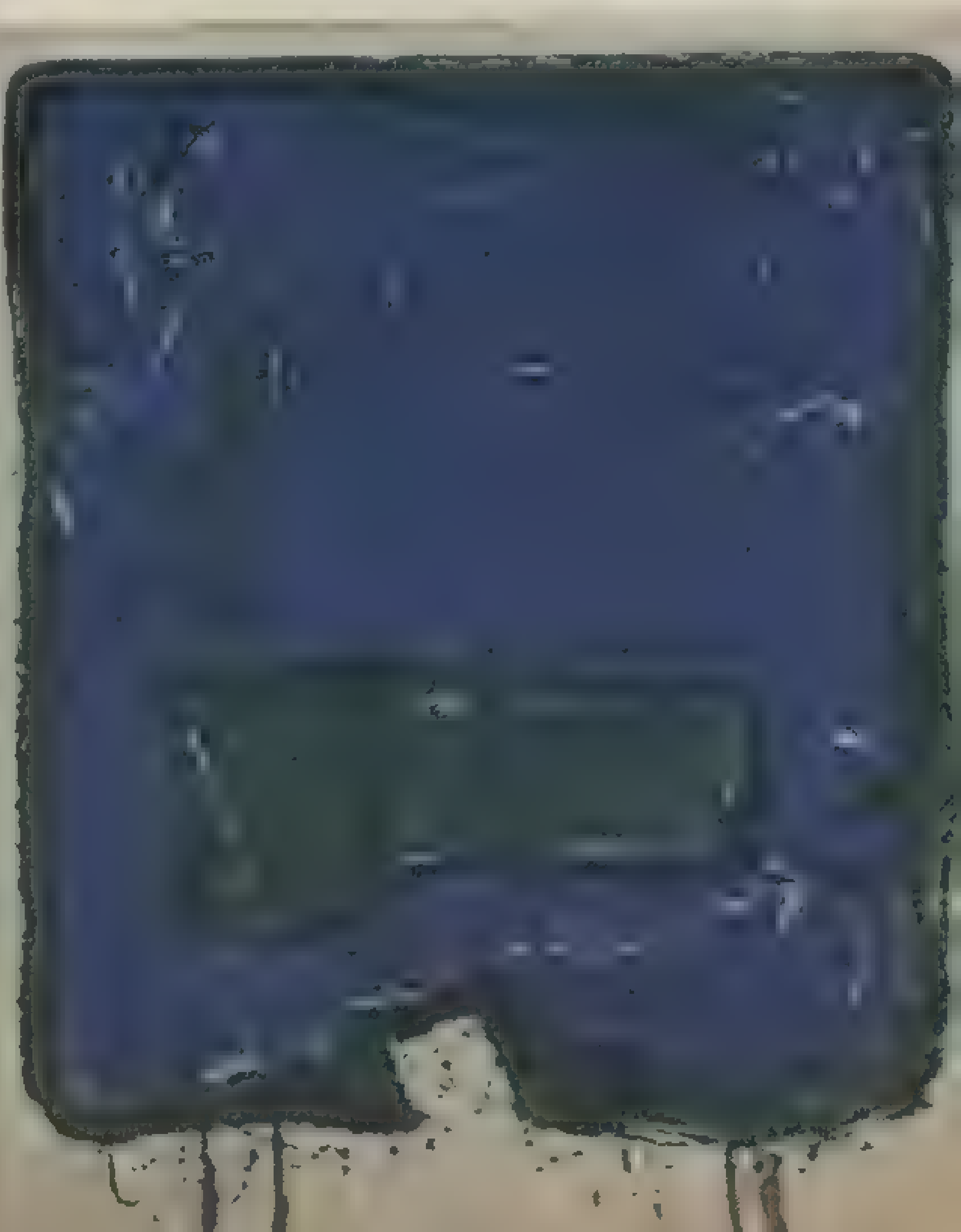
$150 BUSHONGO CROCODILE: wood, *right*. 19th century; used for divination rites. Carved by Bushongo tribesman of Central Congo. 12″ long. Mathias Komor.

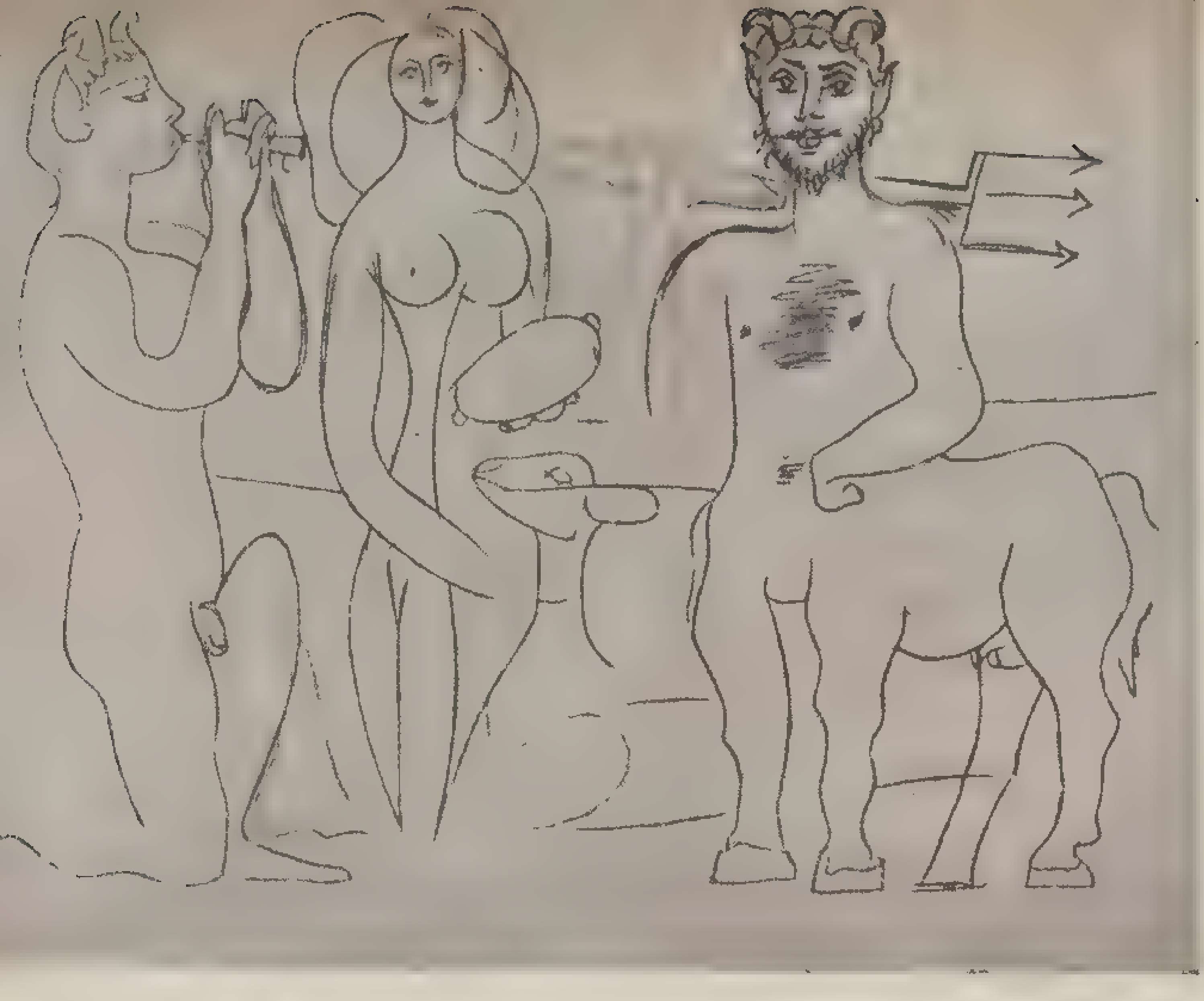
$275 ARTHUR G. DOVE: "Two Brown Trees"; water colour, formerly in the Alfred Stieglitz Collection, *below*. This important American early abstractionist, who died in 1946, had a special quiet quality, great influence on later abstractionists. Without frame, 6⅞″ x 4⅞″; with frame, 11⅜″ x 9½″. At the New Gallery.

$150 SAM FRANCIS: large lithograph, *below*. The first lithograph by a thirty-seven-year-old American who became famous about four years ago. The Museum of Modern Art owns two of his large paintings. 26½″ x 38″. David Anderson.

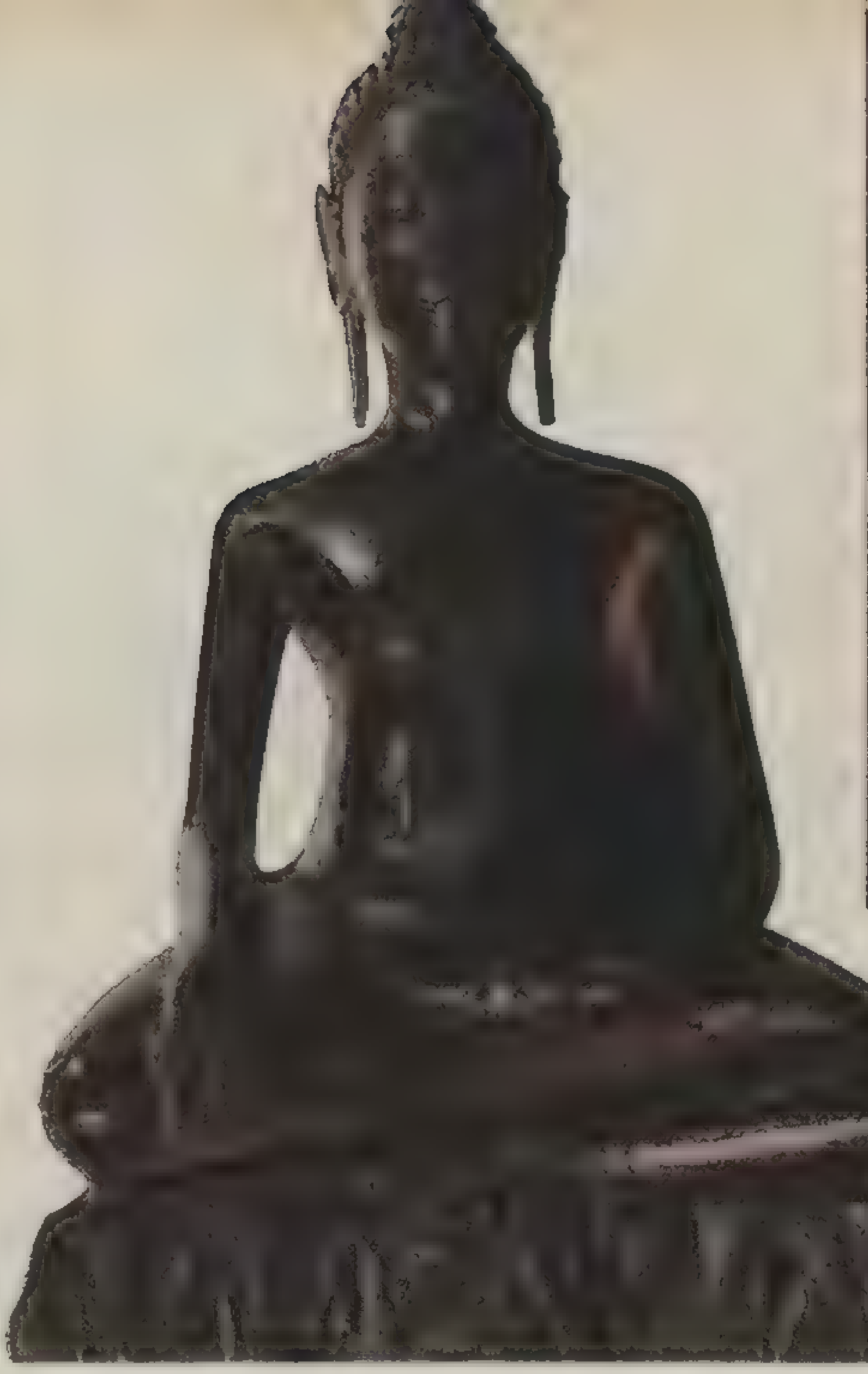


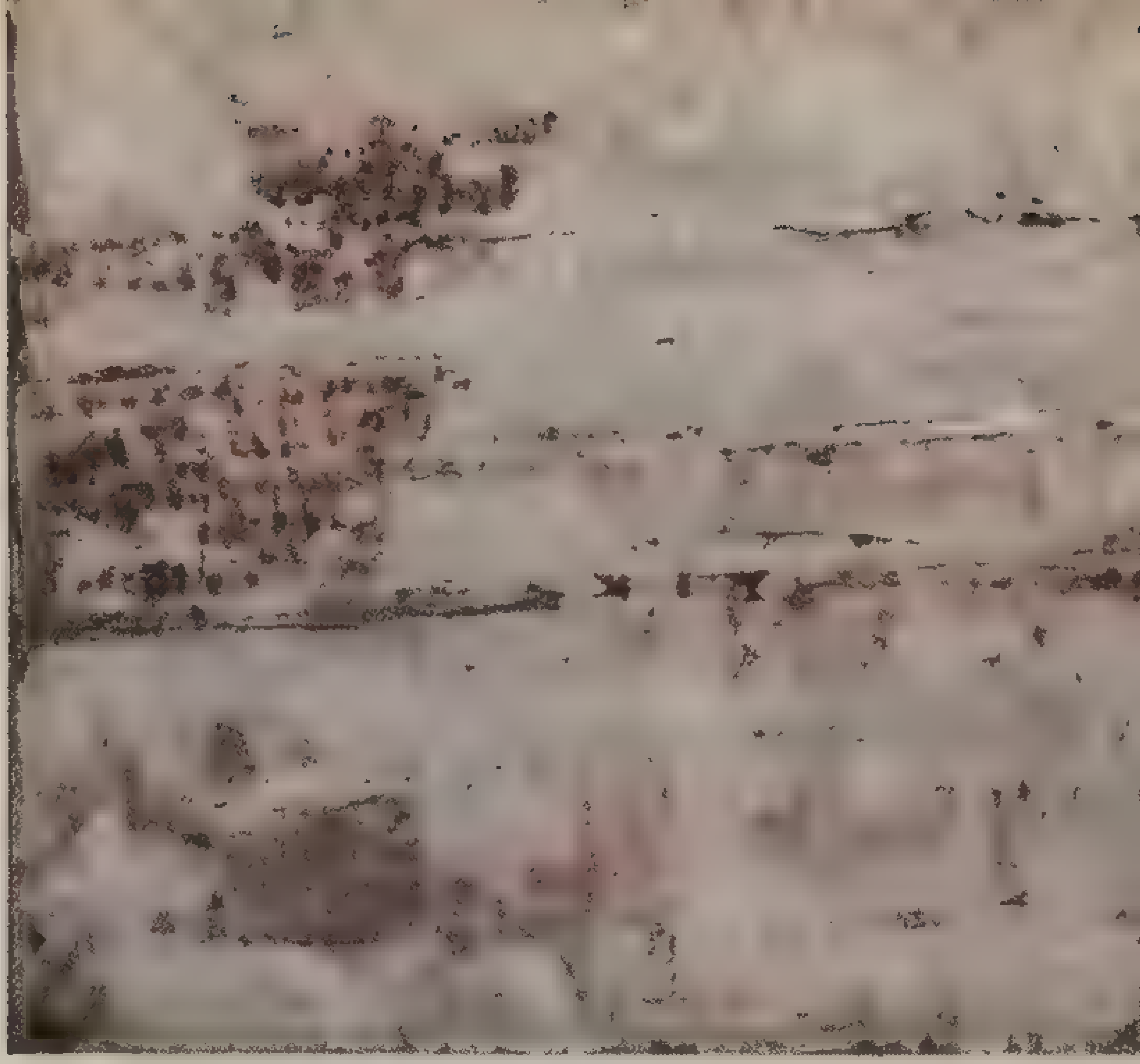






$100 PABLO PICASSO: "Mes Dessins d'Antibes"; a portfolio of sixteen facsimiles of the famous crayon drawings of 1946, still owned by Picasso but lent to the Grimaldi Museum at Antibes. The facsimiles, by Jacomet of Paris, are exactly the same size and on the same paper as the original drawings. Each, 25½" x 19⅝". Galerie Chalette.

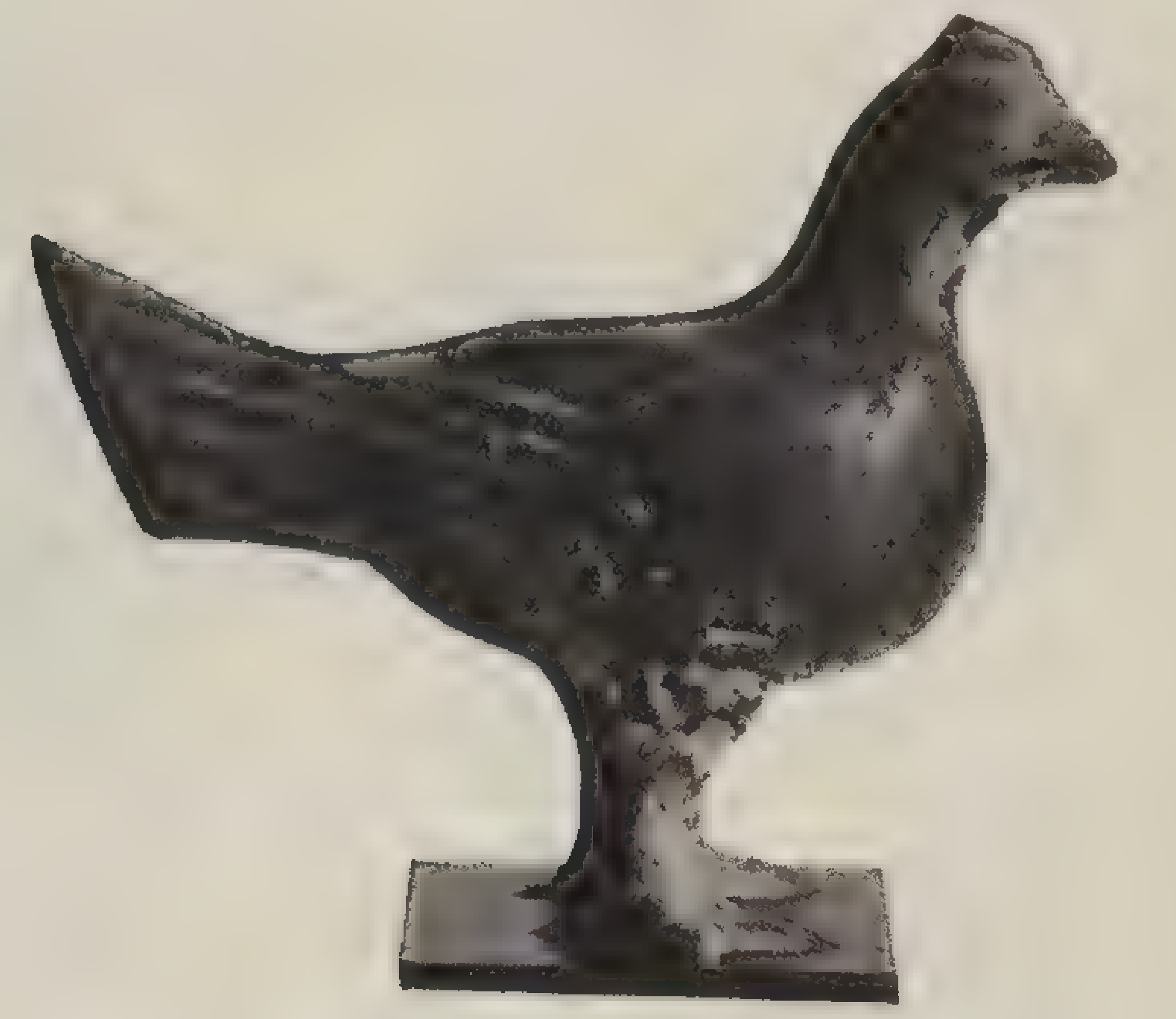




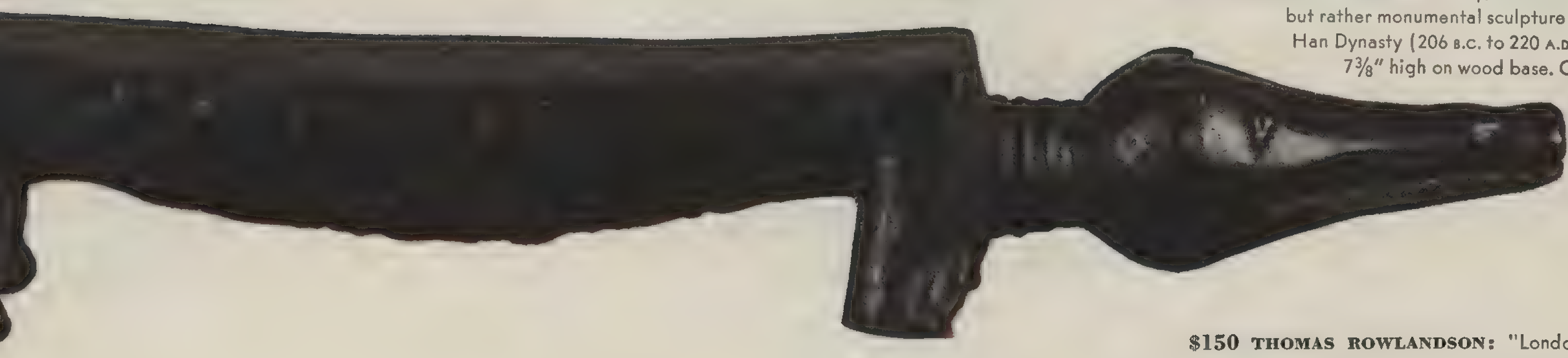
$175 HORIA DAMIAN: oil on paper, *above*. By a thirty-nine-year-old Rumanian who fled his country in 1950 to work in Paris. His abstractions have been shown all over Europe. Without frame, 21¼" x 20½", about two inches larger with frame. Leo Castelli.

$450 SEATED BUDDHA: red lacquered wood, *left*. Early 17th century, from Thailand. 11¾" high. Klejman.

MORE ART THAN MONEY

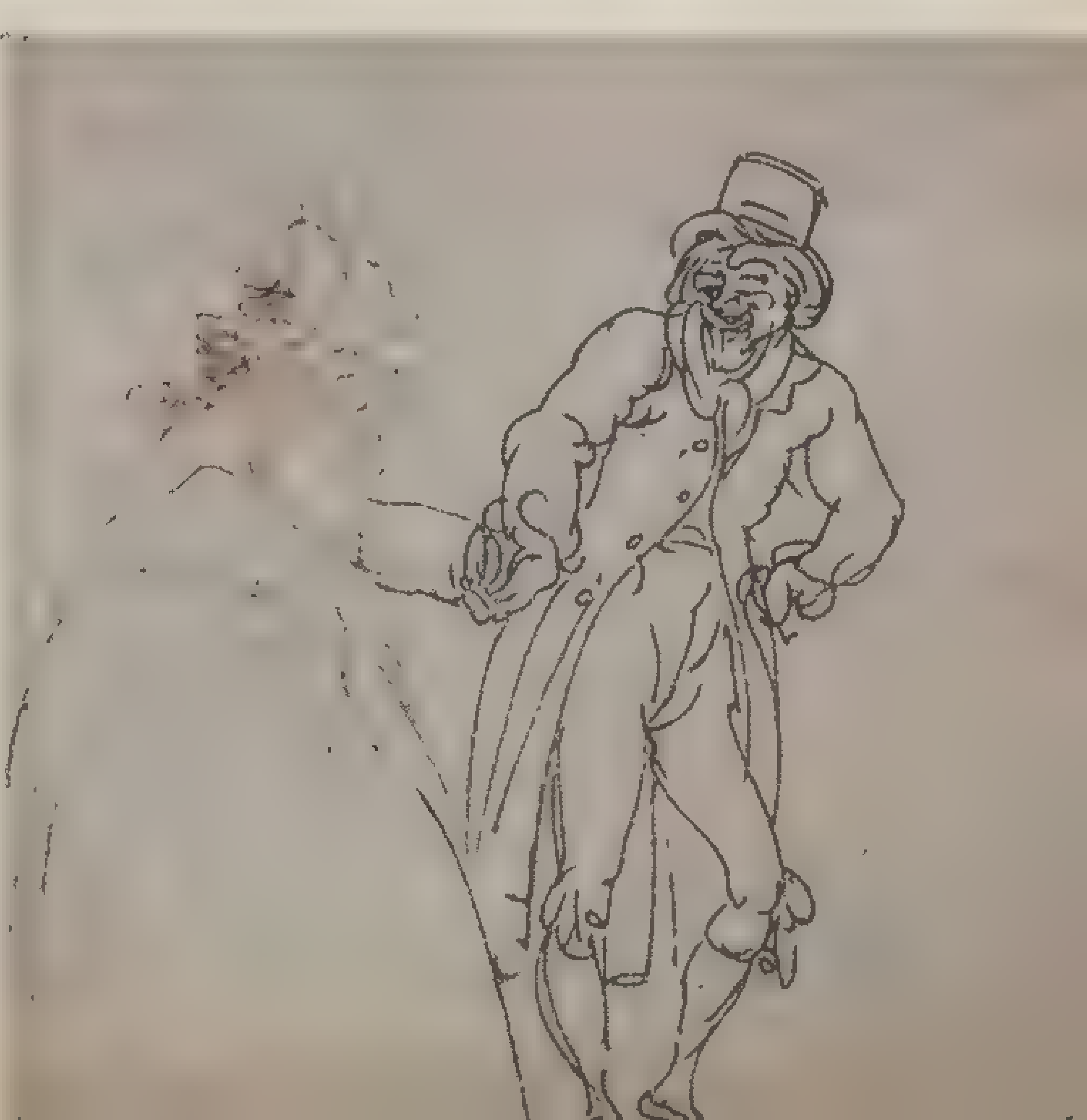


$400 CHINESE TOMB HEN: clay, *above*. This small but rather monumental sculpture from the Han Dynasty (206 B.C. to 220 A.D.) stands 7⅜" high on wood base. C. T. Loo.



$150 THOMAS ROWLANDSON: "London Characters"; ink drawing, *below*. By a great English draughtsman, famous for the delicacy of his line, who died in 1827. Mounted, 6¾" x 6¾". New Gallery.

In this Vogue annual, its tenth, there are thirty-three works of art, all from New York galleries. (The pieces range from $32 to $450, in age from 3000 B.C. to 1960.) In other years some of the works in "More Art Than Money" were bought by museums, by Swiss dealers, by famous collectors, even by buyers who like the butter of investment spread on pleasure. Because of the increased interest these days in antiquities, drawings, and sculpture (an interest almost equal to that in abstractions), more of them are shown this year. Note: although their prices are rather low, the works of art on these pages are not meant for that amorphous group, called "Young Collectors"; the age of the collector has nothing to do with aesthetic values. The art here is for enjoyment.



MORE ART THAN MONEY

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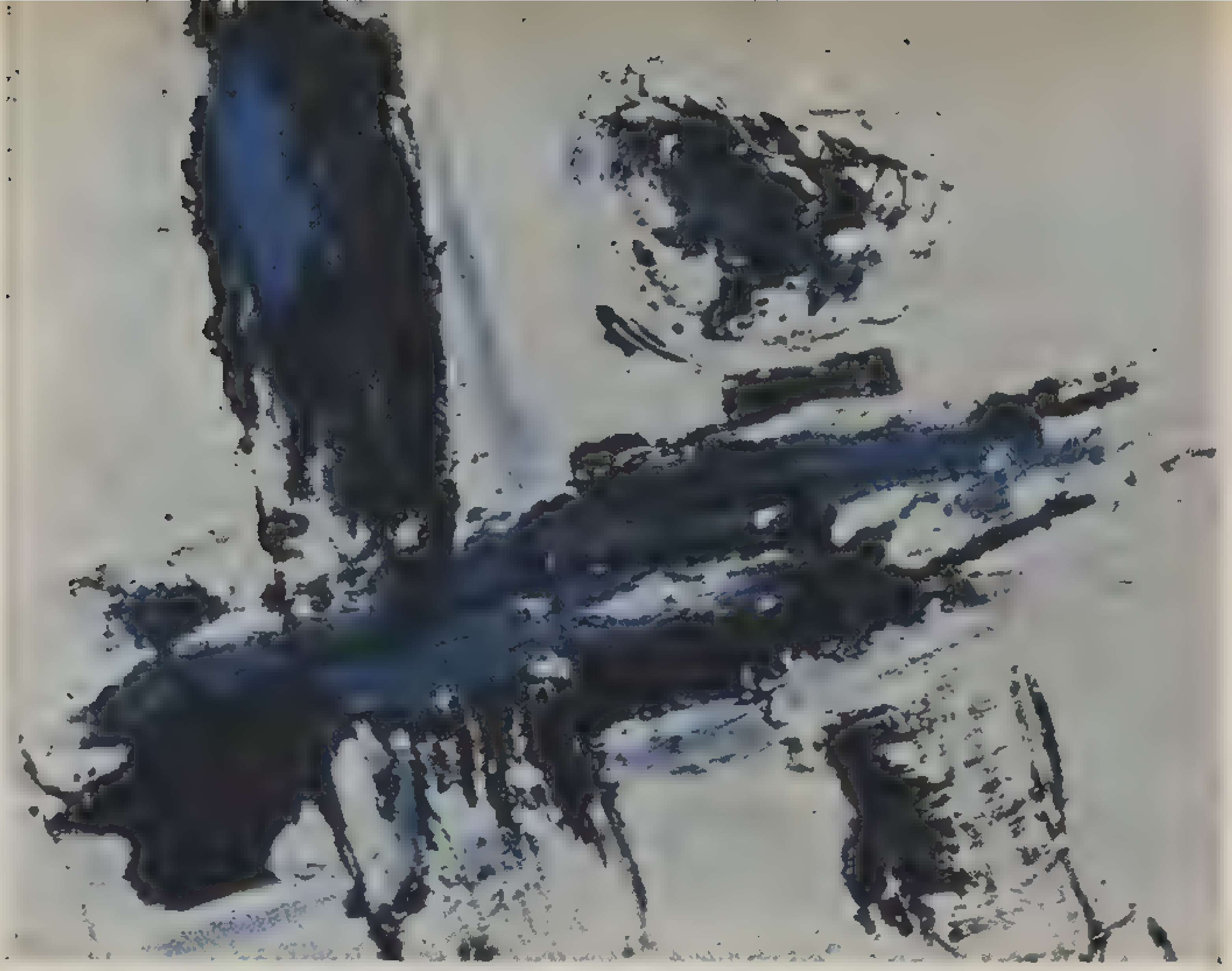
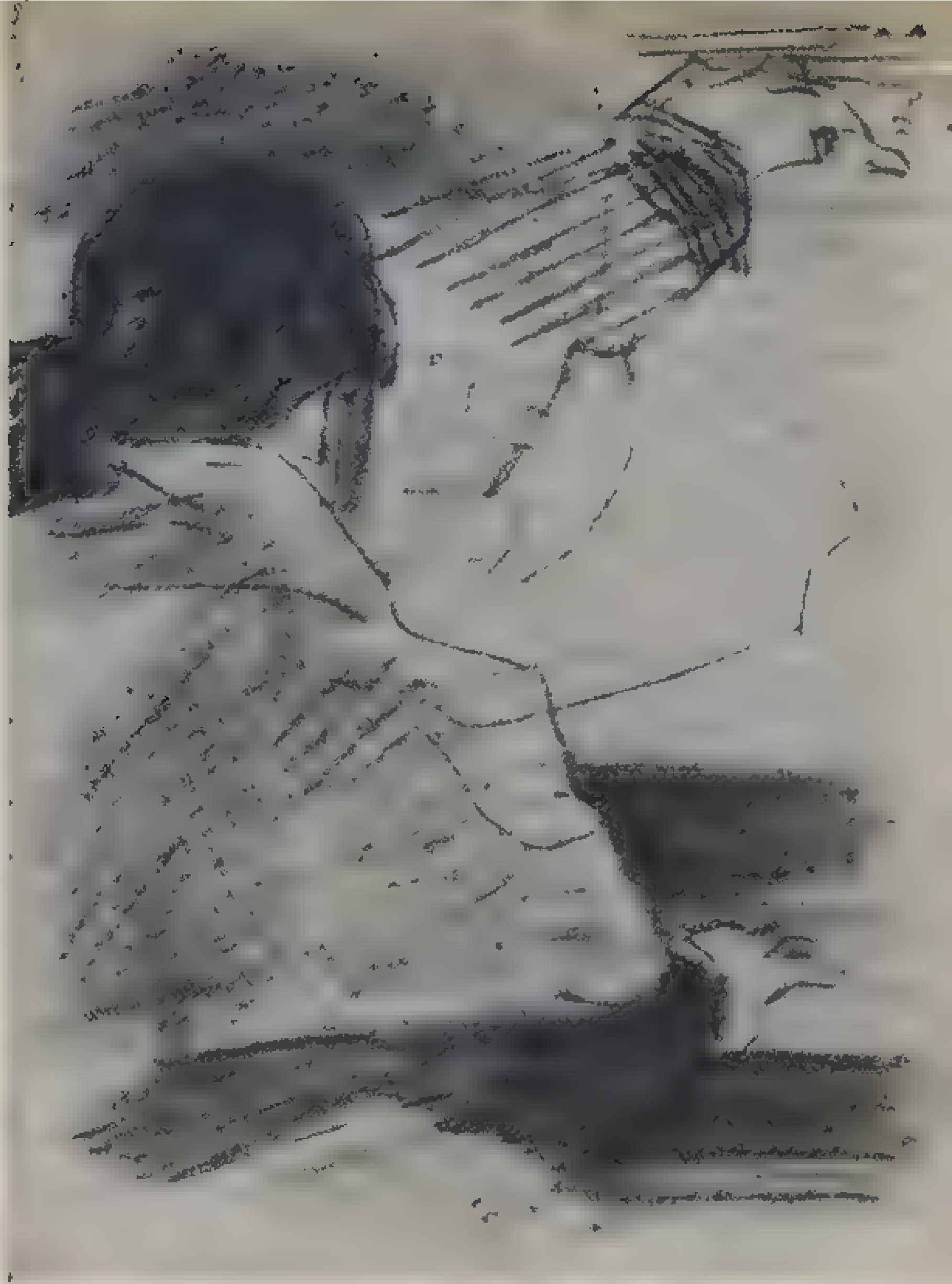
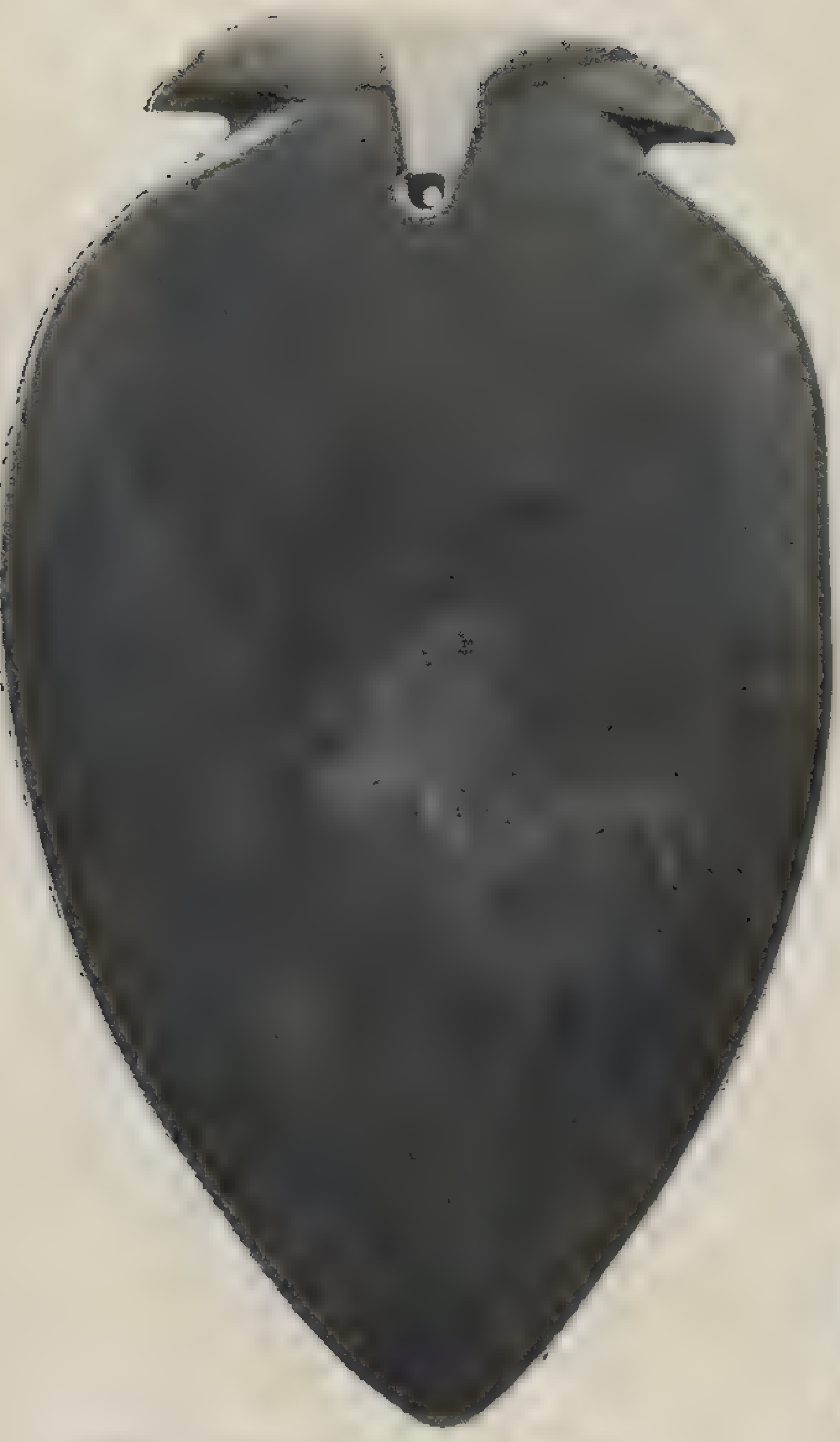


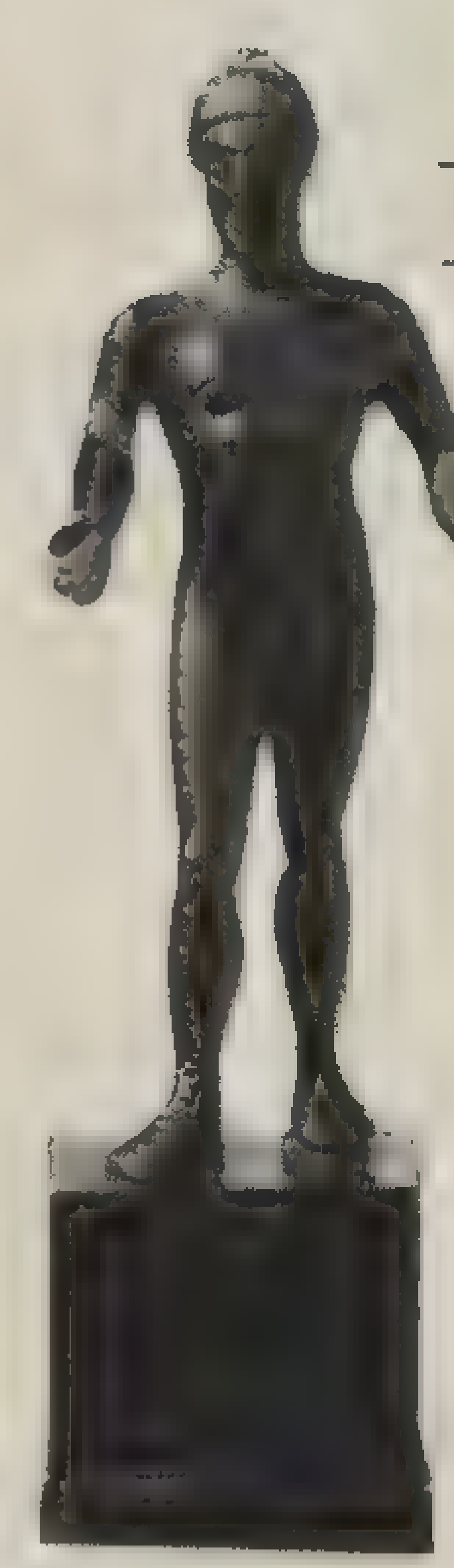
$350 VERA HALLER: oil on paper, *above*. This Hungarian-born painter, who now lives in Switzerland, has exhibited her strong work in Milan, Paris, Seattle, Venice, Rome, and New York. 20¼" x 16½". Galerie Chalette.



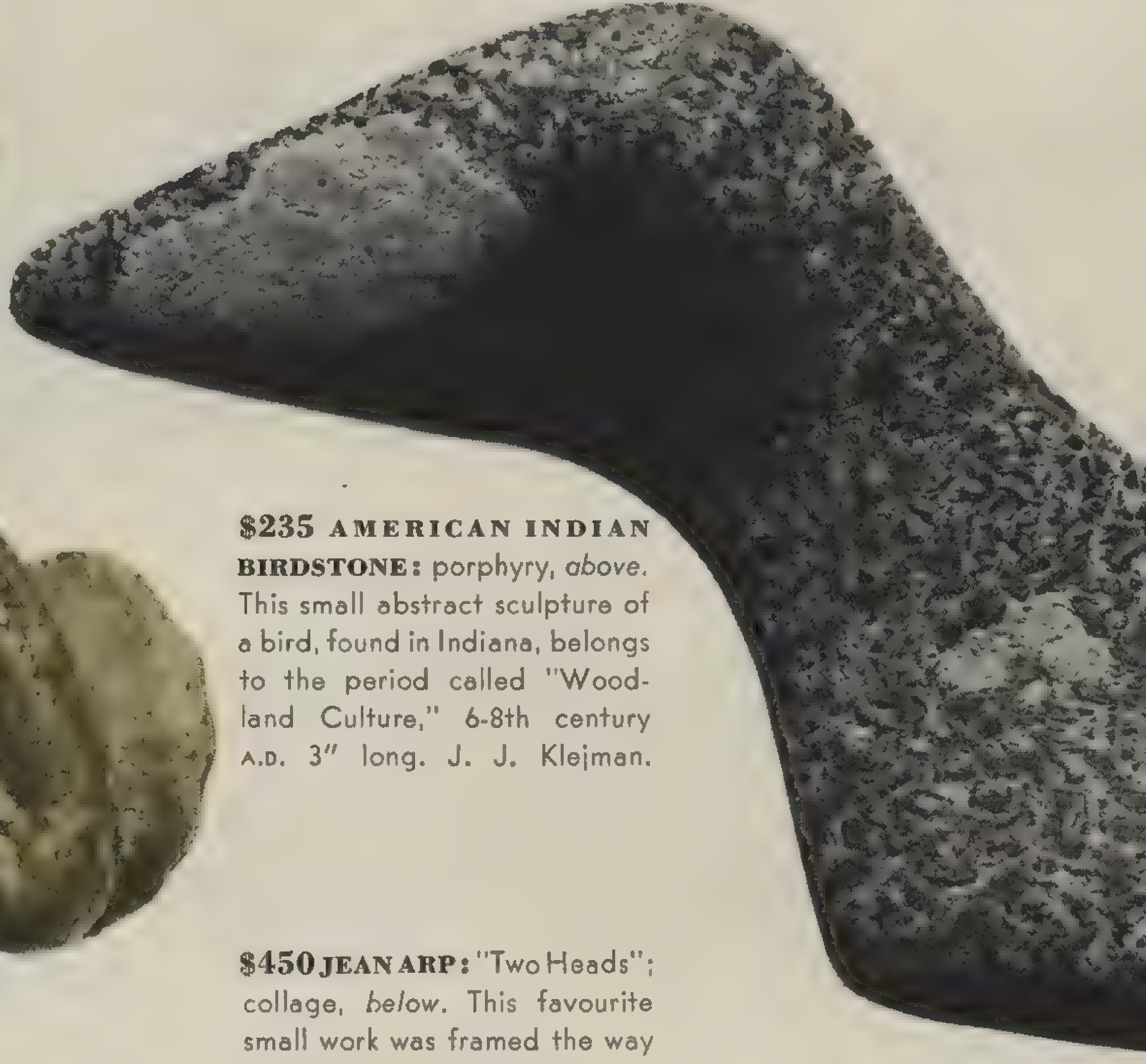
$385 JAMES ENSOR: pencil drawing, *above*. A delicate sketch by the extraordinary Belgian artist who died in 1949—famous and secluded. 6½" x 8½"; with frame, 15" x 16¾". The New Gallery.



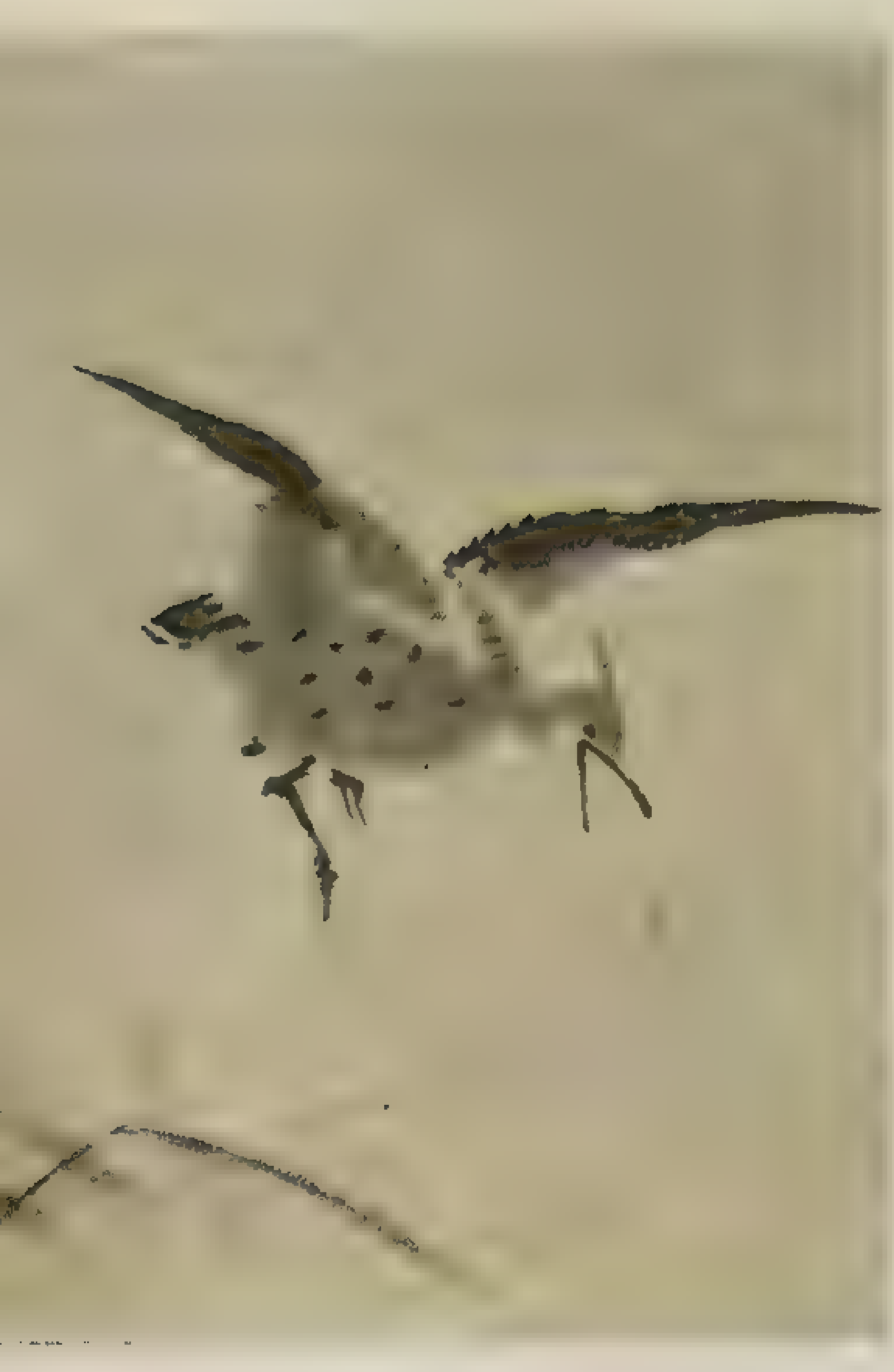
$280 EGYPTIAN COSMETIC PALETTE: schist, *above*. This pre-Dynastic (about 3000 B.C.) piece is similar to a palette in The Metropolitan Museum. 8" high. Komor.



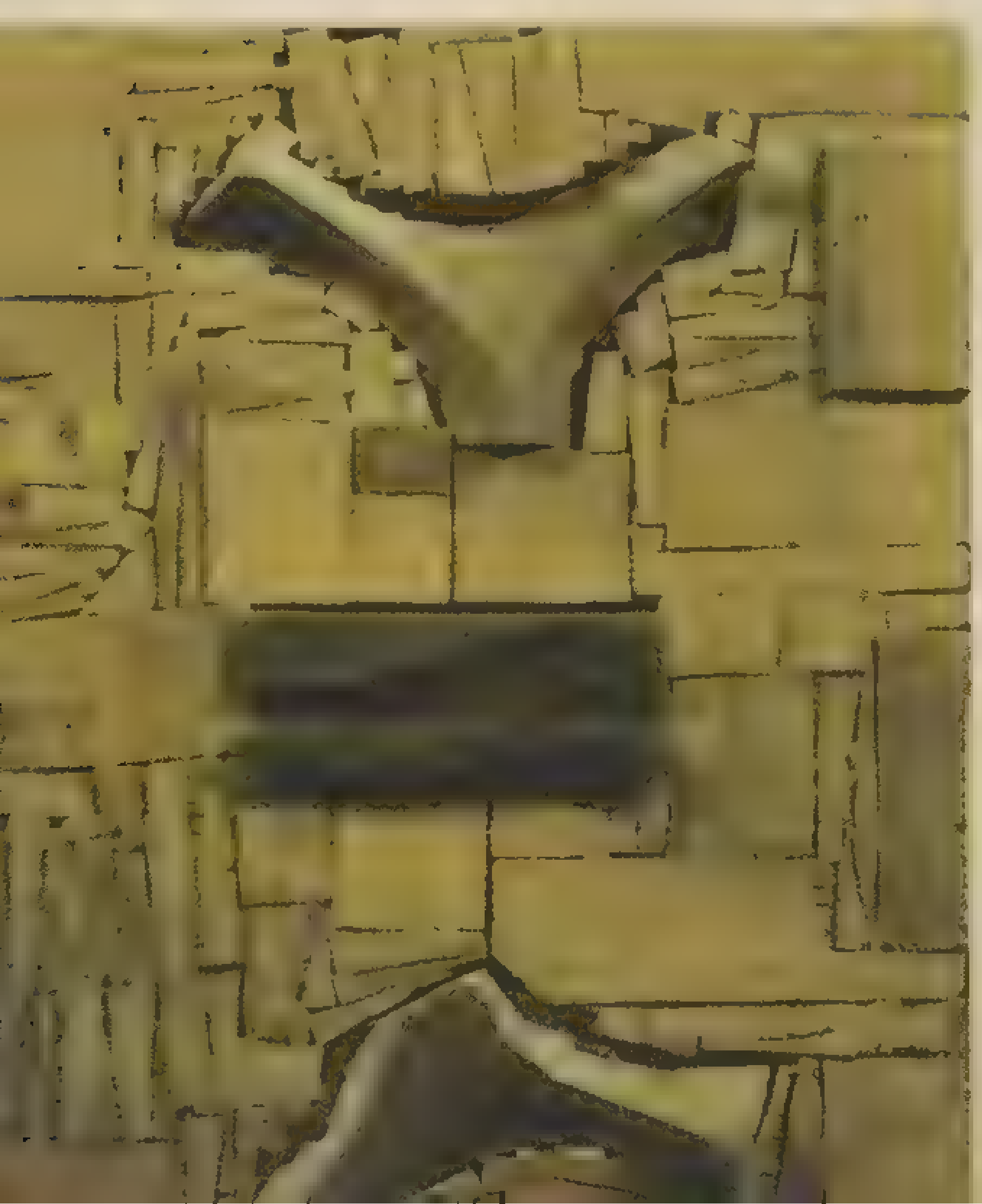
$300 ETRUSCAN KOUROS: bronze, with fine patina, *above*. 5th century B.C. (A *kouros* is an athletic youth, dedicated to a god.) 4¼" high; 5¾" with black marble stand. At Mathias Komor.



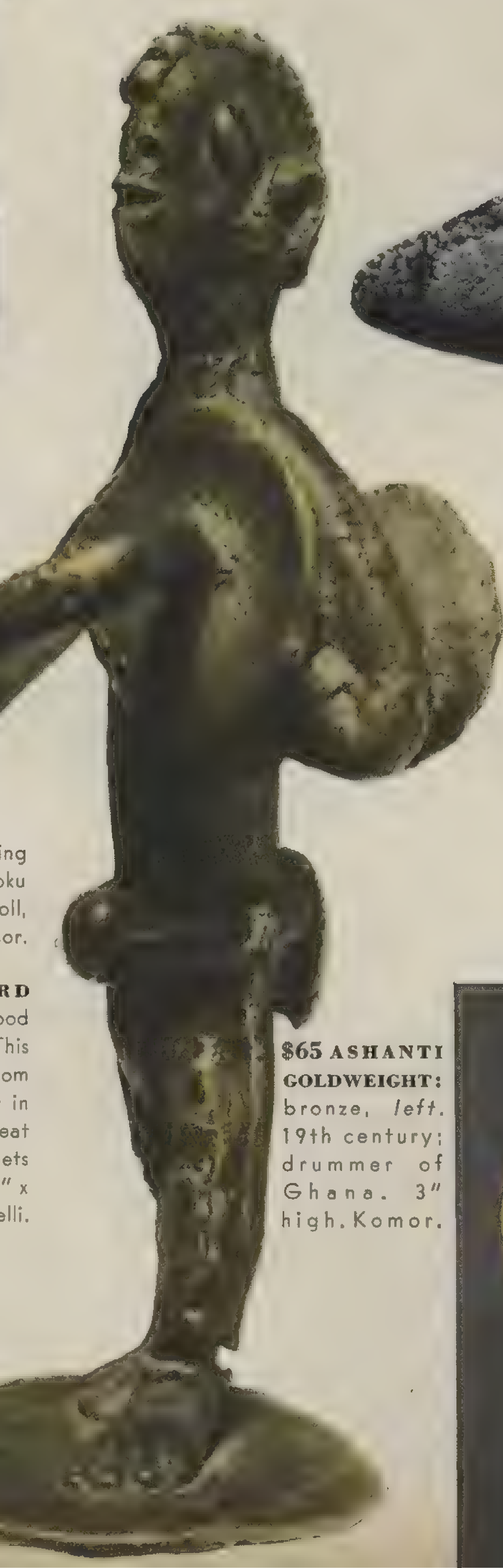
$235 AMERICAN INDIAN BIRDSTONE: porphyry, *above*. This small abstract sculpture of a bird, found in Indiana, belongs to the period called "Woodland Culture," 6-8th century A.D. 3" long. J. J. Klejman.



$140 JAPANESE SCROLL: "Bird in Flight"; ink painting on paper, with the painter's seals, *above*. This work by Unkoku Togan (1547-1618) is 17" x 25"; mounted on a silk scroll, the overall measurement 21" x 57"; with wood box. Komor.

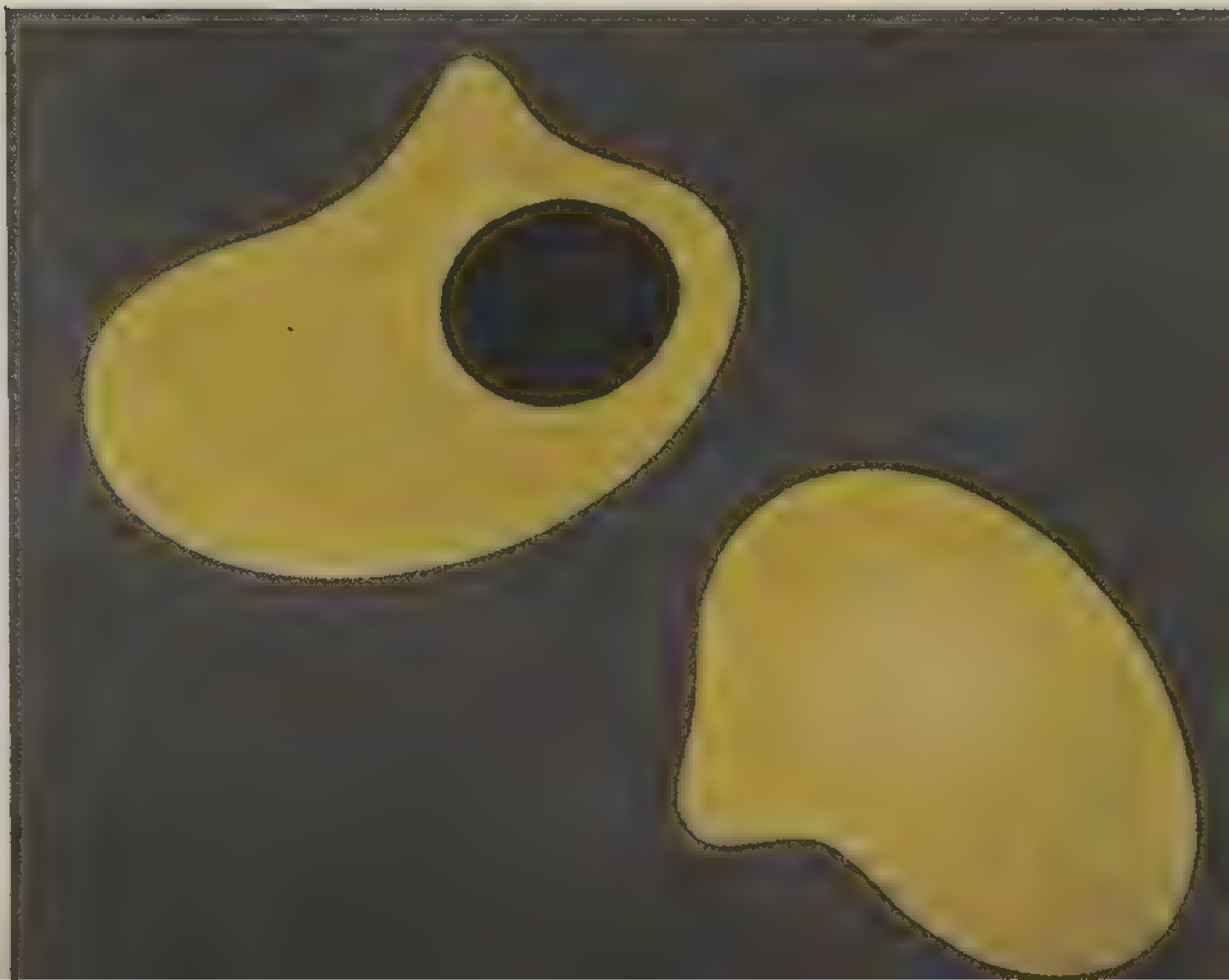


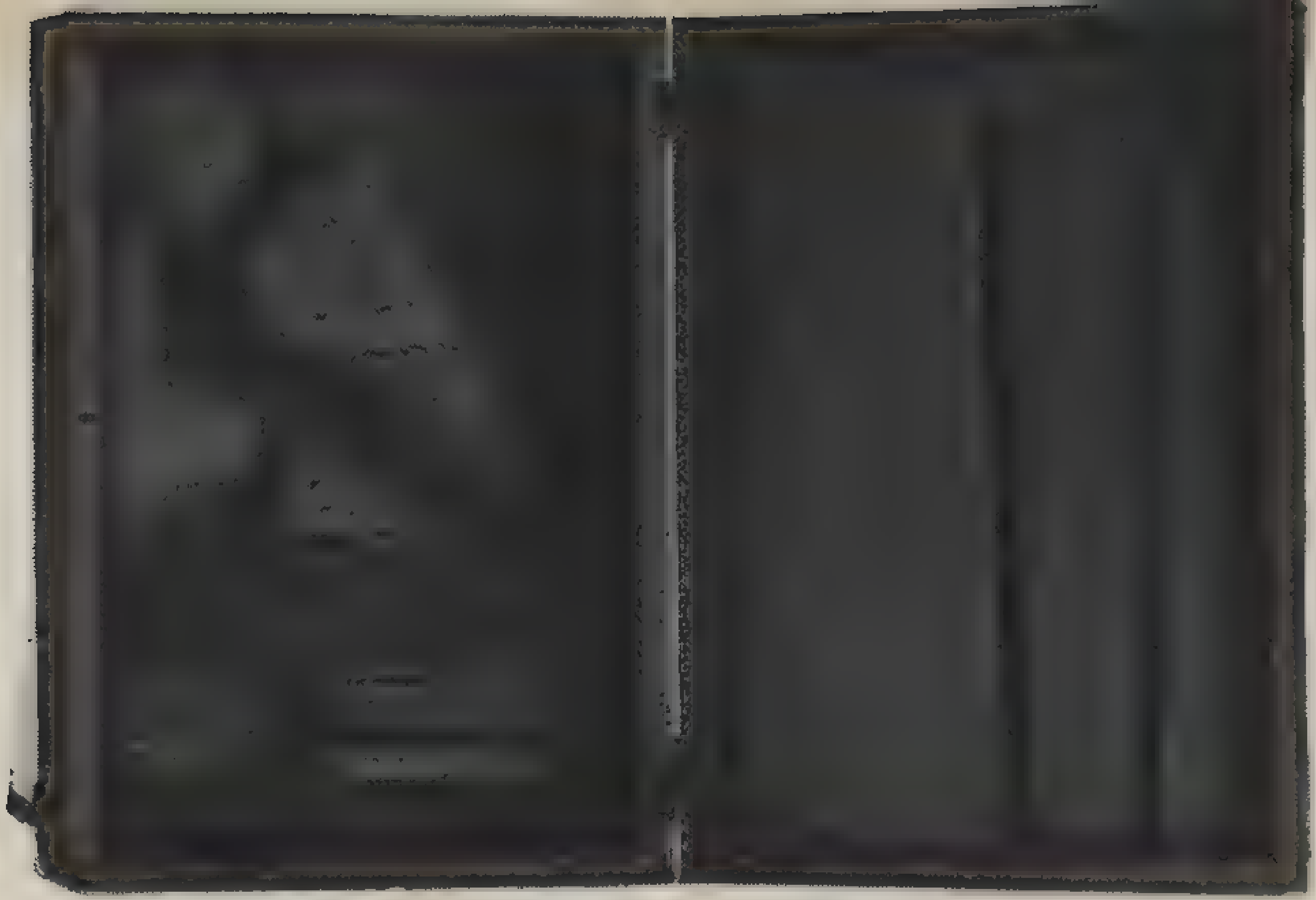
$180 BERNARD LANGLAIS: wood collage, *left*. This American artist from Maine works only in wood, uses a great variety, often gets witty effects. 18½" x 22½". At Castelli.



$65 ASHANTI GOLDWEIGHT: bronze, *left*. 19th century; drummer of Ghana. 3" high. Komor.

$450 JEAN ARP: "Two Heads"; collage, *below*. This favourite small work was framed the way Arp preferred, has his label and signature on the back. 5½" x 4½"; with frame, 11¾" x 10½". New Gallery.

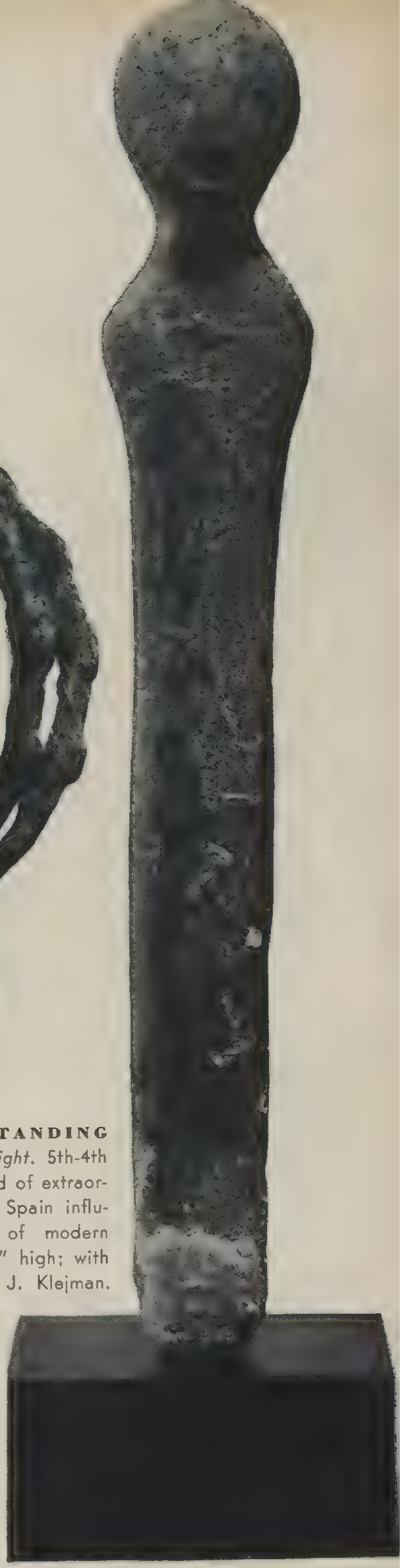




$350 LOUISE NEVELSON: black wood, 1959, *above*. An inventive hinged box, its fantasy depending partly on shadows, by a distinguished American artist, whose work is widely exhibited, widely collected. 17" x 11¼" when opened. Martha Jackson.

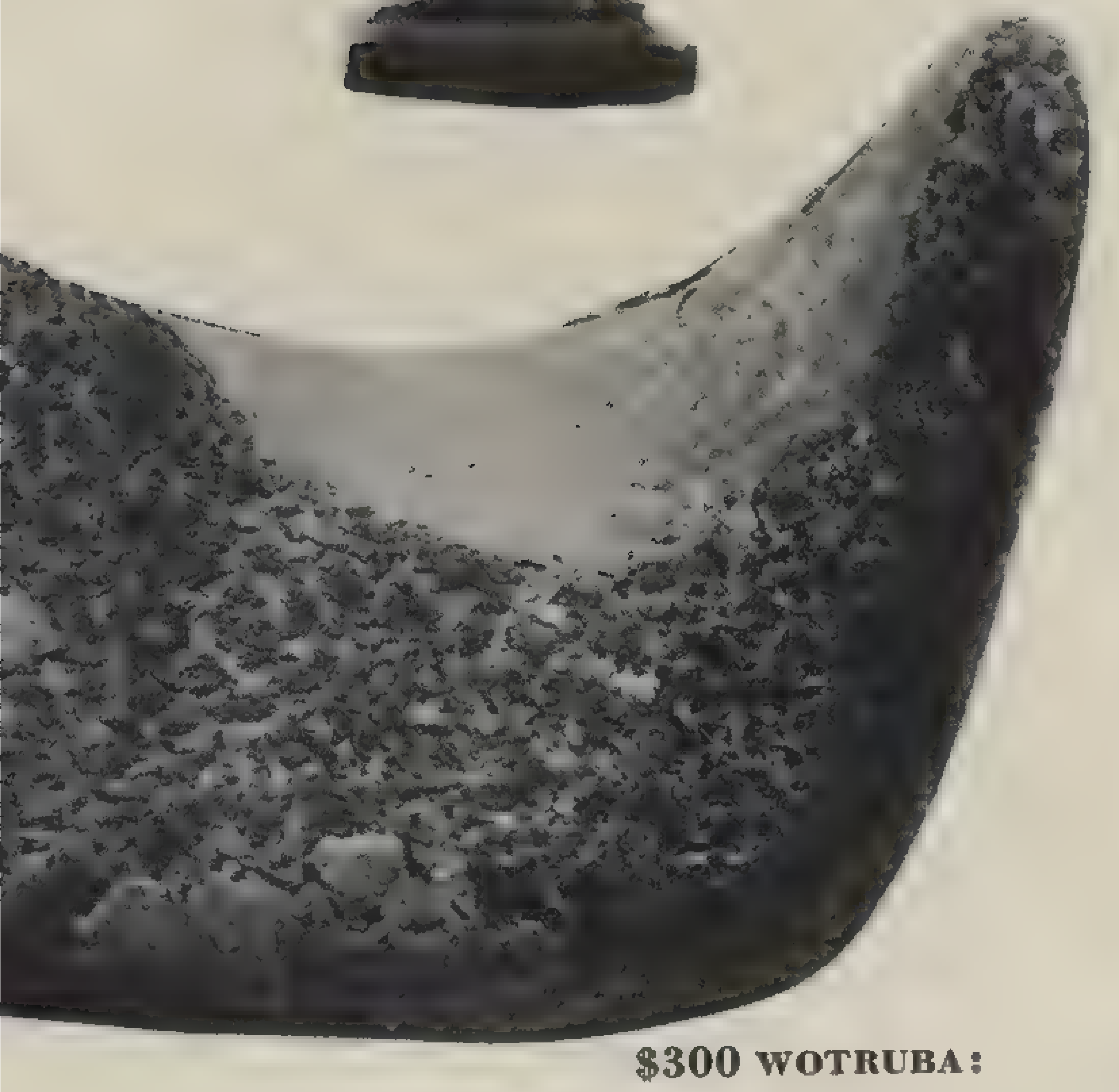
$100 EGYPTIAN GOD OSIRIS: bronze, *left*. Sait Period, about 600 B.C. 5" high; with wood stand, 7". Mathias Komor.

$400 MANOLO: rich-green bronze figure of a man; *right*. By the fine Catalonian sculptor who was Picasso's beloved friend, lived a hungry life in Paris, died in 1945 in Spain. About 10". Galerie Chalette.

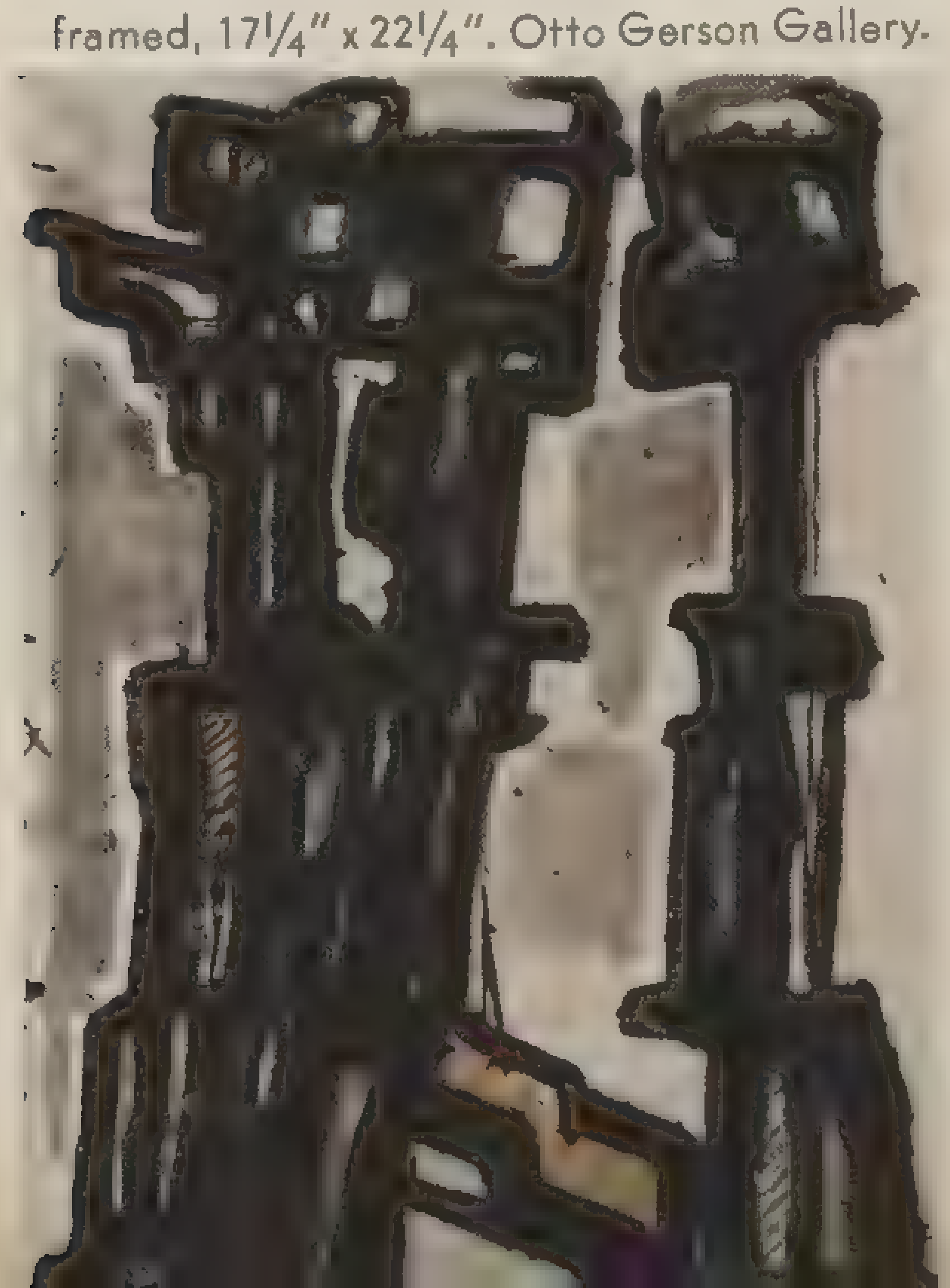


$95 IBERIAN STANDING FIGURE: bronze, *right*. 5th-4th century B.C. This kind of extraordinary sculpture in Spain influenced a number of modern Spanish artists. 3¾" high; with base, 4½". At J. J. Klejman.

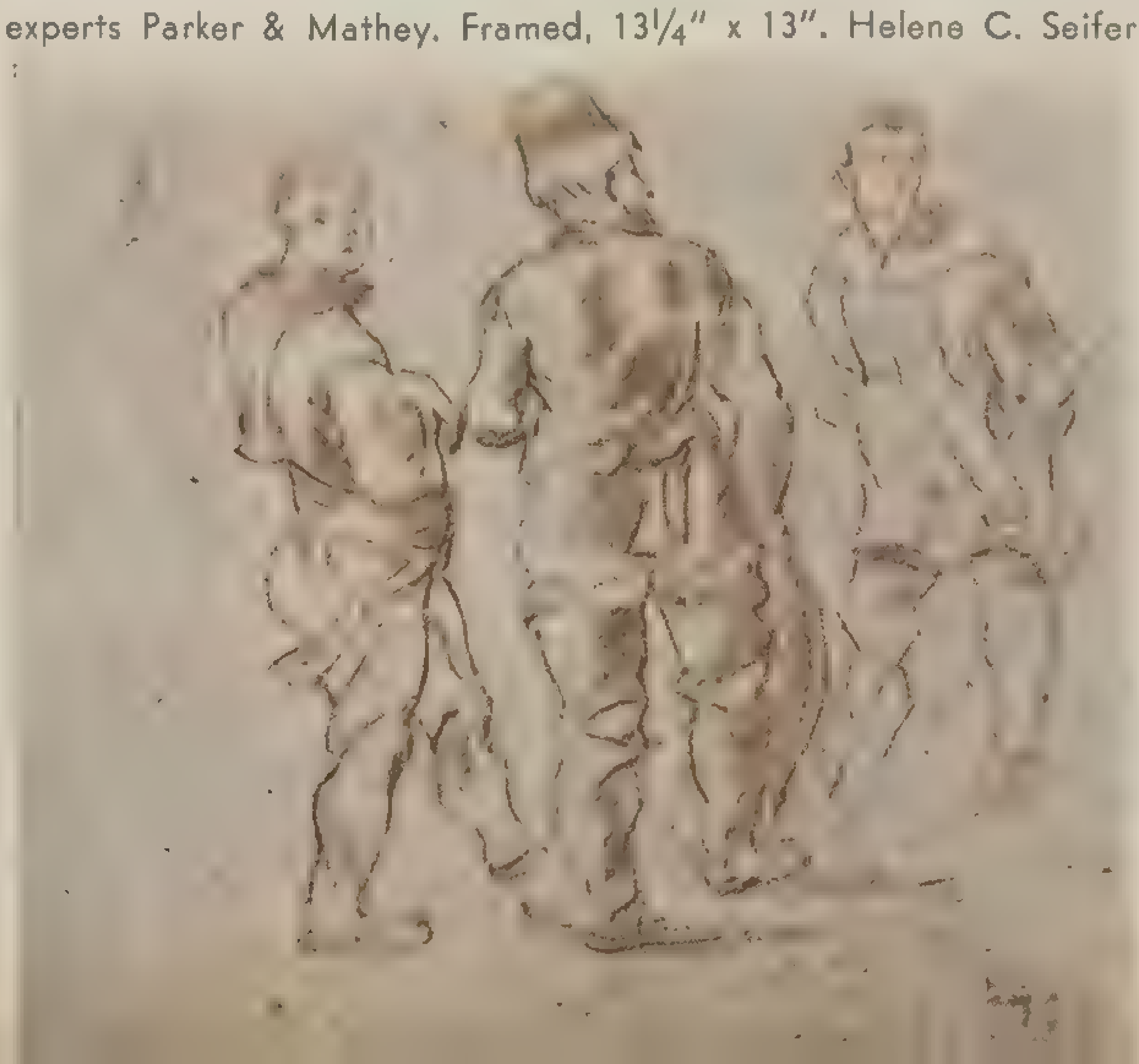
$275 LURISTAN MOUNTAIN GOAT: bronze, with heavy green patina, *left*. Formerly the handle of a whetstone, this goat, from an Iranian district, was formed about 1000 B.C. 5¼"; with base, 6½". At J. J. Klejman.



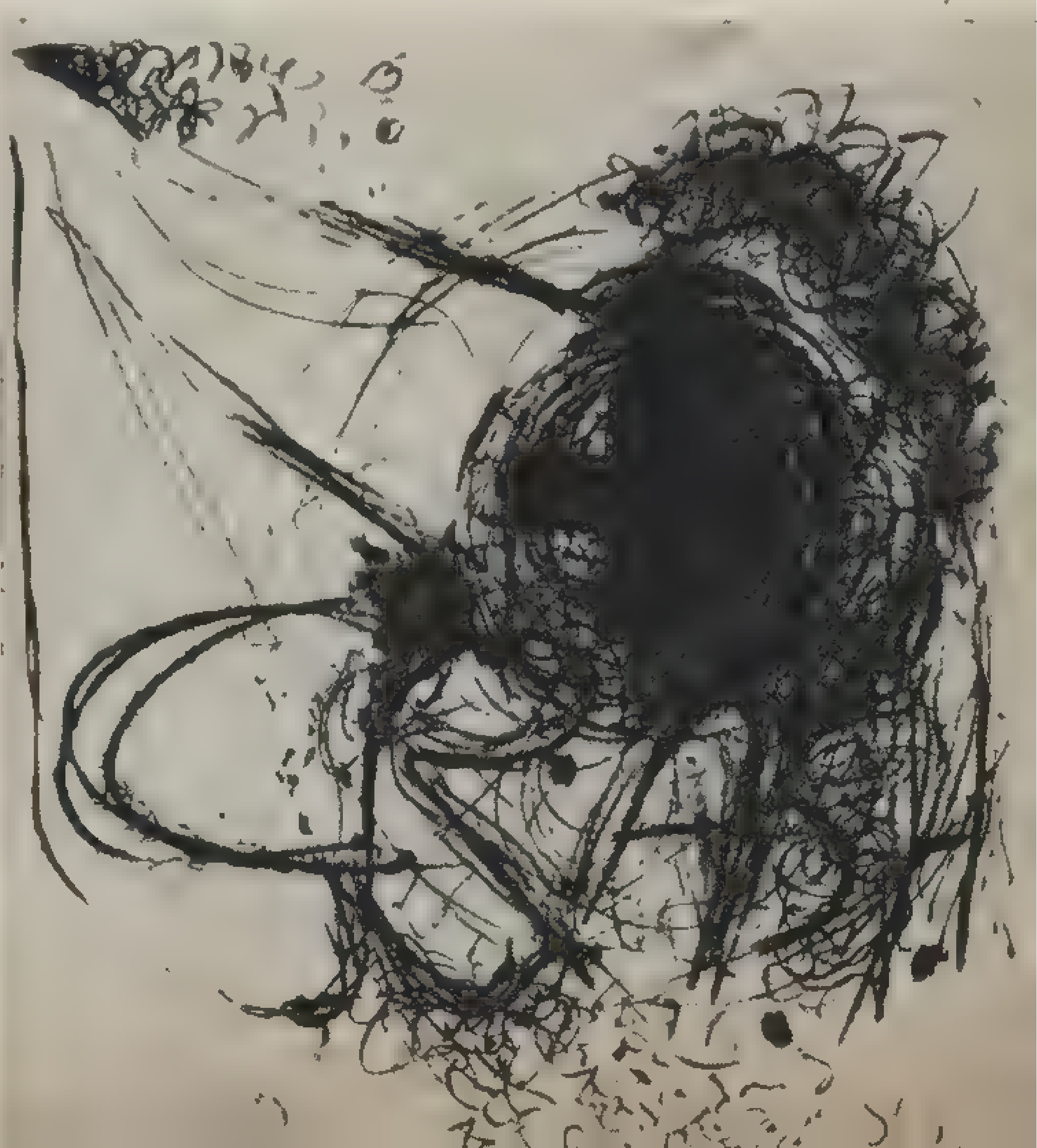
$300 WOTRUBA: water colour, *below*. By the famous Austrian sculptor. 11½" x 16¼"; matted and framed, 17¼" x 22¼". Otto Gerson Gallery.



$450 ANTOINE WATTEAU: "Three Fishermen"; red chalk, *below*. By the great French draughtsman (1684-1721). Documented (No. 287) in *The Complete Catalogue of the Drawings of Antoine Watteau* by the experts Parker & Mathey. Framed, 13¼" x 13". Helene C. Seiferheld.



$32 JIM DINE: "The Crash"; lithograph, artist's proof, 1960, *below*. By a young American, who has done a series of vigorous lithographs on auto smashups. 22" x 30". David Anderson Gallery.



The clothes-plan of Mrs. Frederick Melhado

Small and slight, she avoids "big" dresses – but manages never to look doll-like

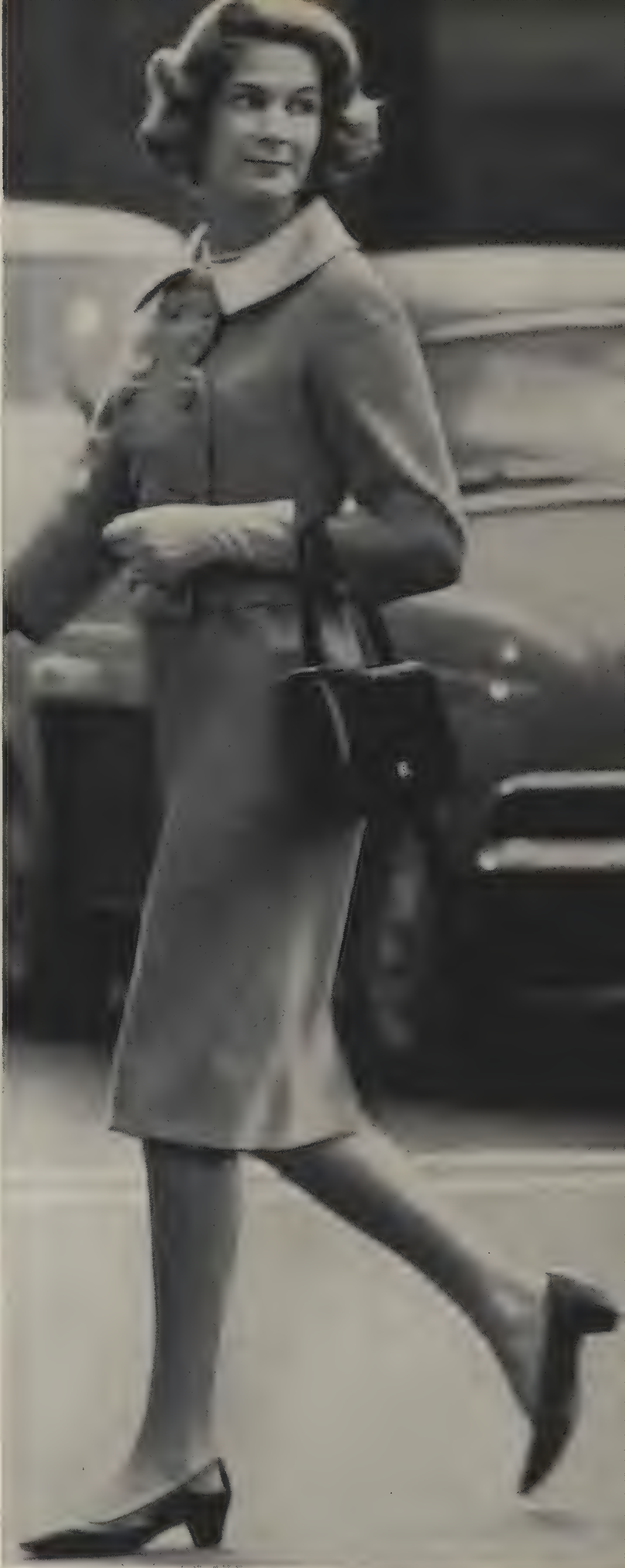
In an era of giraffe-like beauties, who seem to grow more towering every day, Mrs. Frederick A. Melhado is a refreshing exception. Though not actually diminutive, she's certainly not tall, and she has a slender, fine-boned frame that gives the impression of smallness. Her figure is nicely proportioned, and, altitude aside, she represents almost the classic ideal of a young American beauty: hair worn loose and wavy, clear blue eyes, a general effect of energy, candour, and sparkle. She has a few clothes-systems, not rigid enough to be called rules: for example, her dresses, for day and evening, almost always have high necklines at the front, to give a long, unbroken sweep. But she also cheerfully departs from many of the clothes-rules that small women are supposed to observe, often wearing large-scaled prints or two-colour combinations that are rumoured to "cut you in half"—they don't seem to have this effect on her. (*More on the next two pages.*)

Left: Her white brocade evening coat, with white mink collar, over a sleeveless, high-necked dress of the same white brocade. *Right:* Mrs. Melhado with her sons, Christian and Peter, in their New York apartment.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

Mrs. Melhado's clothes-plan *continued*

Mrs. Melhado avoids dresses that are "big" or overpowering, and thinks all small women should do the same—"you have to wear things in proportion to you." But she also avoids any suggestion of a fragile, doll-like look, which would be wildly out of keeping with her and the kind of life she leads. This involves not only her husband and two energetic little boys—with whom she enjoys sprinting through Central Park—but taking painting lessons ("Oils are wonderful because if you make mistakes you can just keep painting over them"), going to an exercise class, and working actively for such charities as the Boys' Club. A friend said of her, "She doesn't just lend her name to a benefit party, she really puts her heart into it." She has many of her clothes made, as ready-to-wear clothes simply don't fit her, and has them made along bone-simple lines. "I like things very plain with no fluff on them at all—no bows or poufs." Her colour-preferences run to black, or black-and-white, and to bright or pastel colours—all good with her blond colouring. She adores warm colours—coral, peach-colour, strawberry- and rose-pinks; likes turquoise and yellow. She also loves delicious materials for evening—Indian sari silks, Siamese silks, floaty chiffons, damasks and brocades. She dislikes anything, for summer or winter, that can't be packed fairly easily. Almost her favourite costume is one she designed herself to wear in the summers on Long Island—a sort of sleeveless coverall in flower-sprigged Liberty cotton or linen, with long pants and her favourite round, high neckline. She has four or five different versions of this, in flowery pinks, blues, greens, with a smidgen of trimming in one of the colours, and wears them happily—even though her husband sometimes refers to them as "those mechanic things."
Above: Mrs. Melhado holding Peter, three, and flanked by Christian, who will be five this month. Her at-home costume is of Siamese silk: bright blue-and-green skirt, blue jacket.
Right: Off on a round of errands, she wears a pale-blue wool suit with short, scalloped jacket, slender (but easy) skirt.
Far right: Mrs. Melhado in the white satin evening dress, flowered with black roses which she wore to the Fête des Roses, the Boys' Club benefit party. She is shown in the drawing-room of her apartment, a pale leaf-green and white room; the small Chippendale chair is part of a collection of miniature furniture.



FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

Dresses that bloom all year

Here, two day-blooming dresses to wear in almost every country, almost anytime, beginning now under fur. Perennials are what they are, and both perfect lures out of mid-winter fashion doldrums.

Left: Zinnia-pink jersey in an easy-tempered dress with slight blousing, big patched pockets, and a belt of its own material. The dress by Mollie Parnis, of wool crêpe jersey (famous for its climate-crossing). About $110. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres.

Right: Pale as the inside of a banana, this narrow, soft dress, with a show down the side of bone buttons; the sleeves are winged. The dress by Larry Aldrich, of Bellaine worsted, about $110, at Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

One shoulder bare— new slant on beach clothes

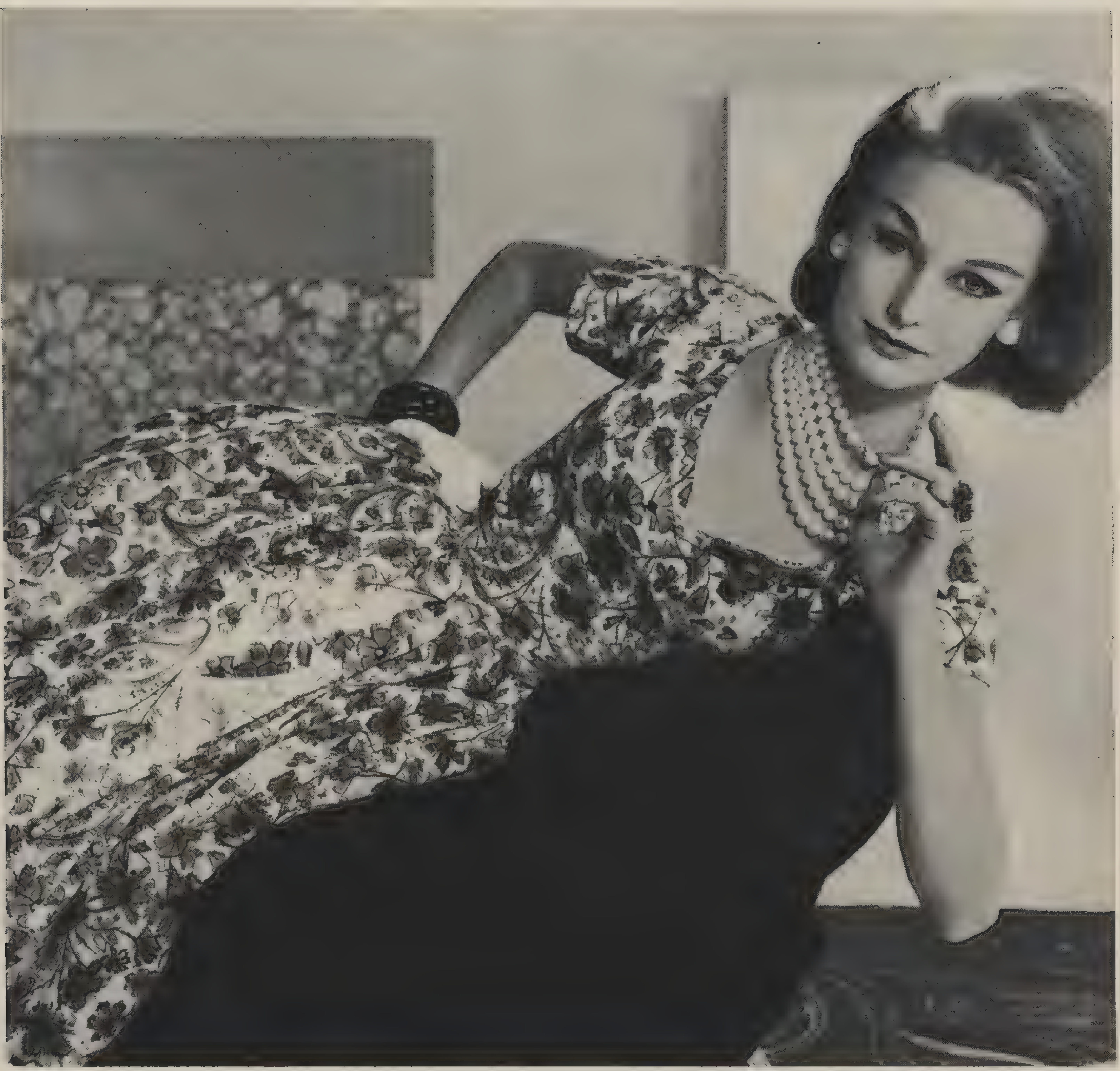
What's new is what's missing—one shoulder to the sun is the way beach-excitement slants now. (As for the off-the-beach future of looks like this, check the past: at Grès and Givenchy it's an established principle that some of the most ravishing night looks can be accomplished by baring one shoulder.) *Left:* Shoulder-baring shift of a dress in bright knitted pink wool; the side lines are orange, and the figure is clearly a matter between dress and wearer. By Rudi Gernreich; about $40. Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. *Right:* Knitted black maillot with oblique taupe stripes getting the point of a one-shoulder bathing suit across—and not at all obliquely, either. Allure is the point, and it couldn't be more direct. Brigance bathing suit knitted of Helanca nylon and Lastex; about $25. At Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Hudson's.

BERT STERN

More on the bare shoulder slant

Left: Bathing suit with a frankly terrific figure—wanted by a woman with same. Dotty black-and-white knitted maillot; one shoulder open, and absolutely nothing more to it than meets the eye. This, by Rudi Gernreich, of knitted wool: about $23. At Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Joseph Magnin. *Right:* New angle on the overblouse-and-skirt situation: beach dress minus one shoulder, plus a bright bias of stripes—yellow, green, white, and grey; and a skirt of unpressed pleats (about which, know this: it looks best short, and worn with a pair of strippy, flat-heeled sandals). By Haymaker, of a crisp washable rayon. Top, about $10. Skirt, about $14. The costume, at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

BERT STERN



Clothes for a place in the sun

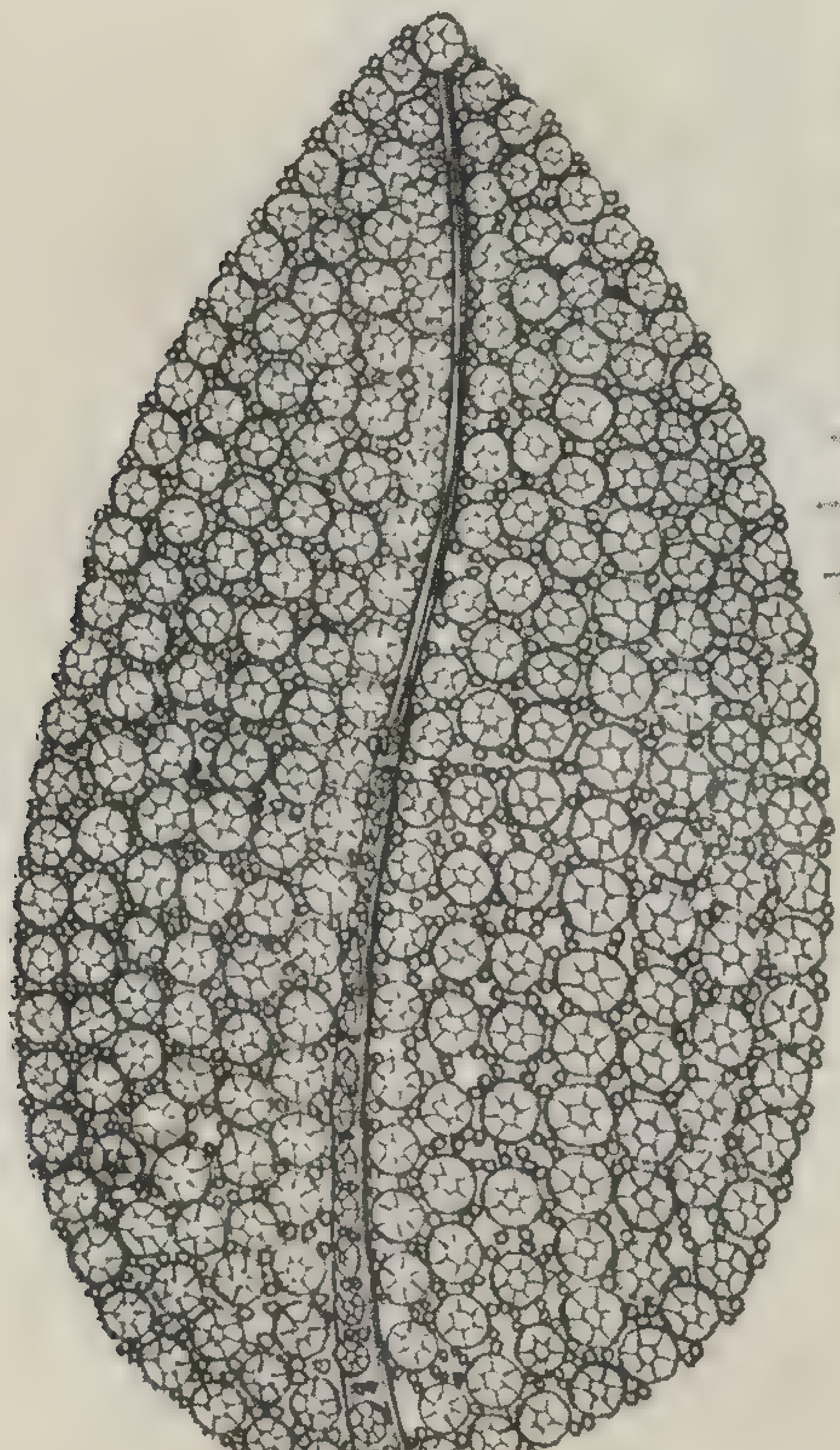
A place in the sun is the happy destination of both these dresses, diverse enough to cross paths freely in the same cruise wardrobe. Their fabrics, by the way, are two of the prettiest under any sun you may be going to, perhaps a Caribbean winter one, later a Mediterranean or New England summer sun.
Left: A sheer drop of pink and deep pink stripes from little pink shoulder strings, a dress that packs and washes like a handkerchief. For going out in the midday sun, this Emme white straw sombrero; for any time, fake coral and gilt jewellery. Dress by Hannah Troy of Dacron-and-cotton, a Galey & Lord fabric, about $70, at Bonwit Teller; Wm. H. Block; Sakowitz. Lipstick, Lancôme's Rose Nacré.
Above: A dense spilling of greyed flowers printed on white in a dress with a long slim-stalked waist and full-blown skirt. One enchanting way to wear it involves tangerine sandals. By Adele Simpson; an Indian print on Supima cotton with a Cranston wrinkle-resistant finish, about $110. Richelieu necklace. Both at Lord & Taylor. Dress, also at Hutzler's; Martha Weathered; I. Magnin. Furniture by Luberto.

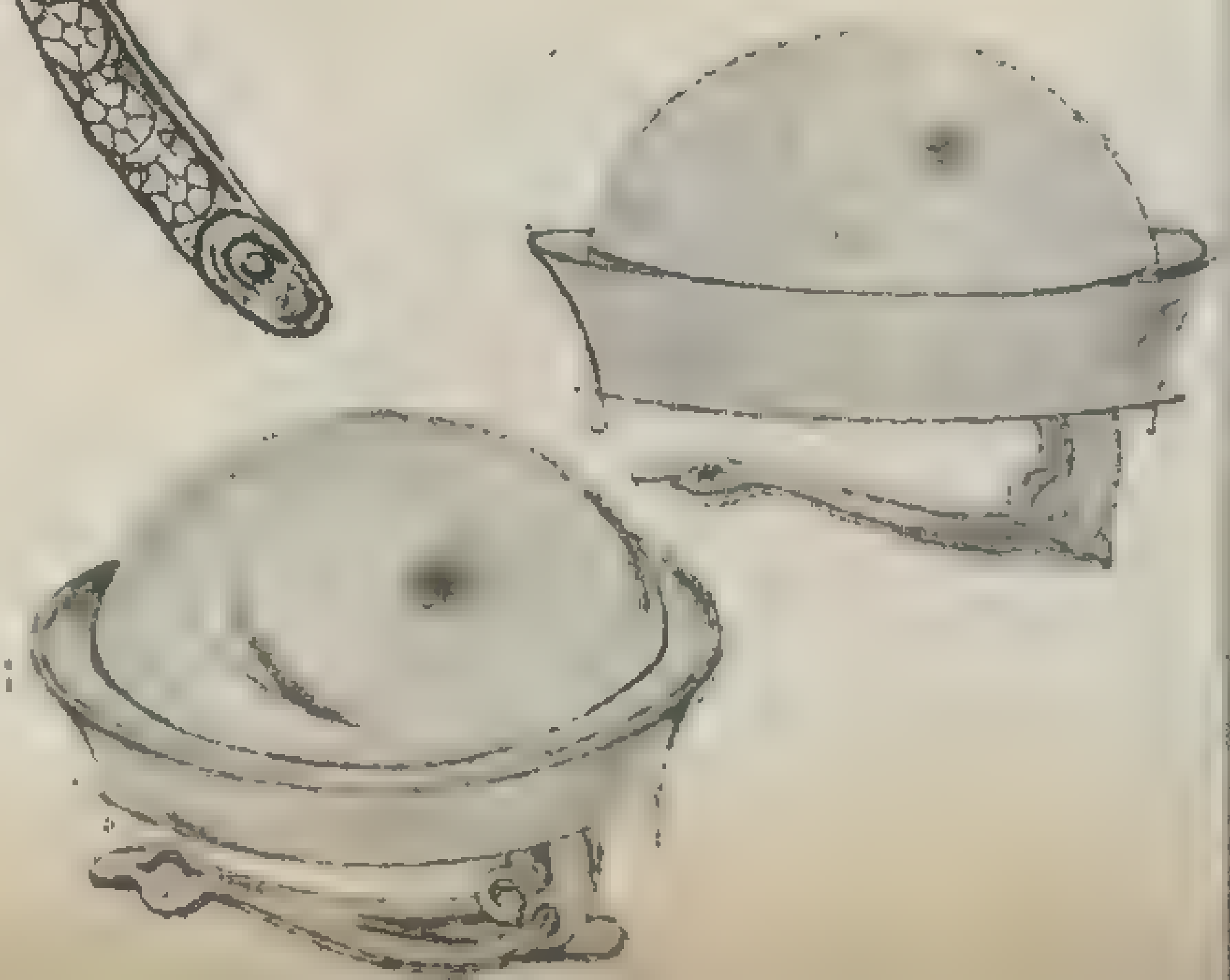
HORST

Ideas that make the dashing present

We've always been rather awed by the husband who, all by himself, hit on the idea of giving his wife an enormous brandy snifter stuffed with cashmere sweaters. Nor are we unimpressed by the ingenuity of the lady who crammed a five-and-ten jewel box with an assortment of five-and-ten glitter, thereby solving the small-girl problem on her present list. Clearly, there are people with a real affinity for present-giving, and while our original reaction might be to stand back in mute admiration, our second—more-noble-in-the-long-run—impulse was to plumb their brains greedily. The results, which follow here, should give you a good idea of how some bred-in-the-bone dashing-present givers are thinking this December. . . . Possibly the dashingest present that's crossed anyone's mind: flying lessons (a present with a built-in futurity clause, plainly—the recipient of this year's lessons might be given a whizzy little Beechcraft Bonanza next Christmas; and in '62—well, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it) . . . . Earthier, but not a whit less dashing: Rolls-Royce service for ten days—offhand we can't think of a cat-in-creamier way to pull up at the opera, the races, the theatre. In New York, Buckingham Livery Service will supply details. If you care to pursue this train of thought or, as it were, this limousine of thought, a pair of tickets to *Camelot* plus sitter's fee ought to stir up quite a bit of Christmas cheer at a number of houses. . . . Having mentioned sitters, it seems only fair to spend a little time with their charges: If you've wondered where those tinny wind-up toys that used to be in your stocking when you were a child have disappeared to, check Stark-Valla on West 10th Street in New York. They haven't cornered the market or anything, but they can supply a pecking chick or two, and a leaping frog. (From the same source: a rapier-thin aluminum beater that operates entirely on tiny flash-batteries. The name is Bi-Cor. Costs around $3; and if the egg whites don't stand at attention after a go-around with this, you've probably omitted something crucial.) . . . Conceivably, a wind-up animal isn't what your child has in mind at all. And if you're reckless enough to agree that a kitten would indeed fill a great gap in both your lives, you might as well know that

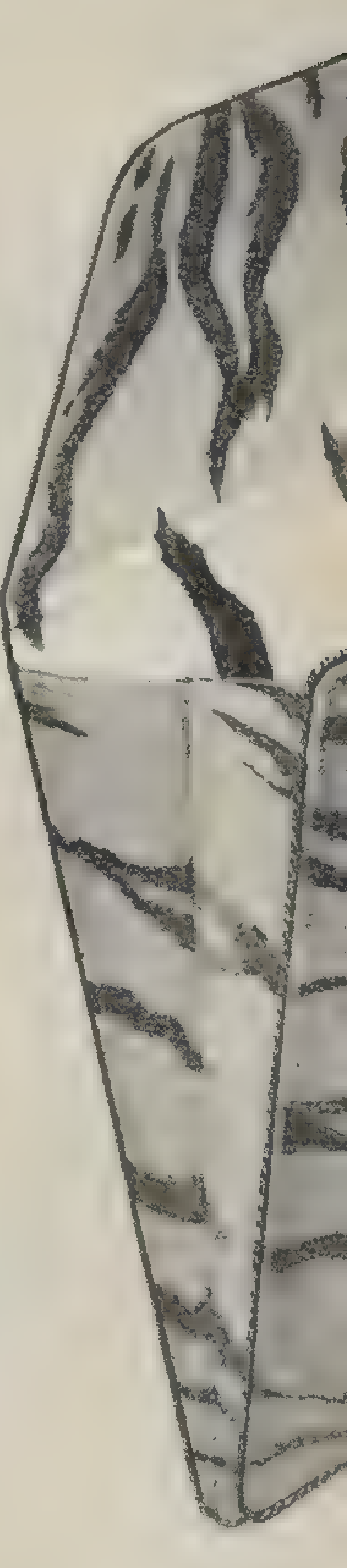
Rhinestone feather pin, life-size here; $50* at Macy's.

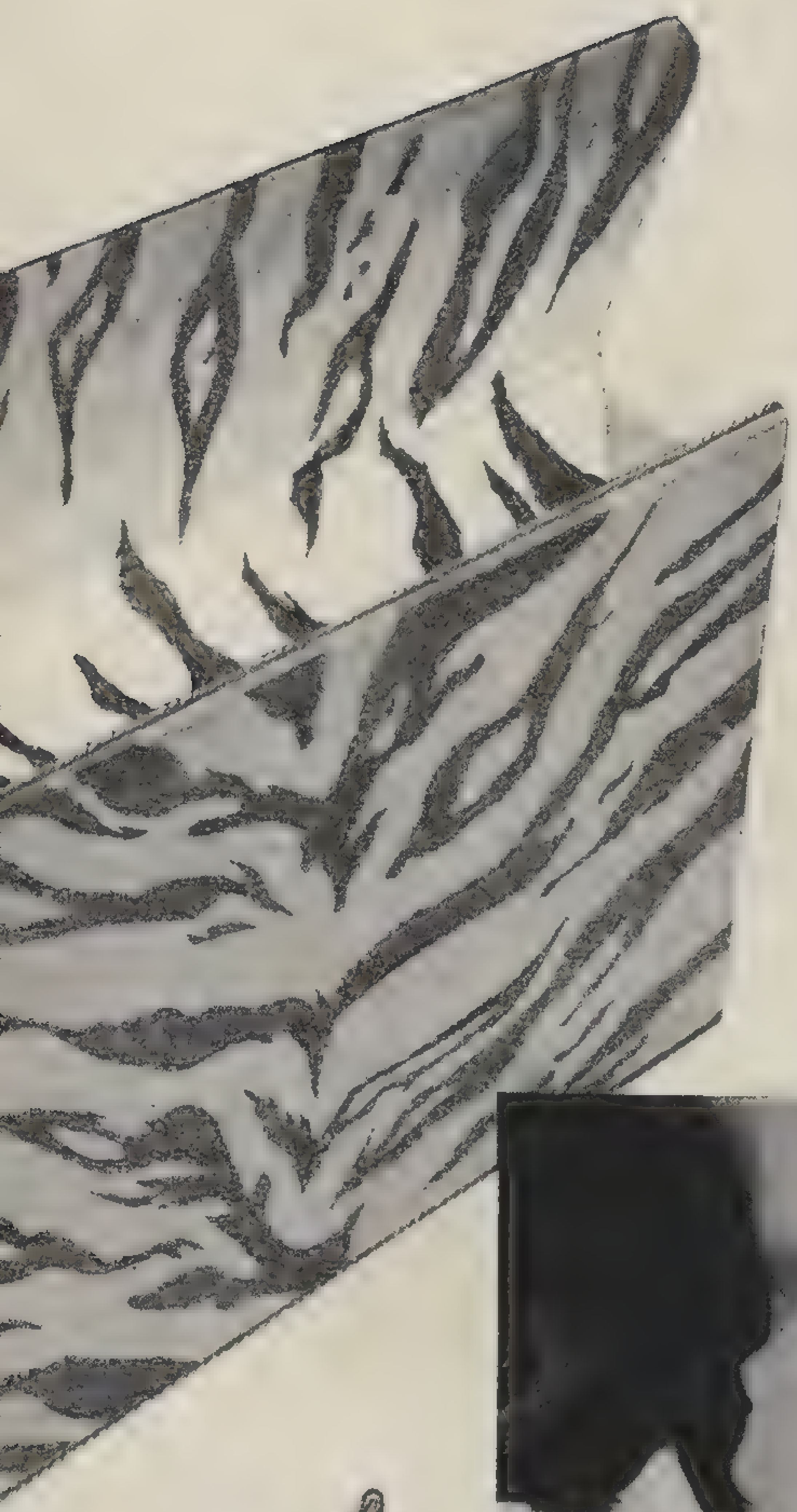


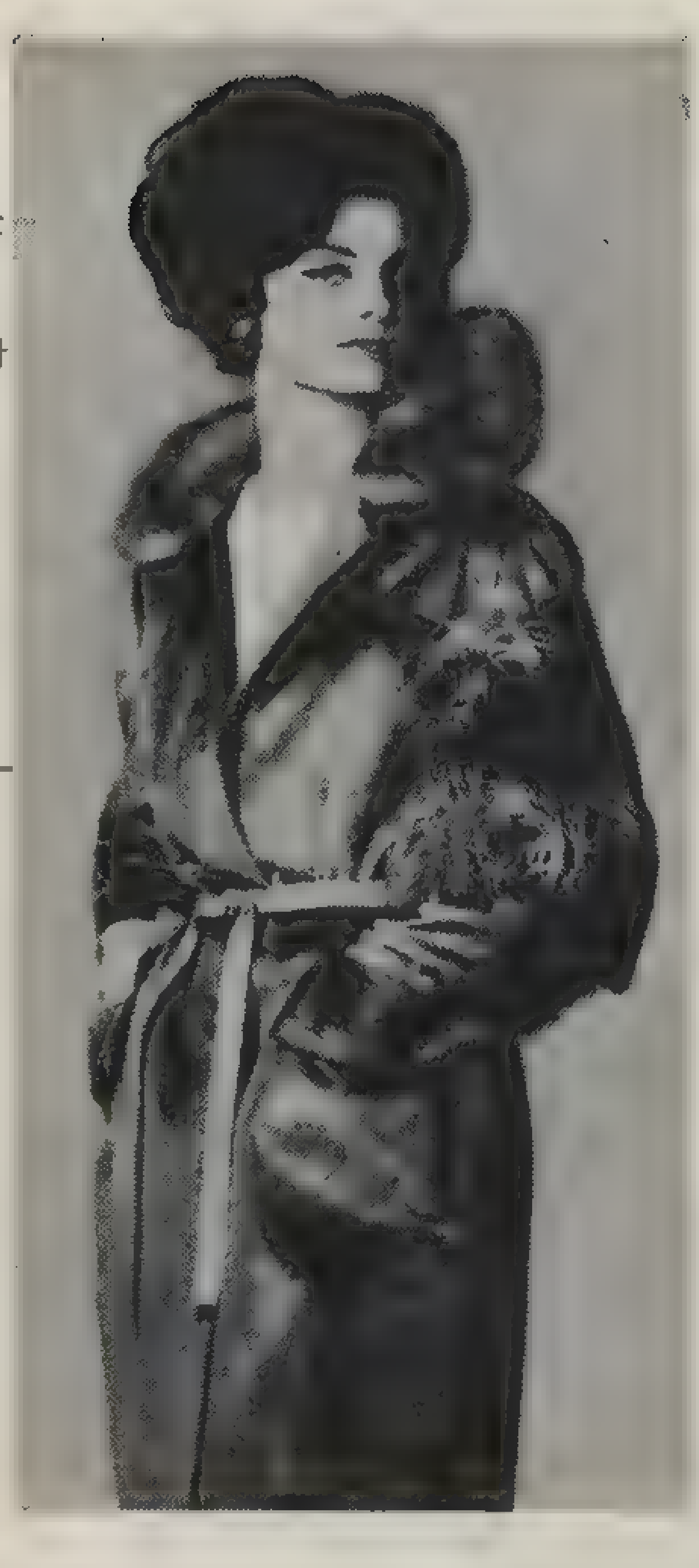


Leaf pin of stones—in a deep warm red. By Capri, $6*; at Altman's. Cultured Mabe pearls cupped in 14-k. gold; Imperial Pearl earrings, $200*; Bonwit Teller.

Fringed white stole of rayon satin; by Echo, $20; at Altman's.
*PLUS TAX

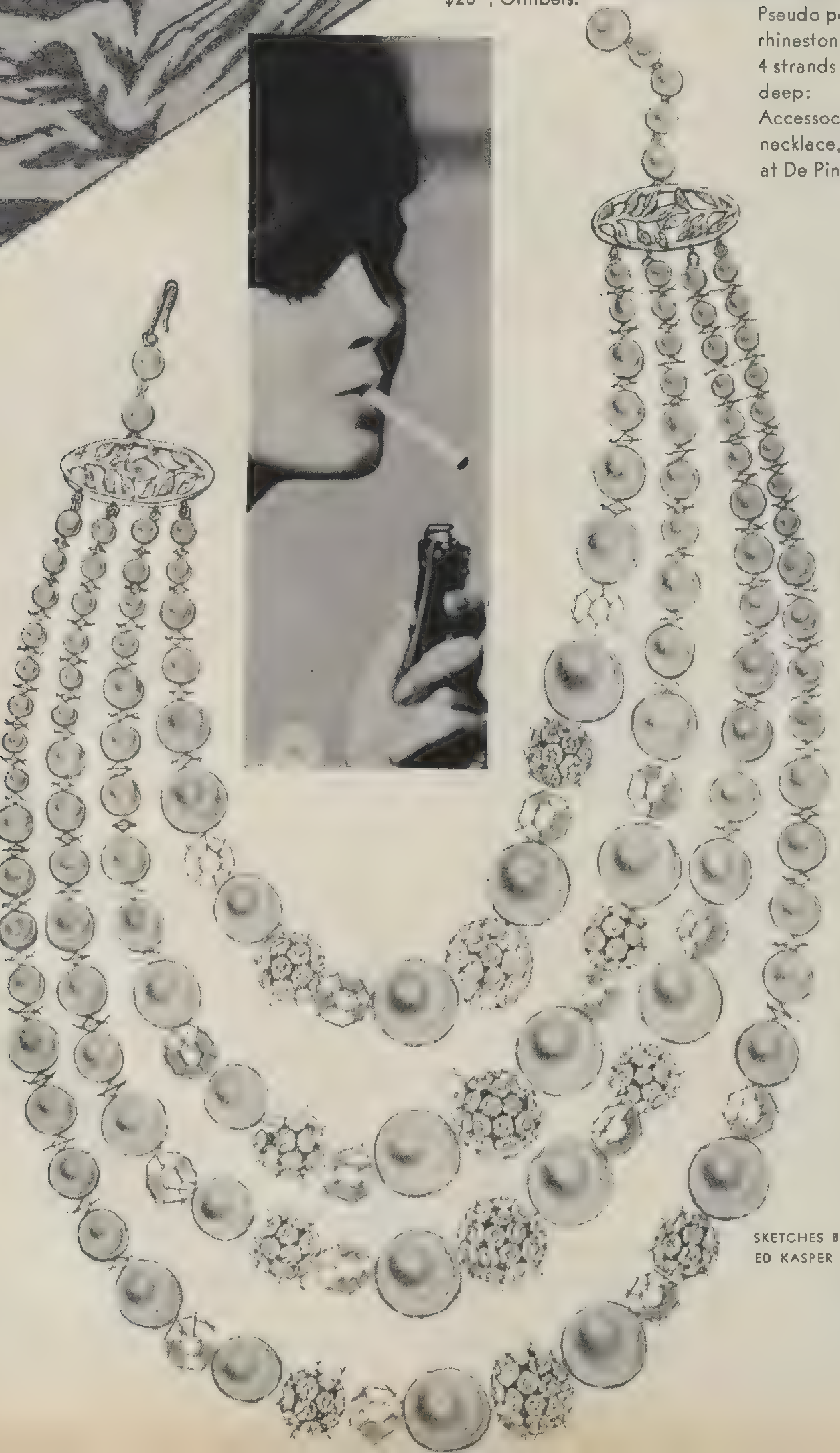






Silk bed pocket for magazines, spectacles. Stiff flap slips under mattress; $25 at Henri Bendel. New-this-year coat: sheared, natural Alaska fur seal—golden, pale, and shimmery—with a mink collar. Lakoda seal by Fouke. At Gunther Jaeckel. Lipstick-sized lighter, gold plate and rhinestones; Butane-powered. Ronson Ladylite, $20*; Gimbels.

Bide-a-Wee runs an excellent adoption service. Their kittens come with a guarantee of glowing good health; free, though a small contribution is welcome. (Having taken this risky step, it's wisest to invest in a form of furniture-insurance at once: really quite attractive scratching posts made up of thick cork that attach to any flat surface, and cats seem to find them a most dashing present.) . . . Now, if you can put the children out of your mind for a moment, on to more adult fascinations: At-home dressing has received a mighty shot in the arm from the presence of culottes in fashion. Sloat, for instance, has whipped up a really delicious floor-length culotte in black wool jersey. Not coincidentally, it looks wonderful with Sloat's little sleeveless black jersey top, and their cinchy, tasselled suède belt. If you're feeling particularly indulgent, you might be interested to know that the whole deal comes to $66 at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . (Nearly the same amount of money—$60, actually—will buy one ounce of L'Or. This is Coty's first new perfume in almost a decade, and they're not exactly throwing it around: two hundred bottles will be in the shops for Christmas—not an ounce more. L'Or itself is a delicious perfume—warm and sunny and engagingly adult. But, move quickly.) . . . Still staying close to home: consider a present of several little transistor radios for several rooms of the house. (Columbia can provide one with AM, FM, *and* short-wave bands.) . . . Some tape recorders, by the way, have also been bitten by the transistor bug, and have become very trim and portable as a result. . . . On the same wave length: handsome gold watches for men. These exist solely on a transistor diet (tiny, tiny transistors, of course), and need no winding for a year. Saks Fifth Avenue, among others, has them for about $200; less in silver. (Stocking-stuffer for the man who's in line for that watch: a positively unwrinkleable tie made in England of a firmly woven synthetic fabric called Terylene. $5 at MM, Park Ave.) . . . For a stereo buff: a gadget known as a Duo-Phonic Inductor that's hooked up between the two amplifiers, and *(Continued on next page)*



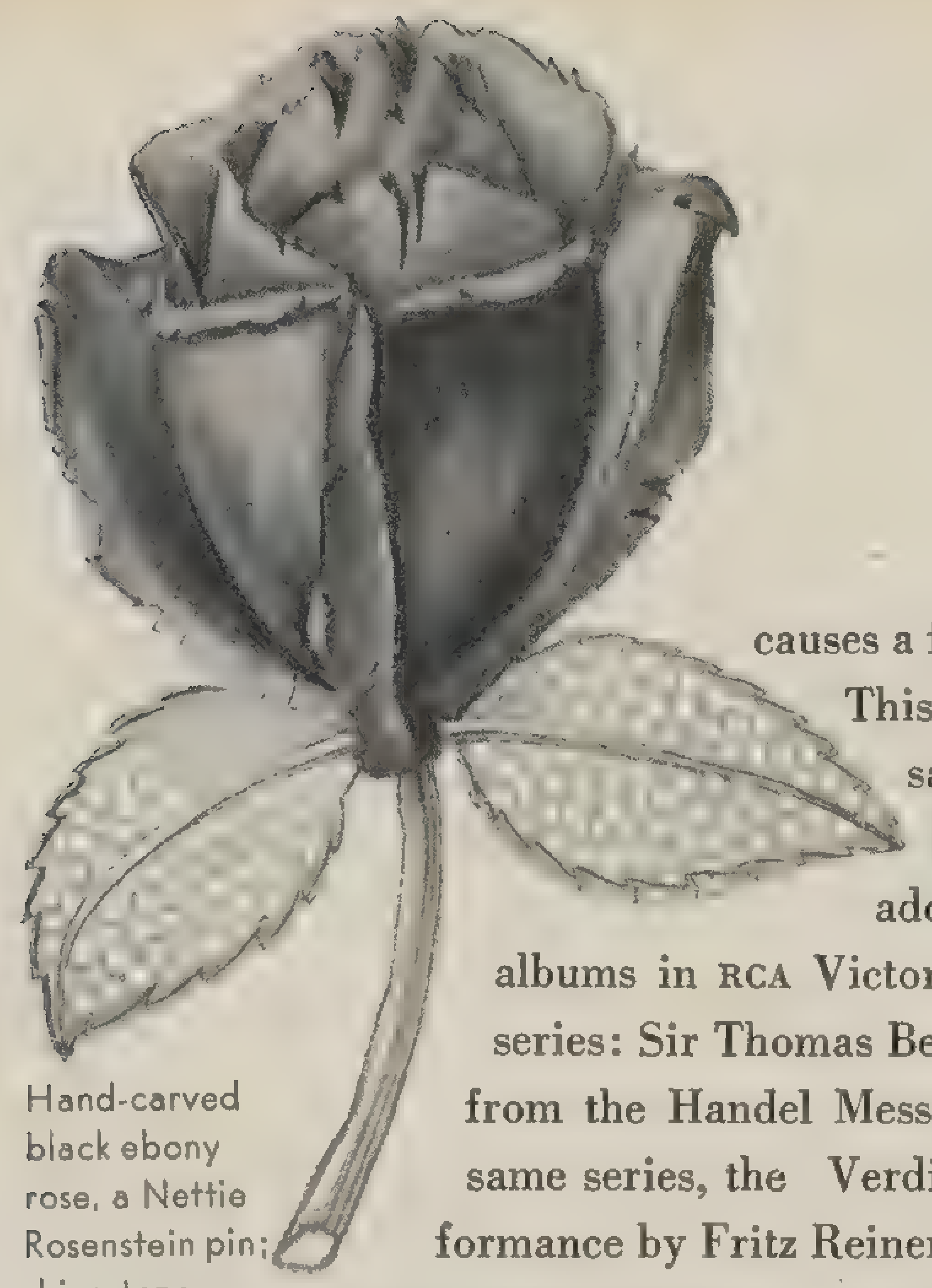
Pseudo pearls, rhinestones, 4 strands deep: Accessocraft necklace, $25* at De Pinna.

SKETCHES BY ED KASPER

Satin purse, to give in threes or fours in different colours (it comes in a dozen shades). By Ingber, $5 ea.; at Altman's. White Irish linen handkerchief hand-embroidered in Hong Kong: to give in quantity: 5 for $8. By Burmel. Saks Fifth Avenue.

Dashing presents

continued

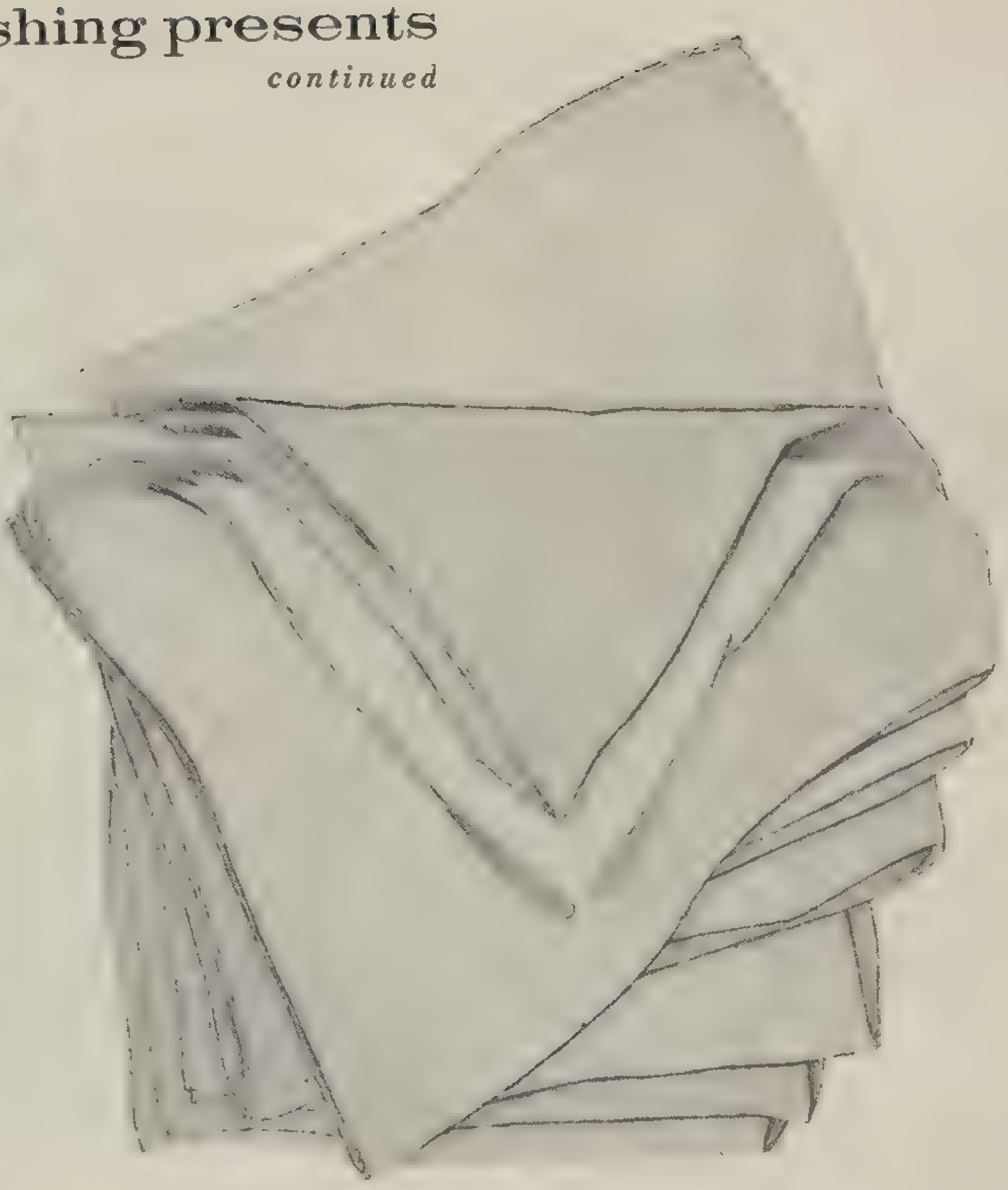


Hand-carved black ebony rose, a Nettie Rosenstein pin; rhinestone-studded leaves; $65*; at Bonwit Teller.
*PLUS TAX

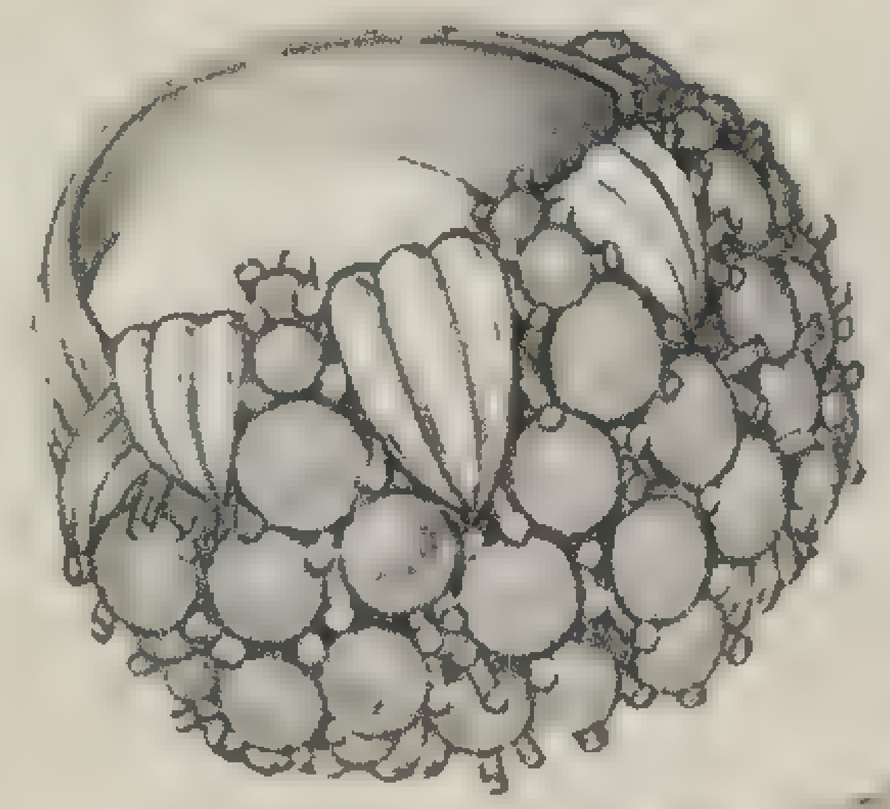
causes a fraction of a second's time lapse. This infinitesimal trick of timing is said to add a whole new sound dimension. (It might well be adding it to some of the fine new albums in RCA Victor's sumptuously packaged Seria series: Sir Thomas Beecham's recording of highlights from the Handel Messiah, for instance. Or, from the same series, the Verdi Requiem —a magnificent performance by Fritz Reiner, the Vienna Philharmonic, and four superb soloists.) . . . For a bowler: a gift certificate for a ball made to one's weight and finger-size preference; redeemable wherever bowling equipment is sold. . . . For someone on a diet: a basket of very special goodies—cookies, crackers, marmalades, spaghetti. The kind we mean are buyable at Health Food shops, and you have to look hard to find a calorie. . . . For someone not on a diet: a mixed case of imported beers (if you want it prettily wrapped, as well as delivered, we suggest you skip the local delicatessen, and think more along a Charles & Co. or Vendôme line). . . . Also for a who-me-worry-about-calories type: a cooking course. James Beard conducts a splendid one at his house in West 10th Street—the gastronomic fundamentals in six lessons. Whether or not you'd be able to give Brillat-Savarin a run for his money at the end of the course, we couldn't say. But alumni assure us that you'll be supremely confident around a soufflé. $125. (Courses, courses, courses: less than $30 buys three months of French lessons and a student membership to the French Institute. Also in six lessons, Isabel O'Neil will reveal all about the basic *(Continued on page 186)*

NEW SLANT ON THE RIBBON-GO-ROUND

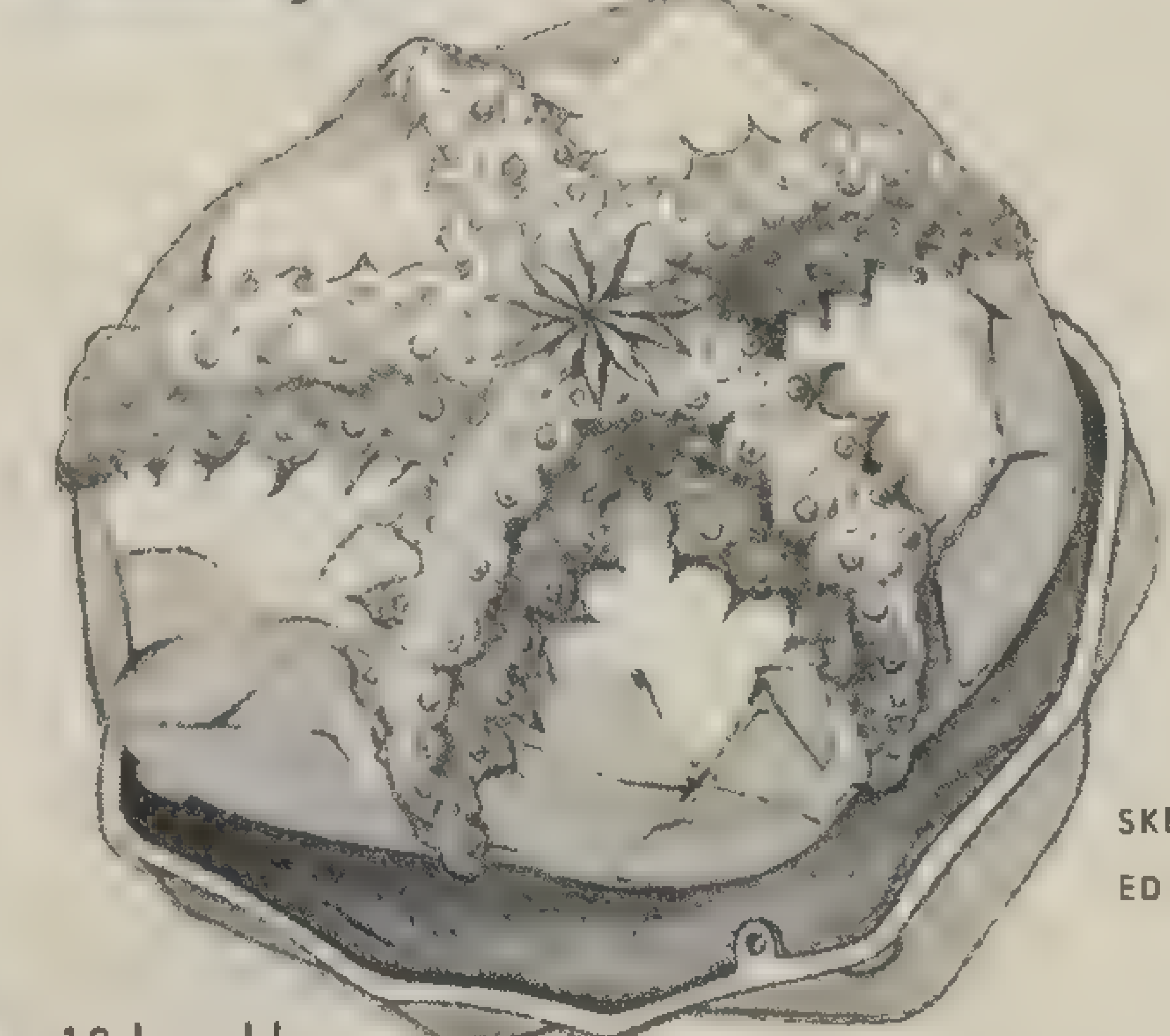
Right: Narrow black rayon velvet ribbons making stripes on the bias on a white wool drawstring blouse. This is a sew-it-yourself present proposition: the blouse, the slim, stretchy pants, are Vogue Patterns; the ribboning is cinchy and fun to improvise—it might as easily have been crisscrossed for a plaid effect. The blouse, an Anglo wool monotone tweed: Vogue Pattern 9884. Pants of black wool-and-Helanca-nylon stretch twill by Anglo: Vogue Pattern 5126. Another angle to the present-plan that's detailed here: the fur rug in the photograph, a tawny vicuña throw by D. J. Guccione.



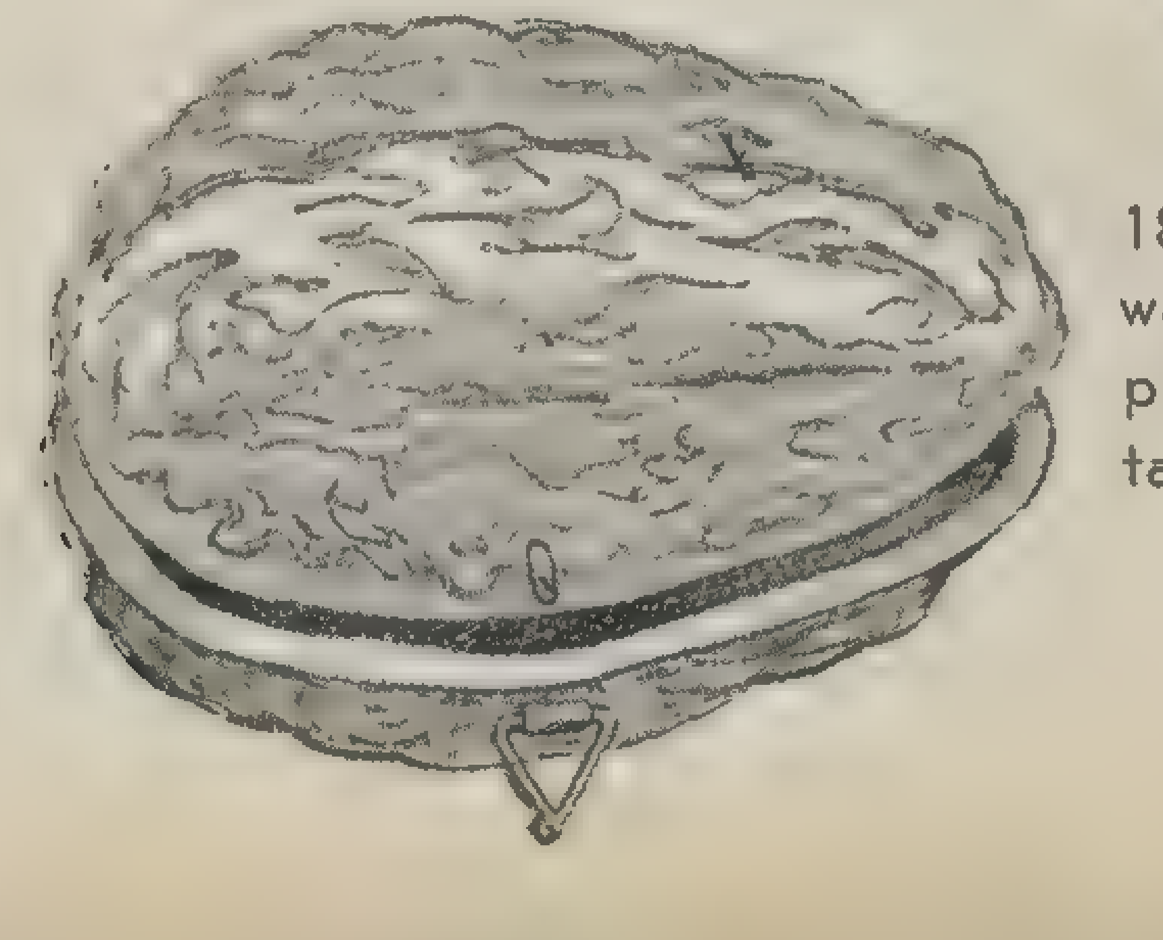
Irish linen handkerchiefs, six in assorted colours, $4. By Burmel, at Bonwit Teller.



Turquoise ring with ribbons of 18-k. gold; Tiffany, $295 inc. tax.



Starfish pill-box, 18-k. gold: $225 inc. tax; by Schlumberger of Tiffany.

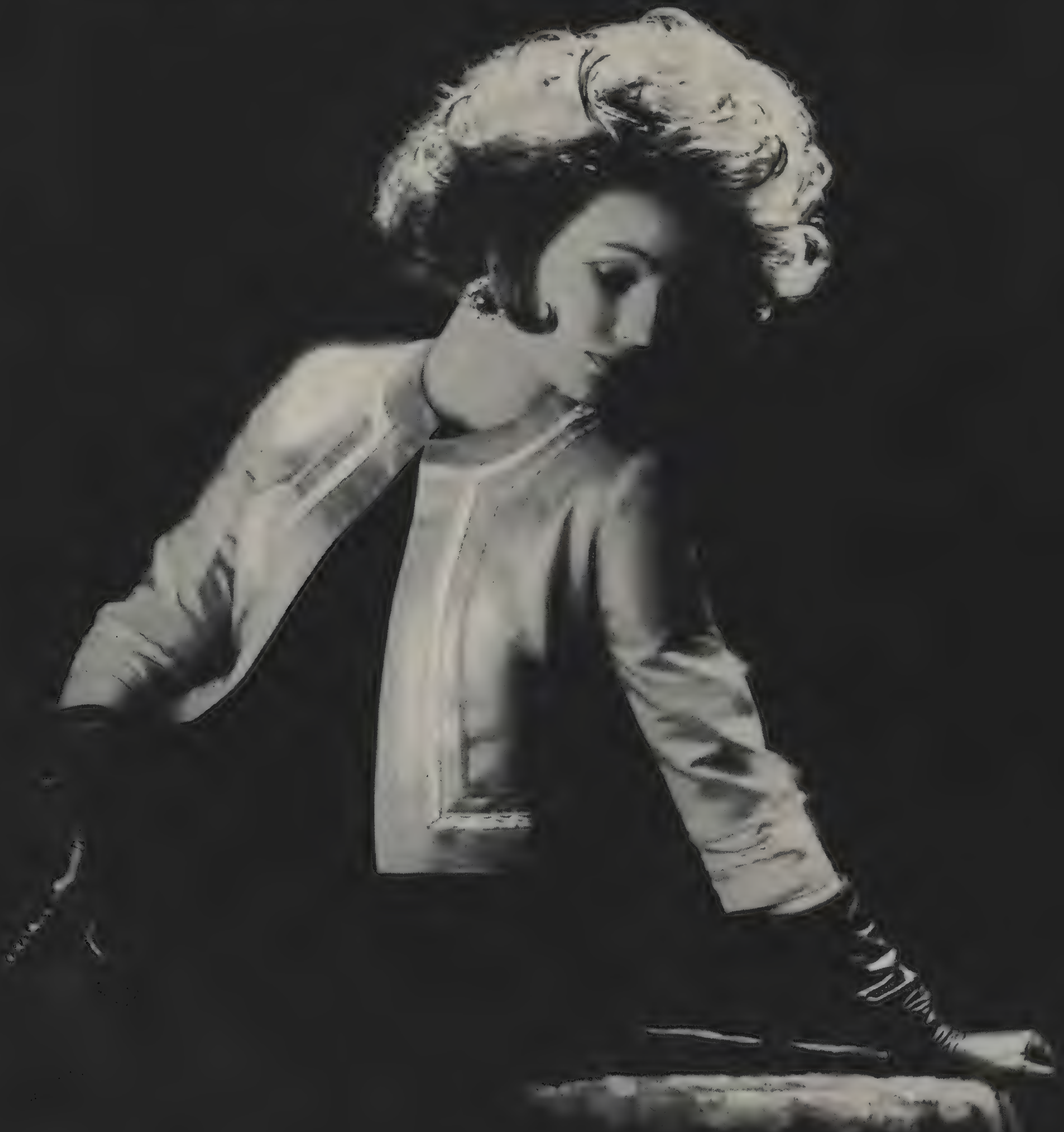


18-k. gold walnut to hold pills: $130 inc. tax at Tiffany.

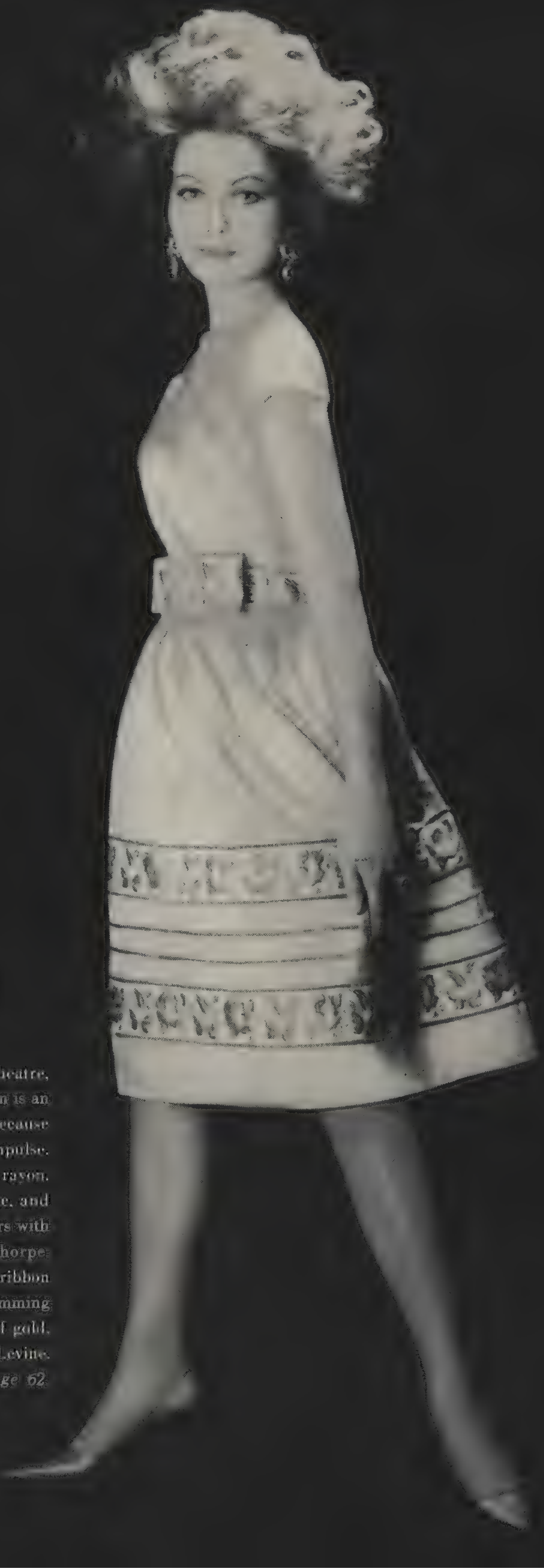
SKETCHES BY ED KASPER

SANTÉ FORLANO

VOGUE PATTERNS



VOGUE PATTERN 5151



The ribbon go-round

To do up in ribbons: a pale-blue satin cardigan for evenings at the theatre, and a soft little dinner dress, sea green. The sewing is easy, and ribbon is an open invitation to experiment and improvise, a special challenge because the greatest designers go on and on being caught by the ribbon impulse. Both the dress and jacket are in Onondaga satin of silk and Avisco rayon. *Left:* On a Chanel-look jacket, French jacquard ribbon, gold, blue, and white; gold rayon velvet ribbon. Trimming like this also works wonders with a wool cardigan. Vogue Pattern 5151. Wear-Right gloves, at Jay Thorpe. *Right:* Two-piece late-day dress, banded and belted with trapunto ribbon that plays up to the soft green of the satin; with moss-green ribbon trimming of Swiss rayon velvet, the trapunto French jacquard ribbon a mix of gold, green, blue, and white. Vogue Pattern 4165. The shoes, by Herbert Levine. *For other views, sizes, details, and yardages of these patterns, see page 62.*

SANTE FORLANO [illegible] VOGUE PATTERN 4165

Dagmar

Free-thinking furs

Fur individualists, here, that think for themselves—with non-routine results. The line-up: a jaguar with new horizontalism, a skunk parka, a beaver trench coat that happens to be American-beauty red. None, perhaps, should be an only-fur fur, but each is a marvellous idea for the dashing side of an open-minded clothes-life. *Far left:* Jaguar coat with lateral spots and seams, to wear in town over pale or bright wools, in the country over tweeds, turtley necks. By Alixandre, of Peruvian jaguar; at Hattie Carnegie; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. *Left:* For the country-and-ski circuit, a black skunk jacket with drawstring hood, the white markings on both copying the original wearer of these skins. By Manos & Block, of natural skunk. De Pinna; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin. *Right:* Beaver trench coat in a traffic-stopping colour—bright red, with extra fur-news in the big patch pockets. This, for country, city lat day, over stark black. Coat by Brady for Fantasia, of dyed Canadian beaver; at Lord & Taylor; N. H. Rosenthal; Joseph Magnin.

ARIZONA: NEW FLIGHTS, EIGHT PLACES

Because of new jet service, Phoenix now is only five hours and fifty-five minutes away from New York—including change of time as well as the thirty-five-minute stopover in Chicago, where through passengers need not get off the plane. Leaving New York on the nine o'clock morning plane, travellers arrive in Phoenix before one o'clock and in time for luncheon. The return flight is only a little over five hours. From Los Angeles to Phoenix is just one hour and ten minutes by jet-hop. On this route, American Air Lines flies the 720 medium range jets. Round trip fares from New York: about $350, first class; about $270, tourist.

From the air, Arizona's naked, sienna-coloured mountains, like great sheltering shoulders, wall in enormous bowls of desert—each long city looks like a single rib-chop in a blistering beige pan. At Sky Harbor, Phoenix's brick and glassy airport, the inescapable sight is the round control tower, like an aluminum mushroom lifted high on a silvery stem.

At Apache Junction

The contagious boom in Arizona continues. Among the newest developments is Apache Junction, thirty miles east of Phoenix, where five highways crisscross the desert like ribbons. Here stands the two-month-old Hotel Superstition Ho, named after the umber-coloured mountain four miles away, which looks like a sleeping dinosaur blocking the desert; at twilight, its enormous hulk turns purple-blue from its own shadow. Incidentally, this is that overworked desert seen in Westerns.

The Hotel Superstition Ho, with its sprawling wings like the spokes of a wheel, melts into the desert. On the grounds, the one spot of colour is the enormous patio, where guests lunch around the pool, circled with yellow and white chairs. Inside, it is a mix of Victorian and Western, with a staff that seems straight off the sets of an Agnes de Mille ballet. The manager receives in a 14-carat gold brocade vest with rhinestone studs. A single room, about $10 a day; a double room for two, $14; in the suites with kitchenettes, rates for two begin at $18, meals extra. Naturally, there is a riding stable.

Six around Scottsdale

Behind Western façades, the cliché of Arizona, Scottsdale blooms with good shops and restaurants. Among the restaurants, the Birdcage is new and small, with three strolling singers in the Spanishy patio. The Pink Pony in the centre of town has good steaks as well as a cosy atmosphere. The Red Dog, now on its second season, is big and barny—with a honky tonk piano, a bar with calendar art, and a sixteen-foot chandelier. The Racquet Club, a glassy and turquoise stone building like a balcony cantilevered on the slopes of Camelback Mountain, combines good food with a tremendous view. (After five, reservations are necessary.) At the Black Sheep, an amusing key club, a splurge of Victoriana; the only choice of food lies between sandwiches at five cents apiece, and frankfurters self-barbecued. To enter the small room with twelve Tiffany chandeliers, each member says the pass word: "Joe sent me."

Among the newer places to stay is the lively, luxe Mountain Shadows, which the locals consider "very Vegas." Its assets: large quiet rooms with dressing rooms, a patio and sliding glass walls, an oversize blue pool, fifteen acres for desert rides and chuck-wagon luncheons, plus dancing and a floor show every night. During the season, January through April, rates from $24 to $34 a day for one person; these prices do not include meals.

North of Phoenix

Sixty-four-years-old, the Castle Hot Springs is still one of the best hotels. Forty-five miles north of Phoenix and two thousand feet up, the hotel numbers among its pleasures, mineral baths, comfortable un-ranch life, simple rooms with good beds, superb food, cookouts, as well as reserved horses for the riders. Guests follow the doctor's prescription for the pleasant bathing in the hot pools—enormous swimming holes scooped in lavender rocks. (Pool bath, $1; with massage, $5.) There is, of course, the usual swimming pool, as well as a small nine-hole golf course, tennis, and bridge. A single room, with meals, $37 a day; a double, $48; cottages run higher. The season at Castle Hot Springs runs from January 15 through early April . . . when there are wildflowers all over.

WHEN IS A PARTY THE BEST OF THE YEAR?

Although everyone has been to at least one party that couldn't have been saved by the arrival of Madame Récamier, Oscar Wilde, and the Gabor sisters, *ensemble*, that kind of party seldom happens around Christmas. What counts for ninety per cent of the pleasure are the holidays and the shimmer they cast over parties; the other ten per cent is mostly one eye for what's fun, another for detail. (The details in the Penn photograph here: champagne in a tulip glass from Baccarat; grey beluga caviar, in need of nothing but what it's getting.) On the next seven pages, details for the parties across the U. S. A.—Newport to San Francisco—that might be the best *this* year.

PENN

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING

Style 86542

The floor, naturally, is Tessera Corlon—one of the famous Armstrong VINYL FLOORS

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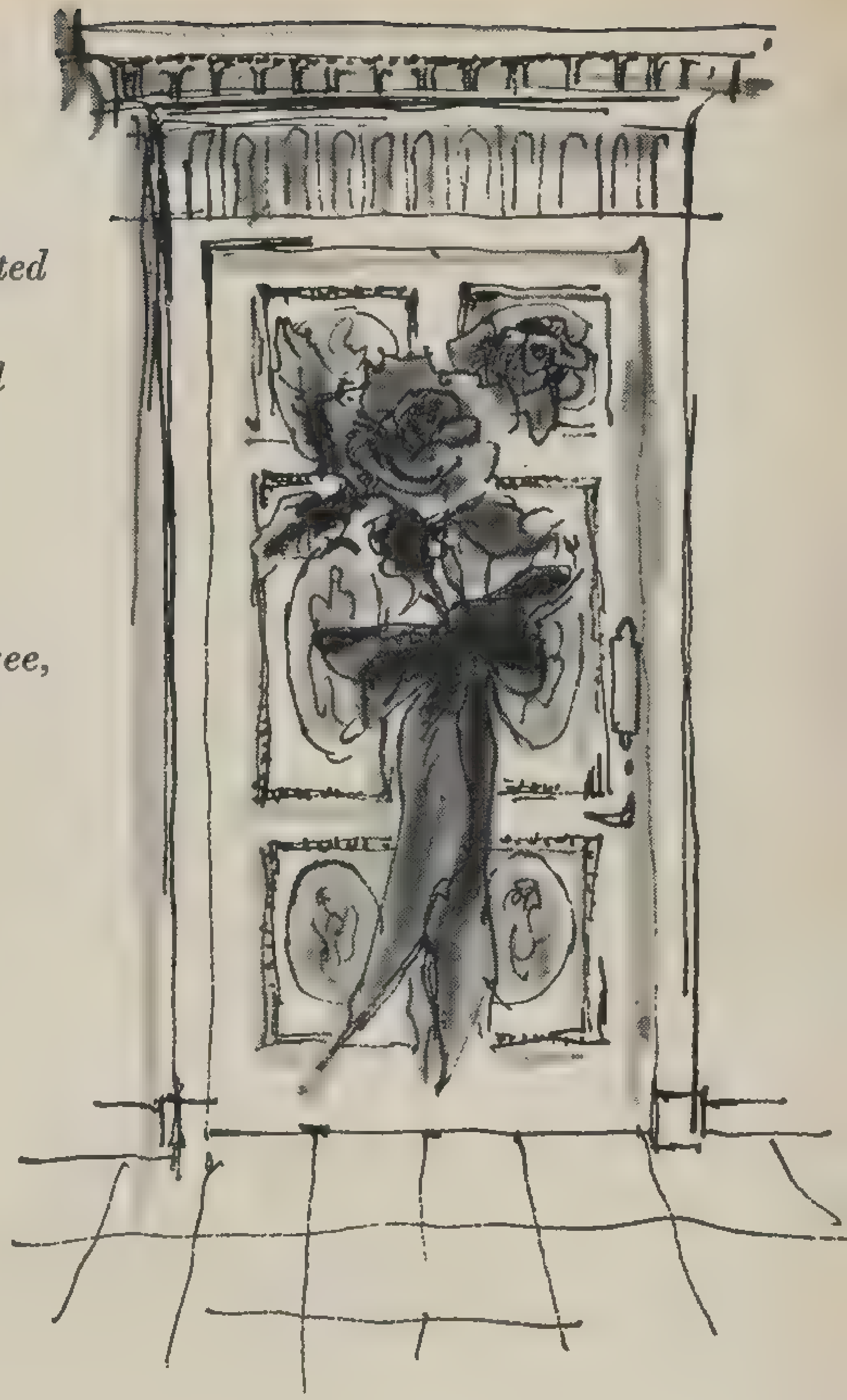


The corsage on this hall door, an old carved and painted French one, is made of full-bloom, crimson velvet roses, bigger and longer-stemmed than any real rose ever grew to be. This door in the Sidney Lumet New York apartment opens to a view of wrought-iron trees with long-burning candles in red and yellow glass cups, to the pitter of a Victorian music box, and to an inventive Christmas tree, chandeliered—shown on the next page.

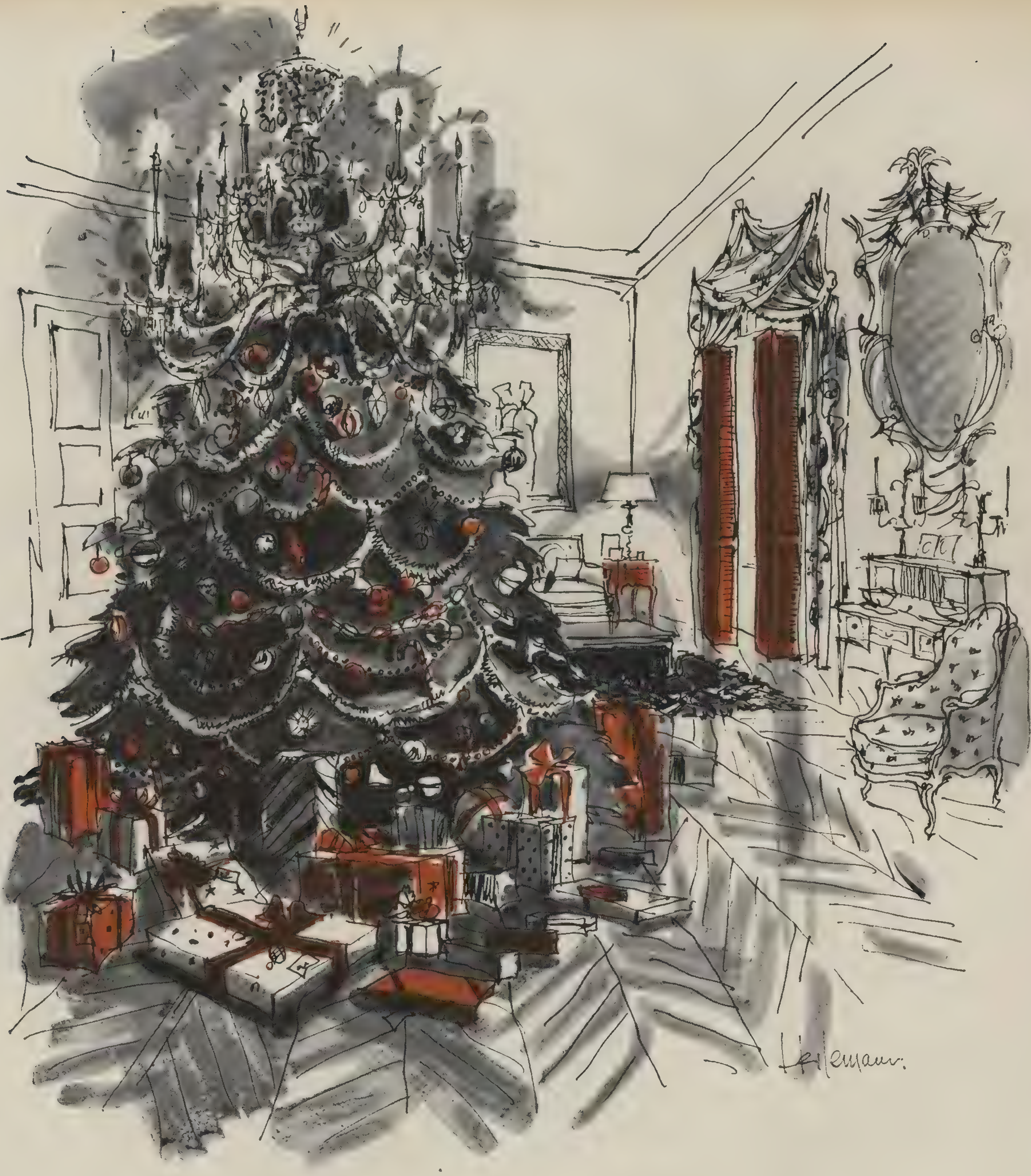
HOLIDAY PARTIES—DETAILS FROM TALENTED PARTY-GIVERS, AROUND THE U.S.A.

NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY FOR ONE HUNDRED IN NEWPORT . . . Inside and out, the holiday look of The Orchard, the Georgian house of Mr. and Mrs. Verner Z. Reed in Newport, celebrates a New England Christmas—great wreaths on the high iron fences and gateposts, ropes of greens on the outdoor banisters, tall trees flanking the door, everything generously sprinkled with white lights. The doors in the entrance hallway are framed with Christmas cards pinned on long, broad red ribbons that hang from the ceiling. A huge spiralled golden metal tree, wired with twinkling white lights, stands in the hallway, too. (One year the Reeds had a white tree with big pink wax roses, so *that* year the card ribbons were bright green.) . . . Twenty close friends come for New Year's Eve roast beef dinner. One hundred are invited for dancing later to a four-piece orchestra in the ivory drawing room. At midnight all the lights are turned out, guests are given candle torches to hold as they dance, the effect is electric fantasy. After midnight, a long table in the crystal-chandeliered dining room is divided into three tables, other tables are brought in, and everybody sits down to a supper of cold turkey, ham, scrambled eggs, sandwiches, and one hot Italian *pasta* dish, the first meal of the New Year.

CHRISTMAS CHRISTENING . . . At Laurier, a big white house high on a Bryn Mawr hill, Mr. and Mrs. Tristram Colket give an annual Christmas Day party that had *its* origins in a christening twenty-five years ago. Since then, all the Colket children have been christened on Christmas Day, and the party, with or without a christening to celebrate, has grown with them. Invitations go out on Christmas cards, inviting whole families to "come to the Colkets, five to seven." At a tea table near a tremendous Christmas tree in her French drawing room, Mrs. Colket receives the guests, who move on into the dining room for eggnog, champagne, turkey, smoked ham, and to the breakfast room for special-order drinks. All over the house: orchids and carnations from the Colkets' great greenhouse.

THE CHRISTMAS EVE PARTIES IN GEORGETOWN, D. C. . . . One of Washington's great enchantments is the Christmas look of Georgetown, its eighteenth- and nineteenth-century houses brilliantly lighted, with a feeling of parties everywhere. . . . One of the best Georgetown parties is that of Mr. and Mrs. André de Limur, late afternoon on Christmas Eve in their rather château house across from Dumbarton Oaks. They invite a mix of ages, sometimes for dancing, sometimes just for champagne and high tea: *pâté de foie gras*, smoked turkeys, little chocolate cakes. . . . That evening, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Friendly give a dance in their Georgetown house—a happy mingling of the young (the family has five children) and the press (he is managing editor of *The Washington Post*). The party is informal, with a supper served late—sometimes after the midnight service at the National Cathedral, where the singing is magnificent and Paul Callaway plays the organ.

TWO PAST SUCCESSES AT THE CHRISTMAS TREE SALE in the San Francisco Museum of Art: an unreal tree made of small packages wrapped in gold ribbon and attached to a wire cone, the whole small enough to sit on a low table; another, for children's parties, all candy canes hung on brass rings, growing from a red flowerpot. Decorated and contributed by Museum members, the trees—sold before Christmas at a fairly gala party—make money for the Museum, fun for members.



CHRISTMAS TREE WITH A CHANDELIER AS STAR—AT THE SIDNEY LUMETS

At 7 A.M. Christmas morning Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Lumet and Mrs. Lumet's two young sons, Christopher and Stanley Stokowski, are in their New York apartment, by a magnificent Christmas tree, its star the living room's four-foot-deep George III crystal chandelier. The tree is looped with tinsel, dotted with small white lights and such Austrian ornaments as wooden angels in glass balls, such American ones as cornucopias made by the boys of red-and-white striped foil, holiday centrepiece for the Lumets' long, high, coral-sprinkled drawing room, with a coral-and-gold-coloured Chinese Chippendale mantelpiece, where the boys leave crackers and milk for Santa. Later in the day, the tree shines for the adults and children who come for Christmas turkey, a dinner that ends with a flaming plum pudding, sprigged with holly.

HOLIDAY PARTIES *continued*

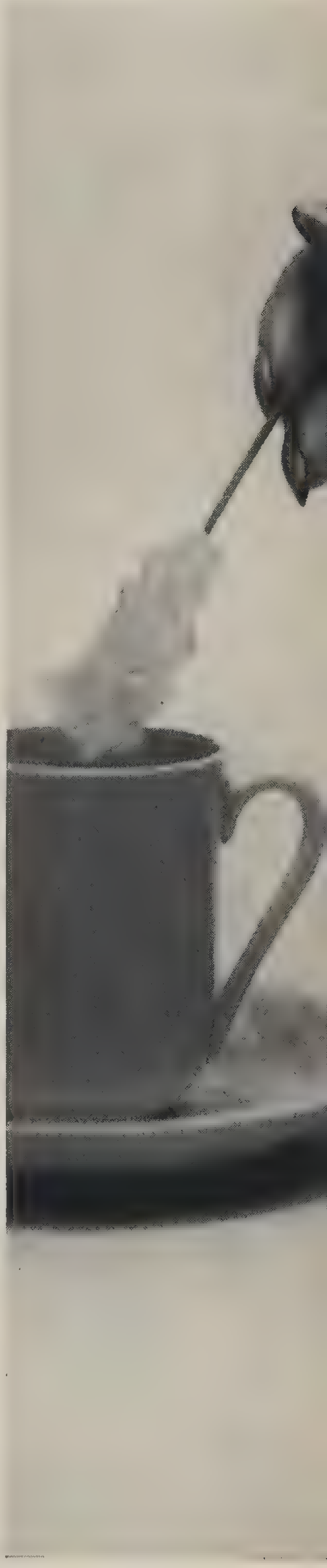
NEW YEAR'S AFTERNOON BY THE SEA . . . To Cave Cliff, her white clapboard Newport house, overlooking the Atlantic, Mrs. C. Oliver O'Donnell invites about seventy-five for drinks late New Year's afternoon. Guests include the winter colony, their visiting friends, the younger people in Newport for the holidays, naval officers with their wives, and foreign naval officers temporarily attending the Naval War College. Inside, the house is as fresh as the hours-old year with spring flowers massed everywhere in the halls and the two rangy L-shaped living rooms. To go with the drinks, hot hors d'oeuvres, Swiss cheese and pumpernickel bread, and home-made *pâté* are on a buffet table at the end of the dining-sitting room by a sea-view window.

PARTY CONDITIONED IN PINK . . . For their many holiday parties, most of which include children from ten through débutantes, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Gary like the looks of pink. Most of the pink goes in the ground floor dining room of their New York apartment. In that room, with its great fireplace at one end, French doors-on-a-garden at the other, evergreen walls, and bare polished parquet floors, pink and candlelight make a pretty point. The round tables for ten that stand about the room are skirted with floor-length pale-pink cloths that could be any cotton sheeting or even burlap. Over them go even fainter pink tarlatan cloths to the floor, and over *them*, pink satin ribbons, crisscrossed. Standing like sheaves of wheat, the centrepieces are really thick bunches of dried starflowers, sprinkled with moss roses and tied tightly at the middle with green velvet ribbon. Small toy birds, brightly feathered, sit in the starflowers, seem to have landed just a moment ago. On the mantelpiece and sideboard, pale-pink bows catch fresh ivy. The Gary menu: caviar, chopped egg whites, yolks, and onions, lemon wedges, sour cream, all on ice, with toast triangles; beef Stroganoff with wild rice, endive salad with Bibb lettuce, water cress, and avocado, *croissants;* a macédoine of fruit—apples, raspberries, pears, strawberries, with Grand Marnier; Christmas cookies; champagne.

MUSIC FOR RENT . . . Many people are hiring small electric pianos, those instruments that any piano player can produce guitar-like music on. They come packed in a valise, and when unpacked move about the house on dolly wheels—to one room for cocktails, to another for after dinner. In New York, $25 for the party includes delivery and pick-up by Frank Muccio. . . . Playing the cymbalum is a vanishing art, but in most big cities a cymbalumist can be located through the Musicians Union, and the effort will be rewarding. A Middle European gipsy instrument, about as big as the insides of a piano, it is played by tapping the strings with two little felt-wrapped hammers. In New York the Meyer Davis office will book, for people who order a few weeks in advance, a charming Hungarian cymbalumist, Toni, as well as her cymbalum—$100 for both for two-and-a-half hours.

A FAMOUS NEW YEAR'S EVE FORMULA . . . Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller's New Year's Eve dinner dance, an institution that for their friends is one of the best of the year, consists of these ingredients: eight o'clock dinner, half-past ten dancing, supper just after midnight, forty for dinner, one hundred more for the dance, for which Austrian musicians usually play. Every year there are new ideas in the decorations; last year Helen Cole composed them mostly of plumes in Goya red (based on the Millers' noted Goya "Red Boy"), citron yellow, and white—caught in big bouquets at the top of deep ivory curtains in the drawing room. Velvet ribbons in red and white, looped down from the plumes. More feathers, more ribbons in the hallways—pieces of sculpture, horse head, blackamoors with plumed headdresses, and over every door a formal pattern of broad velvet ribbons. In the dining room, two looks: for dinner, chartreuse cloths, red-cupped candles, wreaths of orange and ruby carnations. For supper, smaller tables, deep pink cloths, patio lights, roses and marigolds.

MAKE-YOUR-OWN STEAK SANDWICHES . . . The guests who return to Miss Cynthia Cannon's apartment for firelight dancing, after midnight Mass in New York, put the finishing touches on pre-marinated, rare squares of filet by spearing them with long silver skewers, heating them over the charcoal fire in the marble fireplace, eating them with toast and Dijon mustard. (Small *hibachis* could replace the fireplace.)

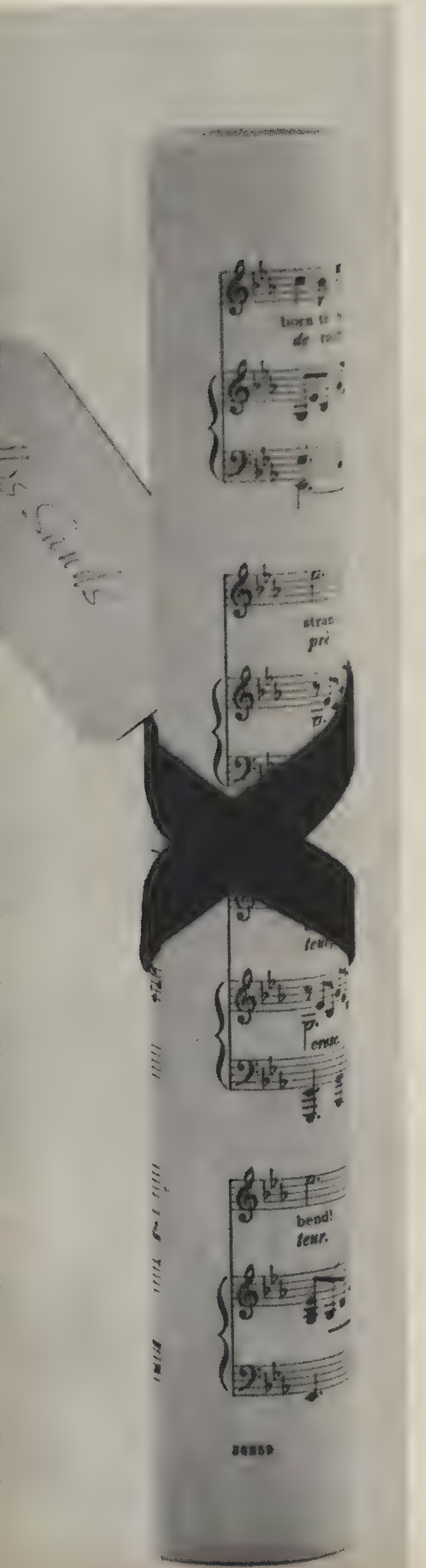


THE BIG ROCK CANDY DETAIL: *Small things with any number of uses, rock-candy sticks look particularly attractive on a coffee tray, to be swirled in coffee. Other uses: to add to the wrappings of Christmas presents; to tie up with ribbon in quartzy bunches for children who come calling. The kind here are called "Swizzle Sticks."*

FUJIKI

HOLIDAY PARTIES *continued*

FUJIKI



NON-FAMILY LUNCHEON ON RUSSIAN HILL . . . In San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Jerd Sullivan schedule their Christmas Day luncheon more or less as a shift of scenery for friends involved, most of the day, with family. Everyone sits at little tables; on the buffet table are smoked turkey and *pâté de foie gras,* lamb *hochepot,* cold smoked ham, a mushroom ring with fresh peas, lettuce and water-cress salad; pumpkin pie, chocolate cake, and fresh pineapple compote. Sometimes at Christmas, the Sullivan house is mostly red and white, with red roses, white azalea, and a silvered tree hung with big red ornaments. In the garden there might be a tree with bright wooden birds and animals.

DECEMBER DINNER, DONE UP IN APRIL FLOWERS . . . Luther Greene gives a buffet dinner every year after Christmas and before New Year's in partnership with Mrs. Griffith Coale at her big New York apartment. The chief surprise is a suckling pig, crowned with yellow roses on a great platter with daffodils, croci, and tulips. To go with the pig there's lentil purée, hot currants, sauerkraut, water-cress salad, crêpes suzette with water chestnuts, pineapple, and orange; to go with everything, champagne. Among arrangements of spring blossoms, mostly yellow to offset the waves of greenery, the twenty to thirty guests sit at small tables around the apartment. . . . At Mr. Greene's own flat in the basement of an old New York building, holiday guests cross his entrance on stone steps above a shallow pool, railed by ivy-covered ironwork, fed by a garden fountain, and lighted by candles in clear glass cups.

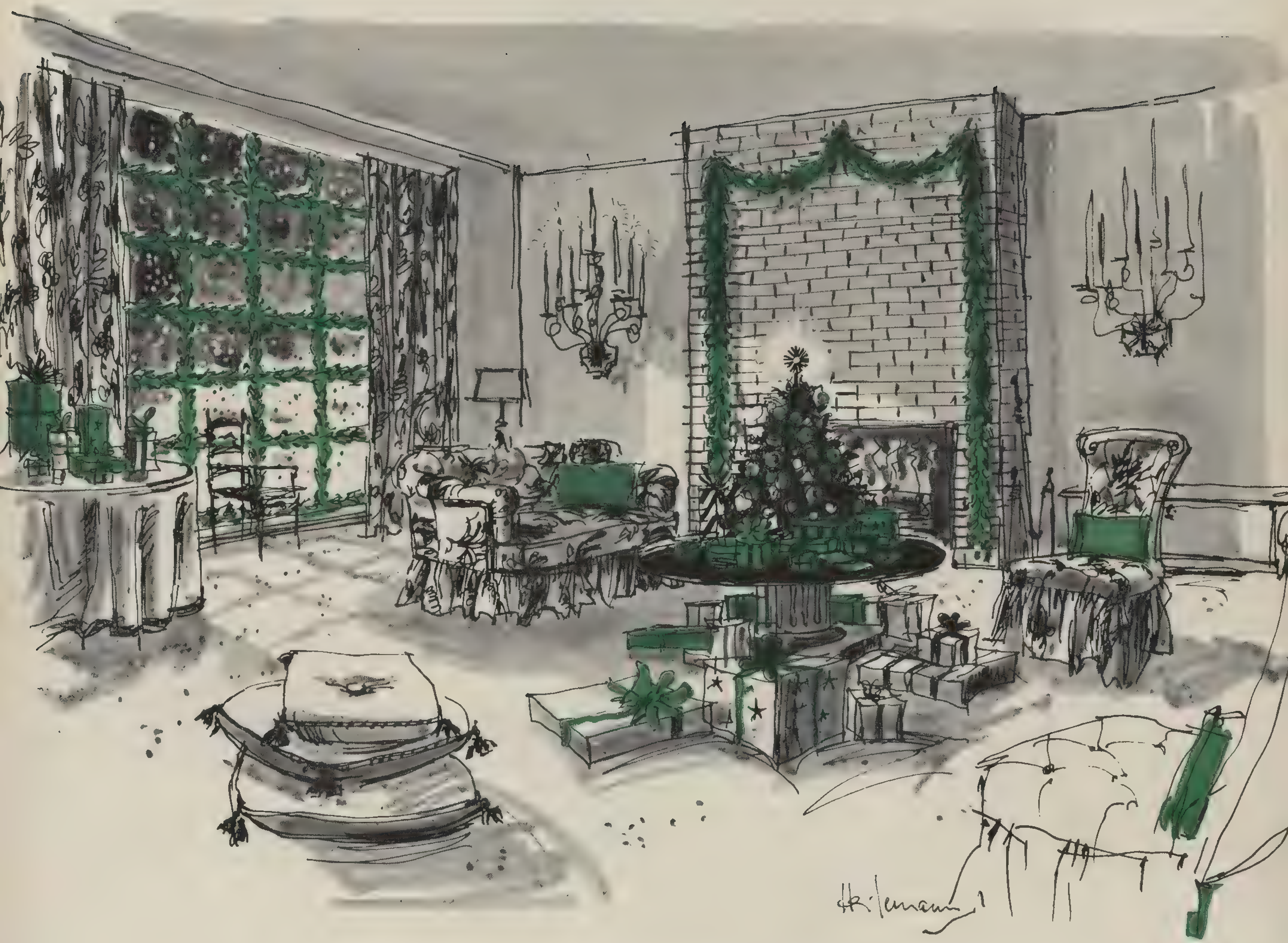
MAYPOLE FOR CHRISTMAS . . . For a small house or apartment, one inventively pretty in-place-of-a-tree idea is the Christmas Maypole designed by Jack Bonar, the New York decorator. Wrapped in gold-bordered ribbon, the green Maypole grows from a nest of pine branches, which might hold presents. On top of the pole is a small Christmas tree with a glittery silver star; from the base of this little tree, ribbons spin out to a pine circlet that holds them out from the pole. Below the circlet, the ribbons flutter down, each a different length, each tied with a particularly beautiful ornament. In suspended flight on and off the Maypole are three unreal surprises: a big splashy butterfly, a pretty beetle, and even a flying white-paper dove.

THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS IN FORT WORTH is apt to be open house everywhere, with friends dropping in to deliver presents and admire trees. During that week, Mrs. Andrew Fuller serves, along with tea or drinks, a rather special Japanese fruitcake (made of a very light batter, and iced), as well as thin sandwiches of mustard greens and pumpernickel. The Fullers, incidentally, have an unusual, faintly Oriental Christmas tree: a leafless tree, stripped of its bark and gilded, with a shadow-making tracery of small branches—some of them hung with long gilt leaves, glittering prisms, and tinfoil birds in gilded raffia cages. (Under it, piles of presents wrapped in coloured burlap.) . . . One of the Christmas Eve parties, that of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. McCurdy, is a free-form evening, with drinks and a buffet dinner from six until midnight. . . . On Christmas morning, there are more parties—Mrs. F. Kirk Johnson has one, Mrs. Robert Windfohr another—the guests arriving after church for eggnog and fruitcake.

FOR A CHRISTMAS DINNER DANCE in a white-walled room, this plan, only slightly less romantic than *Gone With the Wind:* spangled tarlatan, everywhere—making swags at the windows, a wreath, large and small Christmas trees, films over the tables. Designed by Harry D. Bell of New York, this scheme is a splash of green, bright blue, aquamarine, deep pink. Unmistakably gala.

CHRISTMAS EVE DETAIL . . . *when carolling is to follow dinner or supper, a hostess might provide each guest with words and music in a small book or on loose sheets, tied with coloured velvet ribbons. (Place cards might be tucked into the roll.) Another idea, for someone musical: to write a few measures for each guest, and play them off after dinner.*

COCKTAIL PARTY MAGNET: a shellfish bar. For holiday parties in her New York apartment, Mrs. Norbert McKenna fills big silver platters with crushed ice, lemon wedges, and both oysters and clams on the half shell, plus small bowls of cocktail sauce, horse-radish sauce, and mignonette sauce dusted with cracked pepper. Around the trays, bowls of oyster crackers, as well as little silver plates, napkins, and oyster forks.



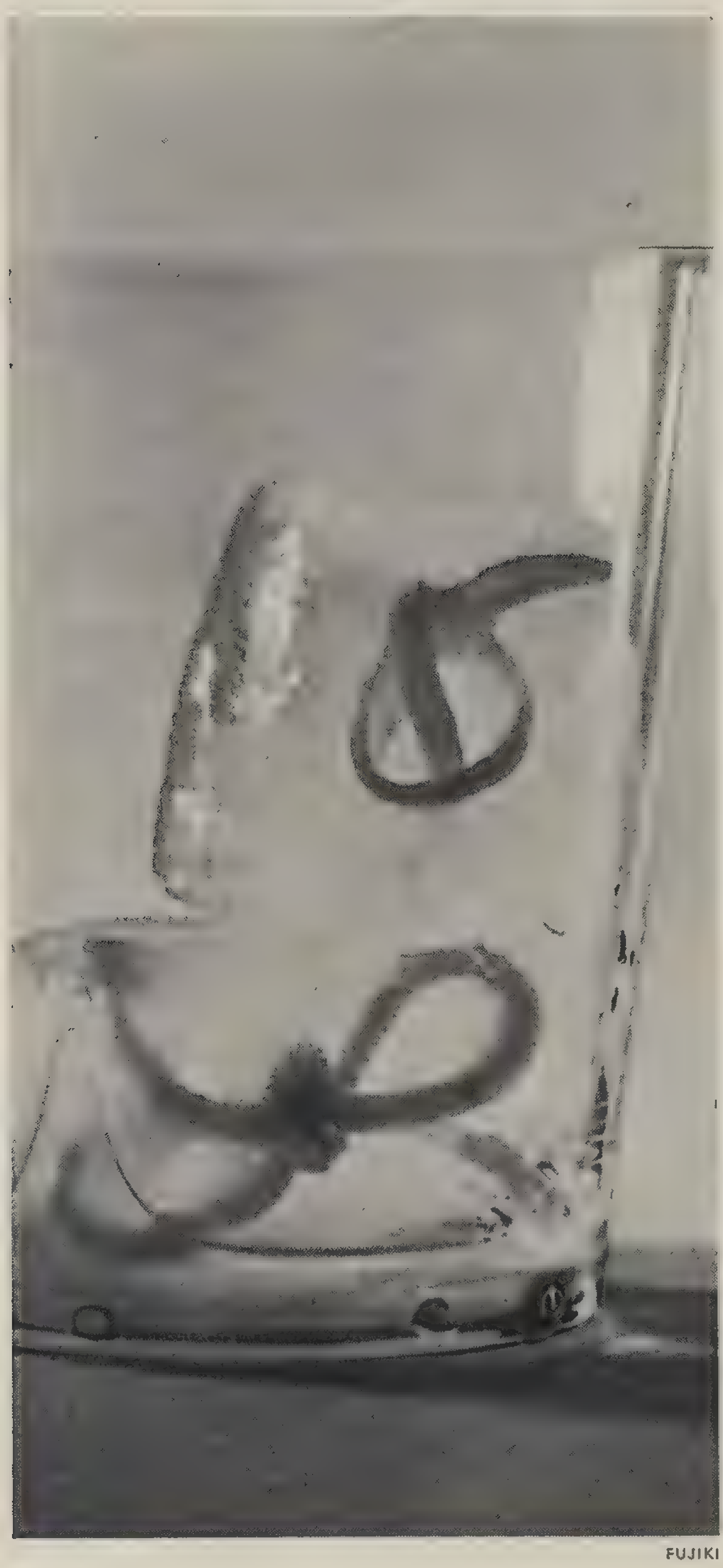
CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE HUNTING COUNTRY—AT THE KENT LEAVITTS

At Fraleigh Hill Farm, the Leavitt house near Millbrook, New York,
the comfort-and-charm room above *is the Christmas centre—*
here, presents and Christmas dinner,
which might be borsch, pheasant bagged on the farm,
wild rice, creamed celery, Orange à l' Arabe, Bûche de Noël, and champagne.
In this beautiful room, three generations of Leavitts and their guests
gather for presents heaped around a low table,
topped with a Christmas tree. For background
there's a white brick, green-swagged fireplace wall, flanked by two huge polychrome
wood appliques, and a long row of French windows, crisscrossed
for the holidays with aromatic greenery,
giving onto a brick-paved terrace and a view of the rolling,
usually in December, snowy, hills beyond.

HOLIDAY PARTIES *continued*

NEW YEAR'S HUNT SUPPER, INCLUDING NON-HUNTERS . . . What began some fifteen years ago as a hunt tea has become an annual at home for friends and neighbours of Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Strawbridge, Jr., at their old farmhouse in Unionville, Pennsylvania. After the New Year's Day meet of *Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds* (Mr. Strawbridge is Joint Master), guests start arriving for eggnog at five; other guests arrive later for the buffet supper. Both the decorations and the menu are as firm every year as the date of the party: evergreens and mistletoe around the house, and, on the buffet, in earthenware casseroles and copper pots—beef and kidney pie, black bean soup, turkey, ham, and cheese.

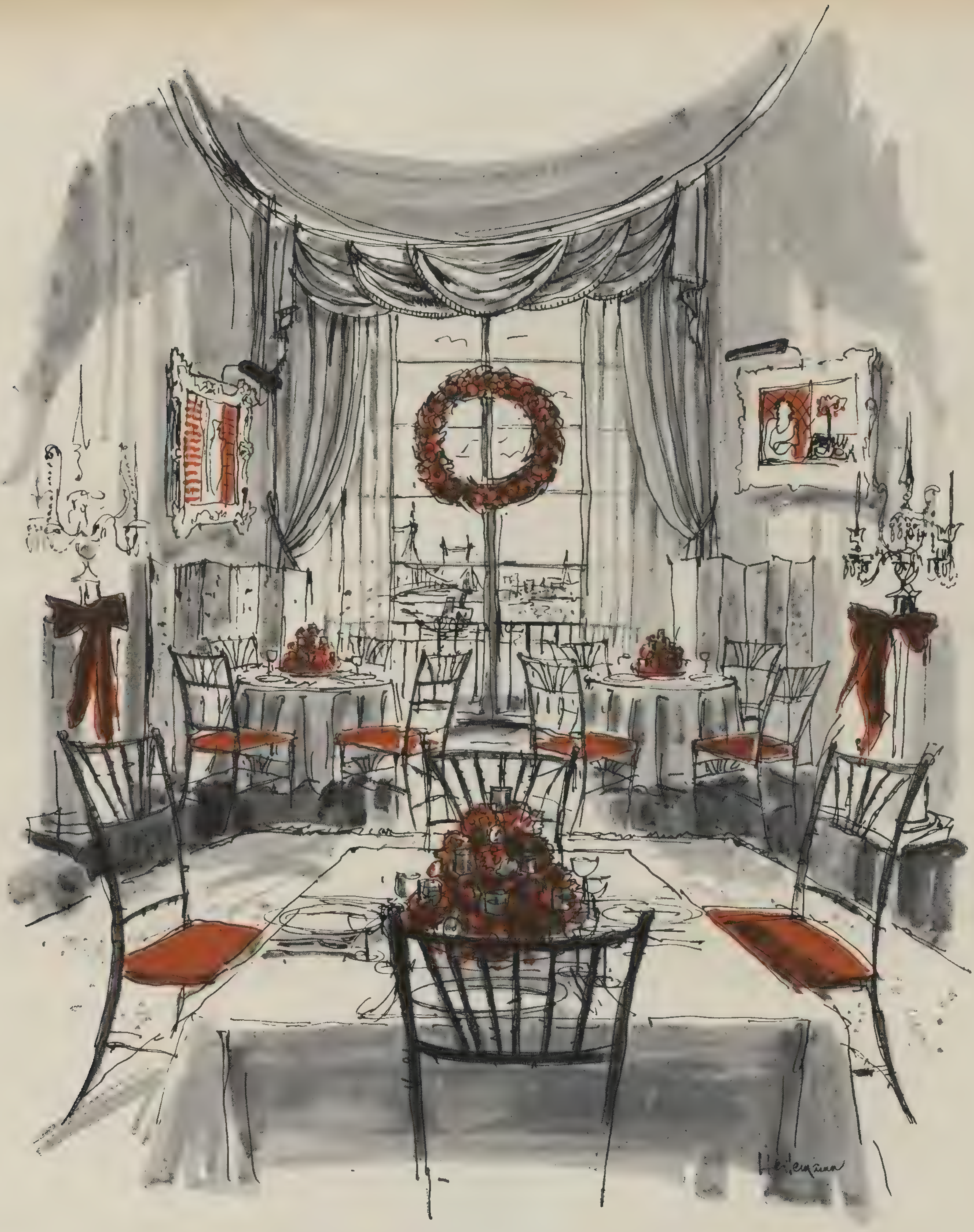
SMALL GALA ON CHRISTMAS EVE . . . One of the year-in-and-out parties around San Francisco is the Christmas Eve dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman at their house down the Peninsula in Hillsborough. They invite thirty for dinner; one menu included halibut coquilles, boned barbecued chicken with carrots *Vichy*, purée of broccoli and chestnuts, and plum pudding with hard sauce, with champagne throughout. Another thirty come after dinner, for dancing and champagne in a room hung with purple Christmas balls, tied with green ribbon to look like the grapes that grow not far away.



FUJIKI

LEMON PEEL TRAPPED BY AN ICE CUBE *and tied up in a knot for Martinis on-the-rocks. Other things an ice cube might imprison: an olive or, for champagne, a fresh strawberry. For a big party, the cubes can be frozen to order. For a small party, the fruit should be dropped into filled ice trays.*

ONE FAMILY'S FIVE PARTIES IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS . . . In Far Hills, New Jersey, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Engelhard, Jr., double the number of the children already in their house (five daughters, ages four through twenty) by inviting for the holidays some foreign youngsters visiting this country. Small Christmas guests at Cragwood, the big Engelhard house in New Jersey, have included Austrian boys, French and English girls, and, last year, four South African boys. . . . On Christmas Eve, the family and young visitors have hot soup, turkey, and Christmas pudding in the white dining room, with its paintings by Van Gogh, Monet, and Degas—and, for Christmas, silver and gold bowls and baskets. . . . After midnight Mass, everybody returns for a moonlit walk across the terrace, past the swimming pool, to the Pool House with its gold, red, and green Christmas palette, and small lights that flash on and off from a huge bunch of mistletoe hanging from the ceiling. Beside two brick fireplaces, they all sing Christmas carols and make sandwiches cut from a steamboat round of beef. . . . On Christmas morning, the main house living room is opened up, and, since at least two members of the party (Charlene, four, and Alexandra, six) are still in the Santa Claus league, the tree and the presents are treated with ceremony. Mrs. Engelhard likes her trees traditional—no one-colour schemes for her—and tries each year to find new tree ornaments that have both wit and a past. . . . Dressed in bright red dressing gowns with white lace collars, the Engelhard children hand out the presents, first to their eighty-four-year-old grandmother, and, lastly, to themselves. (Last year, the boys from South Africa received small radios and sweaters.) Then the staff joins the party for their presents, more carols, and punch. . . . After the presents, everyone goes to grandmother's for Christmas luncheon. . . . On Christmas night, the Engelhards always give a dinner for twenty-four, mostly neighbours, in the big dining room. A few dozen brilliant red carnations make up the centrepiece, and dinner might include *Blinis* with caviar and sour cream, whole suckling pigs, apples in their mouths. . . . After dinner, the guests go to the Pool House for informal dancing to the music of two musicians in red coats. . . . Note on the Engelhards' Christmas organization: one young woman on their staff took a course at Dennison's to learn how to wrap the presents prettily.



CHRISTMAS-NIGHT PLAN—FROM MRS. ALBERT LASKER

Among the prettiest New York parties is that given by Mrs. Lasker in her house overlooking the East River. In her white dining room, with its five magnificent Matisse paintings and its view of the Queensboro Bridge, guests sit at small tables, each table covered with a film of silver-embroidered white linen. On the tables are white wire pyramids massed with candles and red and yellow roses. (All designed by Helen Cole.) For dinner, the menu might be a casserole of crab meat and lobster, filet de bœuf jardinière, hearts of artichoke, and rissolé potatoes. With the sea food, Pouilly-Fuissé '52; with the entrée, Mouton Rothschild '52, and with dessert—raspberry sherbet with fresh raspberry sauce, plus petits fours—Moët et Chandon '49. After dinner, everyone goes up to the drawing-room floor to dance the rest of the night away.

HOW TO LIFT THE CHRISTMAS SPIRITS

Eighteen elevating mixtures

Like windows, doors, and the hostess, what comes in glasses should, too, be specially dressed for the season. Eggnog, defiantly rich; icy wine punches sailed by fruit; hot wine, mulled with aromatic spices and brandy; drinks that arrive afire in a chafing dish. Even a Martini can get into the spirit of things—one does, lower centre.

An early ancestor of Christmas drinks was something called "Lamb's Wool," a gentle mix once housed exclusively in a Wassail Bowl. Instructions for making *it*, back in 1633, went roughly like this: "Boil three pints of ale; beat six eggs, the whites and yolks together; set both to the fire in a pewter pot; add roasted apples, sugar, beaten nutmegs, cloves, and ginger; and, being well brewed, drink it while hot."

FUJIKI

Putting a match to a drink can fire it with drama, fill it with zing. The match here is a long fireside one from Bonniers; the glass, a magnified Burgundy wine-taster from Baccarat. Both, scenery for Flaming Peach, page 188.

FRENCH 75

One drink

1 teaspoon sugar
1½ ounces gin
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 split champagne, chilled
1 teaspoon cognac

Dissolve the sugar in the gin and lemon juice. Pour into a tall glass half-filled with shaved ice. Fill up with the chilled champagne. Float the cognac on the surface.

HOT VODKA RED SNAPPER

Two drinks

4 ounces clam juice
4 ounces tomato juice
⅛ teaspoon celery salt
Dash of cayenne pepper
Dash of tabasco sauce
Black pepper, freshly ground
4 ounces vodka

Heat the clam juice with the tomato juice, celery salt, pepper, and tabasco sauce. Pour over 2 ounces of vodka per drink in heated mugs or whiskey-sour glasses.

SHERRY FLIP

One drink

1 egg
1 teaspoon sugar
3 ounces sherry

Shake with lots of cracked ice and strain into a Solera or whiskey-sour glass.

COLD DUCK

Twelve drinks

1 bottle Moselle white wine
1 bottle champagne
Zest of a whole lemon

Peel the lemon with care to have as little pith as possible. Pour the very cold Moselle and the champagne into a large pitcher. Twist the zest (the oil of the lemon peel) into the wine. Leave for about three minutes and remove. Use immediately. It is better to make this fresh as needed. For the best results, use only two bottles of each wine at a time.

PINK GIN STINGER FRAPPÉ

One drink

1 jigger gin (2 ounces)
½ jigger white crème de menthe
1 teaspoon blackberry liqueur

Shake well with cracked ice and strain into a glass two-thirds filled with shaved ice. Serve with short straws.

AFTER DINNER COFFEE

One drink

1 white of egg
1 teaspoon sugar
1 ounce cognac
1 ounce kirschwasser
1 ounce very strong coffee

Shake all the ingredients with lots of cracked ice, and strain into a whiskey-sour glass.

CHRISTMAS VODKA MARTINI

One drink

1 jigger vodka (2 ounces)
1 teaspoon vermouth
2 drops Pernod
Piece of cucumber peel

Stir with lots of cracked ice. Add cucumber peel.

EGGNOG

Fifty drinks

12 eggs separated
2 cups powdered sugar
1 bottle bourbon
1 quart milk
1 quart cream
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Nutmeg

Have all the ingredients very cold. Beat the egg yolks with the sugar until light. Add the bourbon gradually, beating the mixture until smooth. Add the quarts of milk and cream. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites until well blended. Beat the cream and fold in. Dust with freshly ground nutmeg. Serve in a well-chilled punch bowl. Ladle into punch glasses or cups.

HOT TODDY

One drink

Jigger of bourbon (2 ounces)
1 teaspoon sugar
Cloves
1 cinnamon stick
Slice of orange
Boiling water

Insert clove in each section of the orange slice, and a cinnamon stick through the hole in the centre. Pour the bourbon and the sugar in a mug. Fill with boiling water, and float the orange pinwheel in it.

BEIGE VELVET

One drink

½ champagne
½ ale

Have both ice cold. Pour half and half into a Pilsener glass.

GLÖGG

Twelve drinks

½ bottle cognac
1 bottle Bordeaux wine
1 bottle port or sherry
18 cloves
2 cinnamon sticks
1 cup sugar
1 cup white raisins
1 cup blanched almonds

Heat all the ingredients on a low fire. When hot, ignite. Stir until sugar is melted. Do not boil. Cook for ten or fifteen minutes, serving immediately in a heated silver bowl or chafing dish. Ladle into punch cups, spooning raisins and almonds in each portion. Cinnamon sticks may be used as swizzle sticks.

SCOTCH FRAPPÉ

One drink

1 jigger Scotch
½ teaspoon syrup preserved oranges
1 teaspoon Triple Sec
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 dash orange bitters

Mix until syrup is diluted, and pour over shaved ice in an old-fashioned glass. Decorate with a section of preserved orange. Serve with short straws.

(Continued on page 188)

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Young Archimedes

(Continued from page 107)

reverie and went back to the interrupted game. Sometimes he paid no attention. Melancholy, perplexed, Robin had to take himself off to play by himself. And Guido would go on sitting or standing there, quite still; and his eyes, if one looked into them, were beautiful in their grave and pensive calm.

They were large eyes, set far apart and, what was strange in a dark-haired Italian child, of a luminous pale blue-grey colour. They were not always grave and calm, as in these pensive moments. When he was playing, when he talked or laughed, they lit up; and the surface of those clear, pale lakes of thought seemed, as it were, to be shaken into brilliant sun-flashing ripples. Above those eyes was a beautiful forehead, high and steep and domed in a curve that was like a subtle curve of a rose petal. The nose was straight, the chin small and rather pointed, the mouth drooped a little sadly at the corners.

I have a snapshot of the two children sitting together on the parapet of the terrace. Guido sits almost facing the camera, but looking a little to one side and downwards; his hands are crossed in his lap and his expression, his attitude are thoughtful, grave, and meditative. It is Guido in one of those moods of abstraction into which he would pass even at the height of laughter and play—quite suddenly and completely, as though he had all at once taken it into his head to go away and had left the silent and beautiful body behind, like an empty house, to wait for his return. And by its side sits little Robin, turning to look up at him, his face half averted from the camera, but the curve of his cheek showing that he is laughing; one little raised hand is caught at the top of a gesture, the other clutches at Guido's sleeves, as though he were urging him to come away and play. And the legs dangling from the parapet have been seen by the blinking instrument in the midst of an impatient wriggle; he is on the point of slipping down and running off to play hide-and-seek in the garden. All the essential characteristics of both the children are in that little snapshot.

"If Robin were not Robin," Elizabeth used to say, "I could almost wish he were Guido."

And even at that time, when I took no particular interest in the child, I agreed with her. Guido seemed to me one of the most charming little boys I had ever seen.

We were not alone in admiring him. Signora Bondi when, in those cordial intervals between our quarrels, she came to call, was constantly speaking of him. "Such a beautiful, beautiful child!" she would exclaim with enthusiasm. "It's really a waste that he should belong to peasants who can't afford to dress him properly. If he were mine, I should put him into black velvet; or little white knickers and a white knitted silk jersey with a red line at the collar and cuffs; or perhaps a white sailor suit would be pretty. And in winter a little fur coat, with a squirrel-skin cap, and possibly Russian boots . . ." Her imagination was running away with her. "And I'd let his hair grow, like a page's, and have it just curled up a little at the tips. And a straight fringe across his forehead. Everyone would turn round and stare after us if I took him out with me in Via Tornabuoni."

What you want, I should have liked to tell her, is not a child; it's a clockwork doll or a performing monkey. But I did not say so—partly because I could not think of the Italian for a clockwork doll and partly because I did not want to risk having the rent raised another fifteen per cent.

"Ah, if only I had a little boy like that!" She sighed and modestly dropped her eyelids. "I adore children. I sometimes think of adopting one—that is, if my husband would allow it."

I thought of the poor old gentleman being dragged along at the heels of his big white dog and inwardly smiled.

"But I don't know if he would," the signora was continuing, "I don't know if he would." She was silent for a moment, as though considering a new idea.

A few days later, when we were sitting in the garden after luncheon, drinking our coffee, Guido's father, instead of passing with a nod and the usual cheerful good day, halted in front of us and began to talk. He was a fine handsome man, not very tall, but well proportioned, quick and elastic in his movements, and full of life. He had a thin brown face, featured like a Roman's and lit by a pair of the most intelligent-looking grey eyes I ever saw. They exhibited almost too much intelligence when, as not infrequently happened, he was trying, with an assumption of perfect frankness and a childlike innocence, to take one in or get something out of one. Delighting in itself, the intelligence shone there mischievously. The face might be ingenuous, impassive, almost imbecile in its expression; but the eyes on these occasions gave him completely away. One knew, when they glittered like that, that one would have to be careful.

Today, however, there was no dangerous light in them. He wanted nothing out of us, nothing of any value—only advice, which is a commodity, he knew, that most people are only too happy to part with. But he wanted advice on what was, for us, rather a delicate subject: on Signora Bondi. Carlo had often complained to us about her. The old man is good, he told us, very good and kind indeed. Which meant, I dare say, among other things, that he could easily be swindled. But his wife. . . Well, the woman was a beast. And he would tell us stories of her insatiable rapacity: she was always claiming more than the half of the produce which, by the laws of the *métayage* system, was the proprietor's due. He complained of her suspiciousness: she was forever accusing him of sharp practices, of downright stealing—him, he struck his breast, the soul of honesty. He complained of her shortsighted avarice: she wouldn't spend enough on manure, wouldn't buy him another cow, wouldn't have electric light installed in the stables. And we had sympathized, but cautiously, without expressing too strong an opinion on the subject. The Italians are wonderfully noncommittal in their speech; they will give nothing away to an interested person until they are quite certain that it is right and necessary and, above all, safe to do so. We had lived long enough among them to imitate their caution. What we said to Carlo would be sure, sooner or later, to get back to Signora Bondi. There was nothing to be gained by unnecessarily embittering our relations with the lady—only another fifteen per cent, very likely, to be lost.

Today he wasn't so much complaining as feeling perplexed. The Signora had sent for him, it seemed, and asked him how he would like it if she were to make an offer—it was all very hypothetical in the cautious Italian style—to adopt little Guido. Carlo's first instinct had been to say that he wouldn't like it at all. But an answer like that would have been too coarsely committal. He had preferred to say that he would think about it. And now he was asking for our advice.

Do what you think best, was what in effect we replied. But we gave it distantly but distinctly to be understood that we didn't think that Signora Bondi would make a very good foster mother for the child. And Carlo was inclined to agree. Besides he was very fond of the boy.

"But the thing is," he concluded rather gloomily, "that if she has really set her heart on getting hold of the child, there's nothing she won't do to get him—nothing."

He too, I could see, would have liked the physicists to start on unemployed childless women of sanguine temperament before they tried to tackle the atom. Still, I reflected, as I watched him striding away along the terrace, singing powerfully from a brazen gullet as he went, there was force there, there was life enough in those elastic limbs, behind those bright grey eyes, to put up a good fight even against the accumulated vital energies of Signora Bondi.

It was a few days after this that my gramophone and two or three boxes of records arrived from England. They were a great comfort to us on the hilltop, providing as they did the only thing in which that spiritually fertile solitude—otherwise a perfect Swiss

(Continued on page 171)

Family Robinson's island—was lacking: music. There is not much music to be heard nowadays in Florence. The times when Dr. Burney could tour through Italy, listening to an unending succession of new operas, symphonies, quartets, cantatas, are gone. Gone are the days when a learned musician, inferior only to the Reverend Father Martini of Bologna, could admire what the peasants sang and the strolling players thrummed and scraped on their instruments. I have travelled for weeks through the peninsula and hardly heard a note that was not *Salome* or the Fascists' song. Rich in nothing else that makes life agreeable or even supportable, the northern metropolises are rich in music. That is perhaps the only inducement that a reasonable man can find for living there. The other attractions—organized gaiety, people, miscellaneous conversation, the social pleasures—what are those, after all, but an expense of spirit that buys nothing in return? And then the cold, the darkness, the mouldering dirt, the damp and squalor. . . . No, where there is no necessity that retains, music can be the only inducement. And that, thanks to the ingenious Edison, can now be taken about in a box and unpacked in whatever solitude one chooses to visit. One can live at Benin, or Nuneaton, or Tozeur in the Sahara, and still hear Mozart quartets, and selections from *The Well-Tempered Clavichord*, and the Fifth Symphony, and the Brahms Clarinet Quintet, and Motets by Palestrina.

Carlo, who had gone down to the station with his mule and cart to fetch the packing case, was vastly interested in the machine.

"One will hear some music again," he said, as he watched me unpacking the gramophone and the discs. "It is difficult to do much oneself."

Still, I reflected, he managed to do a good deal. On warm nights we used to hear him, where he sat at the door of his house, playing his guitar and softly singing; the eldest boy shrilled out the melody on the mandolin and sometimes the whole family would join in, and the darkness would be filled with their passionate, throaty singing. Piedigrotta songs they mostly sang; and the voices drooped slurringly from note to note, lazily climbed or jerked themselves with sudden sobbing emphases from one tone to another. At a distance and under the stars the effect was not unpleasing.

"Before the war," he went on, "in normal times" (and Carlo had a hope, even a belief, that the normal times were coming back and that life would soon be as cheap and easy as it had been in the days before the flood), "I used to go and listen to the operas at the Politeama. Ah, they were magnificent. But it costs five lire now to get in."

"Too much," I agreed.

"Have you got *Trovatore?*" he asked.

I shook my head.

"Rigoletto?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Bohème? Fanciulla del West? Pagliacci?"

I had to go on disappointing him.

"Not even *Norma?* Or the *Barbiere?"*

I put on Battistini in "Là ci darem" out of *Don Giovanni.* He agreed that the singing was good; but I could see that he didn't much like the music. Why not? He found it difficult to explain.

"It's not like *Pagliacci,"* he said at last.

"Not palpitating?" I suggested, using a word with which I was sure he would be familiar; for it occurs in every Italian political speech and patriotic leading article.

"Not palpitating," he agreed.

And I reflected that it is precisely by the difference between *Pagliacci* and *Don Giovanni,* between the palpitating and the nonpalpitating, that modern music taste is separated from the old. The corruption of the best, I thought, is the worst. Beethoven taught music to palpitate with his intellectual and spiritual passion. It has gone on palpitating ever since, but with the passion of inferior men. Indirectly, I thought, Beethoven is responsible for *Parsifal, Pagliacci,* and the *Poem of Fire;* still more indirectly for *Samson and Delilah* and "Ivy, cling to me." Mozart's melodies may be brilliant, memorable, infectious; but they don't palpitate, don't catch you between wind and water, don't send the listener off into erotic ecstasies.

Carlo and his elder children found my gramophone, I am afraid, rather a disappointment. They were too polite, however, to say so openly; they merely ceased, after the first day or two, to take any interest in the machine and

(Continued on page 172)

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Young Archimedes

(Continued from page 171)

the music it played. They preferred the guitar and their own singing.

Guido, on the other hand, was immensely interested. And he liked, not the cheerful dance tunes, to whose sharp rhythms our little Robin loved to go stamping round and round the room, pretending that he was a whole regiment of soldiers, but the genuine stuff. The first record he heard, I remember, was that of the slow movement of Bach's *Concerto in D Minor* for two violins. That was the disk I put on the turntable as soon as Carlo had left me. It seemed to me, so to speak, the most musical piece of music with which I could refresh my long-parched mind—the coolest and clearest of all draughts. The movement had just got under way and was beginning to unfold its pure and melancholy beauties in accordance with the laws of the most exacting intellectual logic, when the two children, Guido in front and little Robin breathlessly following, came clattering into the room from the loggia.

Guido came to a halt in front of the gramophone and stood there, motionless, listening. His pale blue-grey eyes opened themselves wide; making a little nervous gesture that I had often noticed in him before, he plucked at his lower lip with his thumb and forefinger. He must have taken a deep breath; for I noticed that, after listening for a few seconds, he sharply expired and drew in a fresh gulp of air. For an instant he looked at me—a questioning, astonished, rapturous look—gave a little laugh that ended in a kind of nervous shudder, and turned back towards the source of the incredible sounds. Slavishly imitating his elder comrade, Robin had also taken up his stand in front of the gramophone, and in exactly the same position, glancing at Guido from time to time to make sure that he was doing everything, down to plucking at his lip, in the correct way. But after a minute or so he became bored.

"Soldiers," he said, turning to me. "I want soldiers. Like in London." He remembered the ragtime and the jolly marches round and round the room.

I put my fingers to my lips. "Afterwards," I whispered.

Robin managed to remain silent and still for perhaps another twenty seconds. Then he seized Guido by the arm, shouting, "*Vieni*, Guido! Soldiers. *Soldati. Vieni giuocare soldati.*"

It was then, for the first time, that I saw Guido impatient. "*Vai!*" he whispered angrily, slapped at Robin's clutching hand and pushed him roughly away. And he leaned a little closer to the instrument, as though to make up by yet intenser listening for what the interruption had caused him to miss.

Robin looked at him, astonished. Such a thing had never happened before. Then he burst out crying and came to me for consolation.

When the quarrel was made up—and Guido was sincerely repentant, was as nice as he knew how to be when the music had stopped and his mind was free to think of Robin once more—I asked him how he liked the music. He said he thought it was beautiful. But *bello* in Italian is too vague a word, too easily and frequently uttered, to mean very much.

"What did you like best?" I insisted. For he had seemed to enjoy it so much that I was curious to find out what had really impressed him.

He was silent for a moment, pensively frowning. "Well," he said at last, "I liked the bit that went like this." And he hummed a long phrase. "And then there's the other thing singing at the same time—but what are those things," he interrupted himself, "that sing like that?"

"They're called violins," I said.

"Violins." He nodded. "Well, the other violin goes like this." He hummed again. "Why can't one sing both at once? And what is in that box? What makes it make that noise?" The child poured out his questions.

I answered him as best I could, showing him the little spirals on the disk, the needle, the diaphragm. I told him to remember how the string of the guitar trembled when one plucked it; sound is a shaking in the air, I told him, and I tried to explain how those shakings get printed on the black disk. Guido listened to me very gravely, nodding from time to time. I had the impression that he understood perfectly well everything I was saying.

By this time, however, poor Robin was so dreadfully bored that in pity for him I had to send the two children out into the garden to play. Guido went obediently; but I could see that he would have preferred to stay indoors and listen to more music. A little while later, when I looked out, he was hiding in the dark recesses of the big bay tree, roaring like a lion, and Robin laughing, but a little nervously, as though he were afraid that the horrible noise might possibly turn out, after all, to be the roaring of a real lion, was beating the bush with a stick, and shouting, "Come out, come out! I want to shoot you."

After lunch, when Robin had gone upstairs for his afternoon sleep, he reappeared. "May I listen to music now?" he asked. And for an hour he sat there in front of the instrument, his head cocked slightly on one side, listening while I put on one disk after another.

Thenceforward he came every afternoon. Very soon he knew all my library of records, had his preferences and dislikes, and could ask for what he wanted by humming the principal theme.

"I don't like that one," he said of Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel*. "It's like what we sing in our house. Not really like, you know. But somehow rather like, all the same. You understand?" He looked at us perplexedly and appealingly, as though begging us to understand what he meant and so save him from going on explaining. We nodded. Guido went on. "And then," he said, "the end doesn't seem to come properly out of the beginning. It's not like the one you played the first time." He hummed a bar or two from the slow movement of Bach's *D Minor Concerto*.

"It isn't," I suggested, "like saying: All little boys like playing. Guido is a little boy. Therefore Guido likes playing."

He frowned. "Yes, perhaps that's it," he said at last. "The one you played first is more like that. But, you know," he added, with an excessive regard for truth, "I don't like playing as much as Robin does."

Wagner was among his dislikes; so was Debussy. When I played the record of one of Debussy's Arabesques, he said, "Why does he say the same thing over and over again? He ought to say something new, or go on, or make the thing grow. Can't he think of anything different?" But he was less censorious about the "Après-midi d'un Faune." "The things have beautiful voices," he said.

Mozart overwhelmed him with delight. The duet from *Don Giovanni*, which his father had found insufficiently palpitating, enchanted Guido. But he preferred the quartets and the orchestral pieces.

"I like music," he said, "better than singing."

Most people, I reflected, like singing better than music; are more interested in the executant than in what he executes, and find the impersonal orchestra less moving than the soloist. The touch of the pianist is the human touch, and the soprano's high C is the personal note. It is for the sake of this touch, that note, that audiences fill the concert halls.

Guido, however, preferred music. True, he liked "Là ci darem"; he liked "Deh vieni alla finestra"; he thought "Che soave zefiretto" so lovely that almost all our concerts had to begin with it. But he preferred the other things. The *Figaro* overture was one of his favourites. There is a passage not far from the beginning of the piece, where the first violins suddenly go rocketing up into the heights of loveliness; as the music approached that point, I used always to see a smile developing and gradually brightening on Guido's face, and when, punctually, the thing happened, he clapped his hands and laughed aloud with pleasure.

On the other side of the same disk, it happened, was recorded Beethoven's "Egmont" overture. He liked that almost better than *Figaro*.

"It has more voices," he explained. And I was delighted by the acuteness of the criticism; for it is precisely in the richness of its orchestration that "Egmont"

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goes beyond *Figaro*.

But what stirred him almost more than anything was the "Coriolan" overture. The third movement of the Fifth Symphony, the second movement of the Seventh, the slow movement of the *Emperor Concerto*—all these things ran it pretty close. But none excited him so much as "Coriolan." One day he made me play it three or four times in succession; then he put it away.

"I don't think I want to hear that any more," he said.

"Why not?"

"It's too . . . too . . ." he hesitated, "too big," he said at last. "I don't really understand it. Play me the one that goes like this." He hummed the phrase from the *D Minor Concerto.*

"Do you like that one better?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No, it's not that exactly. But it's easier."

"Easier?" It seemed to me rather a queer word to apply to Bach.

"I understand it better."

One afternoon, while we were in the middle of our concert, Signora Bondi was ushered in. She began at once to be overwhelmingly affectionate towards the child; kissed him, patted his head, paid him the most outrageous compliments on his appearance. Guido edged away from her.

"And do you like music?" she asked.

The child nodded.

"I think he has a gift," I said. "At any rate, he has a wonderful ear and a power of listening and criticizing such as I've never met with in a child of that age. We're thinking of hiring a piano for him to learn on."

A moment later I was cursing myself for my undue frankness in praising the boy. For Signora Bondi began immediately to protest that, if she could have the upbringing of the child, she would give him the best masters, bring out his talent, make an accomplished maestro of him— and, on the way, an infant prodigy. And at that moment, I am sure, she saw herself sitting maternally, in pearls and black satin, in the lee of the huge Steinway, while an angelic Guido, dressed like little Lord Fauntleroy, rattled out Liszt and Chopin to the loud delight of a thronged auditorium. She saw the bouquets and all the elaborate floral tributes, heard the clapping and the few well-chosen words with which the veteran maestri, touched almost to tears, would hail the coming of the little genius. It became more than ever important for her to acquire the child.

"You've sent her away fairly ravening," said Elizabeth, when Signora Bondi had gone. "Better tell her next time that you made a mistake, and that the boy's got no musical talent whatever."

In due course the piano arrived. After giving him the minimum of preliminary instruction, I let Guido loose on it. He began by picking out for himself, the melodies he had heard, reconstructing the harmonies in which they were embedded. After a few lessons, he understood the rudiments of musical notation and could read a simple passage at sight, albeit very slowly. The whole process of reading was still strange to him; he had picked up his letters somehow, but nobody had yet taught him to read whole words and sentences.

I took occasion, next time I saw Signora Bondi, to assure her that Guido had disappointed me. There was nothing in his musical talent, really. She professed to be very sorry to hear it; but I could see that she didn't for a moment believe me. Probably she thought that we were after the child too, and wanted to bag the infant prodigy for ourselves, before she could get in her claim, thus depriving her of what she regarded almost as her feudal right. For, after all, weren't they her peasants? If anyone was to profit by adopting the child it ought to be herself.

Tactfully, diplomatically, she renewed her negotiations with Carlo. The boy, she put it to him, had genius. It was the foreign gentleman who had told her so, and he was the sort of man, clearly, who knew about such things. If Carlo would let her adopt the child, she'd have him trained. He'd become a great maestro and get engagements in the Argentine and the United States, in Paris and London. He'd earn millions and

(*Continued on page 177*)

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YOUNG ARCHIMEDES

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millions. Think of Caruso, for example. Part of the millions, she explained, would of course come to Carlo. But before they began to roll in, those millions, the boy would have to be trained. But training was very expensive. In his own interest, as well as in that of his son, he ought to let her take charge of the child. Carlo said he would think it over, and again applied to us for advice. We suggested that it would be best in any case to wait a little and see what progress the boy made.

He made, in spite of my assertions to Signora Bondi, excellent progress. Every afternoon, while Robin was asleep, he came for his concert and his lesson. He was getting along famously with his reading; his small fingers were acquiring strength and agility. But what to me was more interesting was that he had begun to make up little pieces on his own account. A few of them I took down as he played them and I have them still. Most of them, strangely enough, as I thought then, are canons. He had a passion for canons. When I explained to him the principles of the form he was enchanted.

"It is beautiful," he said, with admiration. "Beautiful, beautiful. And so easy!"

Again the word surprised me. The canon is not, after all, so conspicuously simple. Thenceforward he spent most of his time at the piano in working out little canons for his own amusement. They were often remarkably ingenious. But in the invention of other kinds of music he did not show himself so fertile as I had hoped. He composed and harmonized one or two solemn little airs like hymn tunes, with a few sprightlier pieces in the spirit of the military march. They were extraordinary, of course, as being the inventions of a child. But a great many children can do extraordinary things; we are all geniuses up to the age of ten. But I had hoped that Guido was a child who was going to be a genius at forty; in which case what was extraordinary for an ordinary child was not extraordinary enough for him. "He's hardly a Mozart," we agreed, as we played his little pieces over. I felt, it must be confessed, almost aggrieved. Anything less than a Mozart, it seemed to me, was hardly worth thinking about.

He was not a Mozart. No. But he was somebody, as I was to find out, quite as extraordinary. It was one morning in the early summer that I made the discovery. I was sitting in the warm shade of our westward-facing balcony, working. Guido and Robin were playing in the little enclosed garden below. Absorbed in my work, it was only, I suppose, after the silence had prolonged itself a considerable time that I became aware that the children were making remarkably little noise. There was no shouting, no running about; only a quiet talking. Knowing by experience that when children are quiet it generally means that they are absorbed in some delicious mischief, I got up from my chair and looked over the balustrade to see what they were doing. I expected to catch them dabbling in water, making a bonfire, covering themselves with tar. But what I actually saw was Guido, with a burnt stick in his hand, demonstrating on the smooth paving stones of the path, that the square on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides.

Kneeling on the floor, he was drawing with the point of his blackened stick on the flagstones. And Robin, kneeling imitatively beside him, was growing, I could see, rather impatient with this very slow game.

"Guido," he said. But Guido paid no attention. Pensively frowning, he went on with his diagram. "Guido!" The younger child bent down and then craned round his neck so as to look up into Guido's face. "Why don't you draw a train?"

"Afterwards," said Guido. "But I just want to show you this first. It's *so* beautiful," he added cajolingly.

"But I want a train," Robin persisted.

"In a moment. Do just wait a moment." The tone was almost imploring. Robin armed himself with renewed patience. A minute later Guido had finished both his diagrams.

"There!" he said triumphantly, and straightened himself up to look at them. "Now I'll explain."

And he proceeded to prove the theorem of Pythagoras—not in

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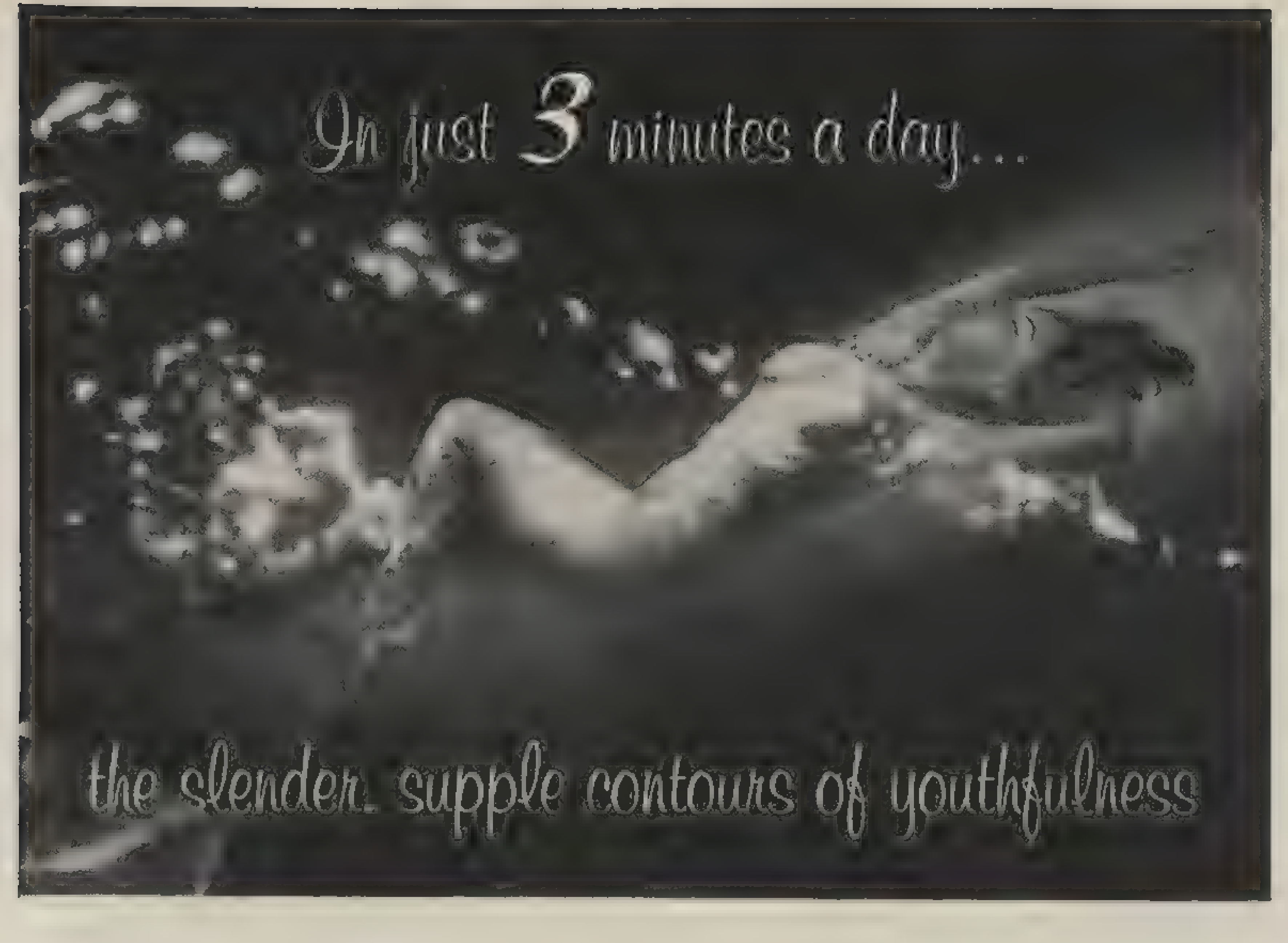
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YOUNG ARCHIMEDES

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Euclid's way, but by the simpler and more satisfying method which was, in all probability, employed by Pythagoras himself. He had drawn a square and dissected it, by a pair of crossed perpendiculars, into two squares and two equal rectangles. The equal rectangles he divided up by their diagonals into four equal right-angled triangles. The two squares are then seen to be the squares on the two sides of any one of these triangles other than the hypotenuse. So much for the first diagram. In the next he took the four right-angled triangles into which the rectangles had been divided and rearranged them round the original square so that their right angles filled the corners of the square, the hypotenuses looked inwards, and the greater and less sides of the triangles were in continuation along the sides of the squares (which are each equal to the sum of these sides). In this way the original square is redissected into four right-angled triangles and the square on the hypotenuse. The four triangles are equal to the two rectangles of the original dissection. Therefore the square on the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the two squares—the squares on the other two sides—into which, with the rectangles, the original square was first dissected.

In very untechnical language, but clearly and with a relentless logic, Guido expounded his proof. Robin listened, with an expression on his bright, freckled face of perfect incomprehension.

"Treno," he repeated from time to time. *"Treno.* Make a train."

"In a moment," Guido implored. "Wait a moment. But do just look at this. *Do."* He coaxed and cajoled. "It's so beautiful. It's so easy."

So easy . . . The theorem of Pythagoras seemed to explain for me Guido's musical predilections. It was not an infant Mozart we had been cherishing; it was a little Archimedes with, like most of his kind, an incidental musical twist.

"Treno, treno!" shouted Robin, growing more and more restless as the exposition went on. And when Guido insisted on going on with his proof, he lost his temper. *"Cattivo* Guido," he shouted, and began to hit out at him with his fists.

"All right," said Guido resignedly. "I'll make a train." And with his stick of charcoal he began to scribble on the stones.

I looked on for a moment in silence. It was not a very good train. Guido might be able to invent for himself and prove the theorem of Pythagoras, but he was not much of a draughtsman.

"Guido!" I called. The two children turned and looked up. "Who taught you to draw those squares?" It was conceivable, of course, that somebody might have taught him.

"Nobody." He shook his head. Then, rather anxiously, as though he were afraid there might be something wrong about drawing squares, he went on to apologize and explain. "You see," he said, "it seemed to me so beautiful. Because those squares"—he pointed at the two small squares in the first figure—"are just as big as this one." And, indicating the square on the hypotenuse in the second diagram, he looked up at me with a deprecating smile.

I nodded. "Yes, it's very beautiful," I said—"it's very beautiful indeed."

An expression of delighted relief appeared on his face; he laughed with pleasure. "You see, it's like this," he went on, eager to initiate me into the glorious secret he had discovered. "You cut these two long squares"—he meant the rectangles—"into two slices. And then there are four slices, all just the same, because, because—— Oh, I ought to have said that before—because these long squares are the same because those lines, you see . . ."

"But I want a train," protested Robin.

Leaning on the rail of the balcony, I watched the children below. I thought of the extraordinary thing I had just seen and of what it meant.

I thought of the vast differences between human beings. We classify men by the colour of their eyes and hair, the shape of their skulls. Would it not be more sensible to divide them up into intellectual species? There would be even wider gulfs between the extreme mental types than between a Bushman and a Scandinavian. This child, I thought, when he grows up, will be to me, intellec-

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tually, what a man is to a dog. And there are other men and women who are, perhaps, almost as dogs to me.

Perhaps the men of genius are the only true men. In all the history of the race there have been only a few thousand real men. And the rest of us—what are we? Teachable animals. Without the help of the real men, we should have found out almost nothing at all. Almost all the ideas with which we are familiar could never have occurred to minds like ours. Plant the seeds there and they will grow; but our minds could never spontaneously have generated them.

There have been whole nations of dogs, I thought; whole epochs in which no Man was born. From the dull Egyptians the Greeks took crude experience and rules of thumb and made sciences. More than a thousand years passed before Archimedes had a comparable successor. There has been only one Buddha, one Jesus, only one Bach that we know of, one Michelangelo.

Is it by a mere chance, I wondered, that a Man is born from time to time? What causes a whole constellation of them to come contemporaneously into being and from out of a single people? Taine thought that Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael were born when they were because the time was ripe for great painters and the Italian scene congenial. In the mouth of a rationalizing nineteenth-century Frenchman the doctrine is strangely mystical; it may be none the less true for that. But what of those born out of time? Blake, for example. What of those?

This child, I thought, has had the fortune to be born at a time when he will be able to make good use of his capacities. He will find the most elaborate analytical methods lying ready to his hand; he will have a prodigious experience behind him. Suppose him born while Stonehenge was building; he might have spent a lifetime discovering the rudiments, guessing darkly where now he might have had a chance of proving. Born at the time of the Norman Conquest, he would have had to wrestle with all the preliminary difficulties created by an inadequate symbolism; it would have taken him long years, for example, to learn the art of dividing MMMCCCCLXXXVIII by MCMXIX. In five years, nowadays, he will learn what it took generations of Men to discover.

And I thought of the fate of all the Men born so hopelessly out of time that they could achieve little or nothing of value. Beethoven born in Greece, I thought, would have had to be content to play thin melodies on the flute or lyre; in those intellectual surroundings it would hardly have been possible for him to imagine the nature of harmony.

From drawing trains, the children in the garden below had gone onto playing trains. They were trotting round and round; with blown round cheeks and pouting mouth, like the cherubic symbol of a wind, Robin puff-puffed and Guido, holding the skirt of his smock, shuffled behind him, tooting. They ran forward, backed, stopped at imaginary stations, shunted, roared over bridges, crashed through tunnels, met with occasional collisions and derailments. The young Archimedes seemed to be just as happy as the little towheaded barbarian. A few minutes ago he had been busy with the theorem of Pythagoras. Now, tooting indefatigably along imaginary rails, he was perfectly content to shuffle backwards and forwards among the flower beds, between the pillars of the loggia, in and out of the dark tunnels of the laurel tree. The fact that one is going to be Archimedes does not prevent one from being an ordinary cheerful child meanwhile. I thought of this strange talent distinct and separate from the rest of the mind, independent, almost, of experience. The typical child prodigies are musical and mathematical; the other talents ripen

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YOUNG ARCHIMEDES

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slowly under the influence of emotional experience and growth. Till he was thirty Balzac gave proof of nothing but ineptitude; but at four the young Mozart was already a musician, and some of Pascal's most brilliant work was done before he was out of his teens.

In the weeks that followed, I alternated the daily piano lessons with lessons in mathematics. Hints rather than lessons they were; for I only made suggestions, indicated methods, and left the child himself to work out the ideas in detail. Thus I introduced him to algebra by showing him another proof of the theorem of Pythagoras. In this proof one drops a perpendicular from the right angle on to the hypotenuse, and arguing from the fact that the two triangles thus created are similar to one another and to the original triangle, and that the proportions which their corresponding sides bear to one another are therefore equal, one can show in algebraical form that $C^2 + D^2$ (the squares on the other two sides) are equal to $A^2 + B^2$ (the squares on the two segments of the hypotenuse) $+ 2AB$; which last, it is easy to show geometrically, is equal to $(A + B)^2$, or the square on the hypotenuse. Guido was as much enchanted by the rudiments of algebra as he would have been if I had given him an engine worked by steam, with a methylated spirit lamp to heat the boiler; more enchanted, perhaps—for the engine would have got broken, and, remaining always itself, would in any case have lost its charm, while the rudiments of algebra continued to grow and blossom in his mind with an unfailing luxuriance. Every day he made the discovery of something which seemed to him exquisitely beautiful; the new toy was inexhaustible in its potentialities.

In the intervals of applying algebra to the second book of Euclid, we experimented with circles; we struck bamboos into the parched earth, measured their shadows at different hours of the day, and drew exciting conclusions from our observations. Sometimes, for fun, we cut and folded sheets of paper so as to make cubes and pyramids. One afternoon Guido arrived carrying carefully, between his small and rather grubby hands, a flimsy dodecahedron.

"*E tanto bello!*" he said, as he showed us his paper crystal; and when I asked him how he managed to make it, he merely smiled and said it had been so easy. I looked at Elizabeth and laughed. But it would have been more symbolically to the point, I felt, if I had gone down on all fours, wagged the spiritual outgrowth of my os coccyx, and barked my astonished admiration.

It was an uncommonly hot summer. By the beginning of July our little Robin, unaccustomed to these high temperatures, began to look pale and tired; he was listless, had lost his appetite and energy. The doctor advised mountain air. We decided to spend the next ten or twelve weeks in Switzerland. My parting gift to Guido was the first six books of Euclid in Italian. He turned over the pages, looking ecstatically at the figures.

"If only I knew how to read properly," he said. "I'm so stupid. But now I shall really try to learn."

From our hotel near Grindelwald we sent the child, in Robin's name, various postcards of cows, Alp-horns, Swiss chalets, edelweiss, and the like. We received no answers to these cards; but then we did not expect answers. Guido could not write, and there was no reason why his father or his sisters should take the trouble to write for him. No news, we took it, was good news. And then one day, early in September, there arrived at the hotel a strange letter. The manager had it stuck up on the glass-fronted notice board in the hall, so that all the guests might see it, and whoever conscientiously thought that it belonged to him might claim it. Passing the board on the way in to lunch, Elizabeth stopped to look at it.

"But it must be from Guido," she said.

I came and looked at the envelope over her shoulder. It was unstamped and black with postmarks. Traced out in pencil, the big uncertain capital letters sprawled across its face. In the first line was written: AL BABBO DI ROBIN, and there followed a travestied version of the name of the hotel and the place. Round the

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YOUNG ARCHIMEDES

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address bewildered postal officials had scrawled suggested emendations. The letter had wandered for a fortnight at least, back and forth across the face of Europe.

"Al Babbo di Robin. To Robin's father." I laughed. "Pretty smart of the postmen to have got it here at all." I went to the manager's office, set forth the justice of my claim to the letter and, having paid the fifty-centime surcharge for the missing stamp, had the case unlocked and the letter given me. We went into lunch.

"The writing's magnificent," we agreed, laughing, as we examined the address at close quarters. "Thanks to Euclid," I added. "That's what comes of pandering to the ruling passion."

But when I opened the envelope and looked at its contents I no longer laughed. The letter was brief and almost telegraphical in style. "SONO DALLA PADRONA," it ran. "NOM MI PIACE HA RUBATO IL MIO LIBRO NON VOGLIO SUONARE PIU VOGLIO TORNARE A CASA VENGA SUBITO GUIDO."

"What is it?"

I handed Elizabeth the letter. "That blasted woman's got hold of him." I said.

* * *

Busts of men in Homburg hats, angels bathed in marble tears extinguishing torches, statues of little girls, cherubs, veiled figures, allegories and ruthless realisms—the strangest and most diverse idols beckoned and gesticulated as we passed. Printed indelibly on tin and embedded in the living rock, the brown photographs looked out, under glass, from the humbler crosses, headstones, and broken pillars. Dead ladies in the cubistic geometrical fashions of thirty years ago—two cones of black satin meeting point to point at the waist, and the arms: a sphere to the elbow, a polished cylinder below—smiled mournfully out of their marble frames; the smiling faces, the white hands, were the only recognizably human things that emerged from the solid geometry of their clothes. Men with black moustaches, men with white beards, young cleanshaven men, stared or averted their gaze to show a Roman profile. Children in their stiff best opened wide their eyes, smiled hopefully in anticipation of the little bird that was to issue from the camera's muzzle, smiled skeptically in the knowledge that it wouldn't, smiled laboriously and obediently because they had been told to. In spiky Gothic cottages of marble the richer dead privately reposed; through grilled doors one caught a glimpse of pale Inconsolables weeping, of distraught Geniuses guarding the secret of the tomb. The less prosperous sections of the majority slept in communities, close-crowded but elegantly housed under smooth continuous marble floors, whose every flagstone was the mouth of a separate grave.

These Continental cemeteries, I thought, as Carlo and I made our way among the dead, are more frightful than ours, because these people pay more attention to their dead than we do. That primordial cult of corpses, that tender solicitude for their material well-being, which led the ancients to house their dead in stone, while they themselves lived between wattles and under thatch, still lingers here; persists, I thought, more vigorously than with us. There are a hundred gesticulating statues here for every one in an English graveyard. There are more family vaults, more "luxuriously appointed" (as they say of liners and hotels) than one would find at home. And embedded in every tombstone there are photographs to remind the powdered bones within what form they will have to resume on the Day of Judgment; beside each are little hanging lamps to burn optimistically on All Souls' Day. To the Man who built the Pyramids they are nearer, I thought, than we.

"If I had known," Carlo kept repeating, "if only I had known." His voice came to me through my reflections as though from a distance. "At the time he didn't mind at all. How should I have known that he would take it so much to heart afterwards? And she deceived me, she lied to me."

I assured him yet once more that it wasn't his fault. Though, of course, it was, in part. It was mine too, in part; I ought to have thought of the possibility and somehow guarded against it. And he shouldn't have let the child go, even temporarily and on trial, even though the woman was bring-

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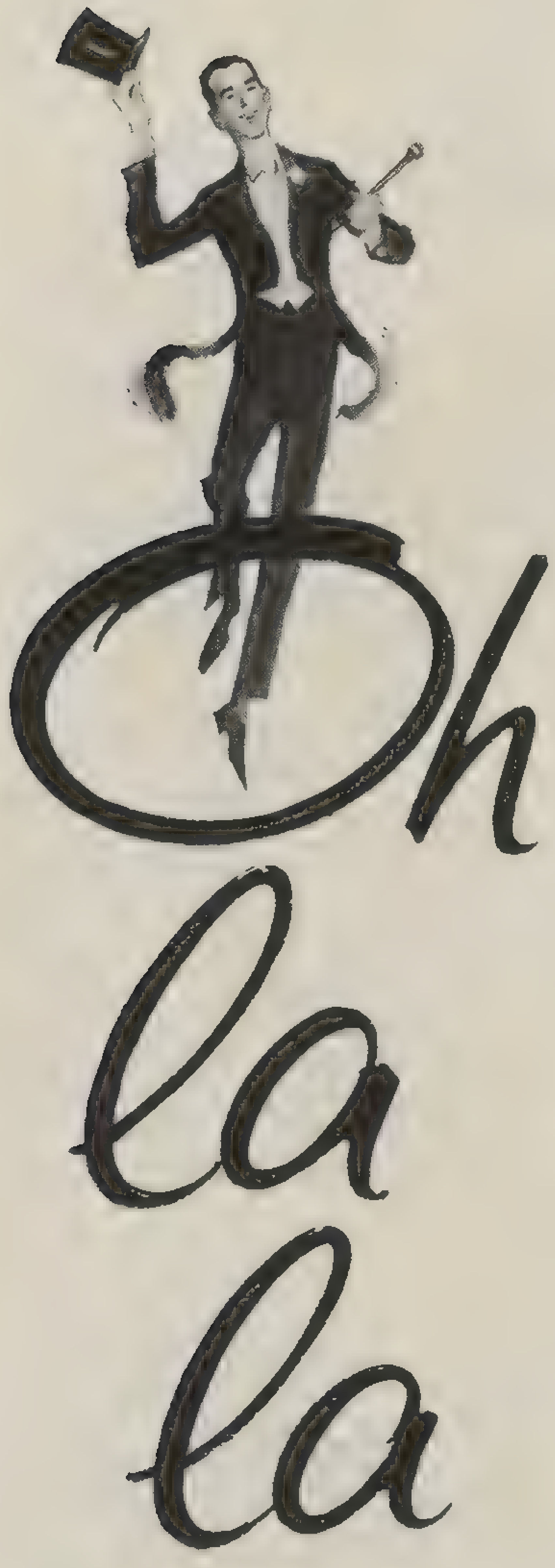
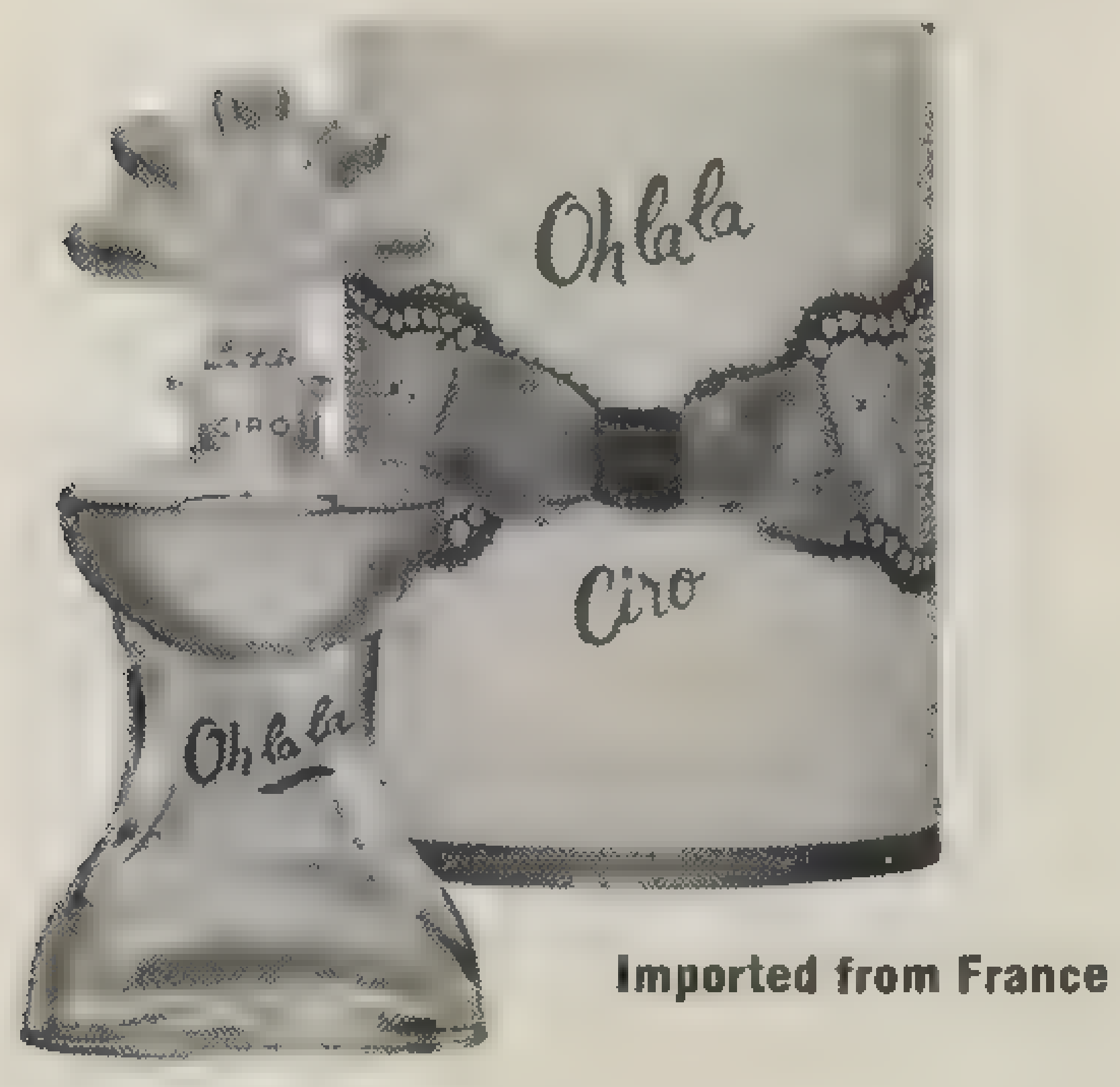
it
goes
to
your
heart
INTOXICATION
PERFUME BY D'ORSAY OF PARIS

WEAR IT...
AND HE'LL SAY



PARIS IN A PERFUME
...TOO WONDERFUL
FOR WORDS!



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PARFUMS
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YOUNG ARCHIMEDES

(Continued from page 181)

ing pressure to bear on him. And the pressure had been considerable. They had worked on the same holding for more than a hundred years, the men of Carlo's family; and now she had made the old man threaten to turn him out. It would be a dreadful thing to leave the place; and besides, another place wasn't so easy to find. It was made quite plain, however, that he could stay if he let her have the child. Only for a little to begin with; just to see how he got on. There would be no compulsion whatever on him to stay if he didn't like it. And it would be all to Guido's advantage; and to his father's, too, in the end. All that the Englishman had said about his not being such a good musician as he had thought at first was obviously untrue—mere jealousy and little-mindedness: the man wanted to take credit for Guido himself, that was all. And the boy, it was obvious, would learn nothing from him. What he needed was a real good professional master.

All the energy that, if the physicists had known their business, would have been driving dynamos, went into this campaign. It began the moment we were out of the house, intensively. She would have more chance of success, the Signora doubtless thought, if we weren't there. And besides, it was essential to take the opportunity when it offered itself and get hold of the child before we could make our bid—for it was obvious to her that we wanted Guido just as much as she did.

Day after day she renewed the assault. At the end of a week she sent her husband to complain about the state of the vines: they were in a shocking condition; he had decided, or very nearly decided, to give Carlo notice. Meekly, shamefacedly, in obedience to higher orders, the old gentleman uttered his threats. Next day Signora Bondi returned to the attack. The *padrone,* she declared, had been in a towering passion; but she'd do her best, her very best, to mollify him. And after a significant pause she went on to talk about Guido.

In the end Carlo gave in. The woman was too persistent and she held too many trump cards. The child could go and stay with her for a month or two on trial. After that, if he really expressed a desire to remain with her, she would formally adopt him.

At the idea of going for a holiday to the seaside—and it was to the seaside, Signora Bondi told him, that they were going—Guido was pleased and excited. He had heard a lot about the sea from Robin. *"Tanta acqua!"* It had sounded almost too good to be true. And now he was actually to go and see this marvel. It was very cheerfully that he parted from his family.

But after the holiday by the sea was over, and Signora Bondi had brought him back to her town house in Florence, he began to be homesick. The Signora, it was true, treated him exceedingly kindly, bought him new clothes, took him out to tea in the Via Tornabuoni and filled him up with cakes, iced strawberry-ade, whipped cream, and chocolates. But she made him practise the piano more than he liked, and what was worse, she took away his Euclid. on the score that he wasted too much time with it. And when he said that he wanted to go home, she put him off with promises and excuses and downright lies. She told him that she couldn't take him at once, but that next week, if he were good and worked hard at his piano meanwhile, next week . . . And when the time came she told him that his father didn't want him back. And she redoubled her petting, gave him expensive presents, and stuffed him with yet unhealthier foods. To no purpose. Guido didn't like his new life, didn't want to practise scales, pined for his book, and longed to be back with his brothers and sisters. Signora Bondi, meanwhile, continued to hope that time and chocolates would eventually make the child hers; and to keep his family at a distance, she wrote to Carlo every few days letters which still purported to come from the seaside (she took the trouble to send them to a friend, who posted them back again to Florence), and in which she painted the most charming picture of Guido's happiness.

It was then that Guido wrote his letter to me. Abandoned, as he supposed, by his family—for that they should not take the trouble to come to see him when they were so near was only to be explained on the hypothesis that

(Continued on page 183)

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(as seen on pages 29-30-31-33)

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Tuscon, Ariz.	Cele Peterson's
Westgate, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
West Hartford, Conn.	Lord & Taylor

YOUNG ARCHIMEDES

(Continued from page 182)

they really had given him up—he must have looked to me as his last and only hope. And the letter, with its fantastic address, had been nearly a fortnight on its way. A fortnight—it must have seemed hundreds of years; and as the centuries succeeded one another, gradually, no doubt, the poor child became convinced that I too had abandoned him. There was no hope left.

"Here we are," said Carlo.

I looked up and found myself confronted by an enormous monument. In a kind of grotto hollowed in the flanks of a monolith of grey sandstone, Sacred Love, in bronze, was embracing a funerary urn. And in bronze letters riveted into the stone was a long legend to the effect that the inconsolable Ernesto Bondi had raised this monument to the memory of his beloved wife, Annunziata, as a token of his undying love for one whom, snatched from him by a premature death, he hoped very soon to join beneath this stone. The first Signora Bondi had died in 1912. I thought of the old man leashed to his white dog; he must always, I reflected, have been a most uxorious husband.

"They buried him here."

We stood there for a long time in silence. I felt the tears coming into my eyes as I thought of the poor child lying there underground. I thought of those luminous grave eyes, and the curve of that beautiful forehead, the droop of the melancholy mouth, of the expression of delight which illumined his face when he learned of some new idea that pleased him, when he heard a piece of music that he liked. And this beautiful small being was dead; and the spirit that inhabited this form, the amazing spirit, that too had been destroyed almost before it had begun to exist.

And the unhappiness that must have preceded the final act, the child's despair, the conviction of his utter abandonment—those were terrible to think of, terrible.

"I think we had better come away now," I said at last, and touched Carlo on the arm. He was standing there like a blind man, his eyes shut, his face slightly lifted towards the light; from between his closed eyelids the tears welled out, hung for a moment, and trickled down his cheeks. His lips trembled and I could see that he was making an effort to keep them still. "Come away," I repeated.

The face which had been still in its sorrow was suddenly convulsed; he opened his eyes, and through the tears they were bright with a violent anger. "I shall kill her," he said. "I shall kill her. When I think of him throwing himself out, falling through the air . . ." With his two hands he made a violent gesture, bringing them down from over his head and arresting them with a sudden jerk when they were on a level with his breast. "And then crash." He shuddered. "She's as much responsible as though she had pushed him down herself. I shall kill her." He clenched his teeth.

To be angry is easier than to be sad, less painful. It is comforting to think of revenge. "Don't talk like that," I said. "It's no good. It's stupid. And what would be the point?" He had had those fits before, when grief became too painful and he had tried to escape from it. Anger had been the easiest way of escape. I had had, before this, to persuade him back into the harder path of grief. "It's stupid to talk like that," I repeated, and I led him away through the ghastly labyrinth of tombs, where death seemed more terrible even than it is.

By the time we had left the cemetery, and were walking down from San Miniato towards the Piazzale Michelangelo below, he had become calmer. His anger had subsided again into sorrow from which it had derived all its strength and its bitterness. In the Piazzale we halted for a moment to look down at the city in the valley below us. It was a day of floating clouds—great shapes, white, golden, and grey; and between them patches of a thin, transparent blue. Its lantern level, almost, with our eyes, the dome of the cathedral revealed itself in all its grandiose lightness, its vastness and aerial strength. On the innumerable brown and rosy roofs of the city the afternoon sunlight lay softly, sumptuously, and the towers were as though varnished and enamelled with an old gold. I thought of all the Men who had lived here and left the visible traces of their spirit and conceived extraordinary things. I thought of the dead child.

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TO HEAR: SOME MASTERS

(Continued from page 126) employs the Boyd Neel Orchestra, a number of British singers whose names you would not recognize (except for Peter Pears's), and as conductor Anthony Lewis. I have never started playing it for anyone without having to continue all the way through. Of course, one can serve Martinis while the ecstatic chorus celebrates the birthday of King Oberon; the magic is not that easily dissolved.

The magic of the English tongue, indeed, has been one of the best-spelled magics of LP. Several examples are newly at hand in delightful variety. One is, for instance, a set of records which will comprise, finally, the *complete* works of William Shakespeare, played and/or recited by the Marlowe Society of Cambridge University, produced by Argo-London under the aegis of the tireless British Council. There are stars as well as students in the plays, but they are not named—a Marlowe Society tradition. Anyway, the students shine like stars, too; this is *real* Shakespeare, a loving and expert labour. If you have stereo, get *Macbeth,* if only for the weird sisters, or *Romeo and Juliet,* because you can almost *see* Tybalt and Mercutio clash. Otherwise, maybe, *Julius Caesar,* or one of the less familiar plays, *Troilus and Cressida.* All enchant.

At the other end of the literature, something else not advertised, but full of glee: *Mother Goose* (put forth by Caedmon) spoken by Celeste Holm, Cyril Ritchard, and Boris Karloff, and if you have not heard Mr. Ritchard recite "Dapple Gray" in a Texas accent, you have hardly lived. Not least of the album's assets is an unobtrusive but hilarious musical accompaniment by Hershy Kay. Caedmon also has a very good (grown-up) *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass,* a skillful condensation on two records, with Alice played by throaty Joan Greenwood and most other parts by Stanley Holloway. This is monophonic.

If you want *Alice* in stereo, and if you have a truly good stereo set, get the two-disc London stereo set OSA-1206, and play immediately the end of Side 1: "The Pool of Tears." There has never been such a wonderful splash. I think this must have been a BBC children's production initially, it is so irresistibly sweet and sober in its delivery, but it became a sound-engineer's charivari before it got out of the studio, with the result that it is a perfect formula for togetherness. The adults gasp while the children giggle, and nobody remembers that "Riverboat" began fifteen minutes ago.

There are other sonic spectaculars, both mono and stereo, which have not been properly celebrated. We are now getting into lowdown high-fidelity territory, but I think we must veer from mere noise; there has to be some other attraction. Let us consider cannon guns. I have to admit a sneaking fondness for cannon guns, which may be why I was once, briefly, an artilleryman. Of course, close neighbours do not like cannon, which poses a problem: which would you rather have?

If you choose cannon guns,

(Continued on page 185)

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get a record listed as Vanguard VSD-2011 (stereo) or VRS-9038. I put these numerations down because for once Schwann has been delinquent. This is the *Queen's Birthday Salute,* recorded in Hyde Park at a rehearsal two years ago. The Royal Regiment of Artillery is the performer. Its band blazes away, playing "The British Grenadier," "The Keel-Row," and "Bonnie Dundee." The sergeants bellow, and the Crimean War field-pieces clatter past your loud-speakers, then line up and fire their ceremonial blanks like the real thing, waking a noble echo around the old park. This is a rouser—there is no other good word.

A curiosity, on the other hand, is something written by Ludwig van Beethoven in 1813, just after Arthur Wellesley chased King Joseph Bonaparte out of Spain. The overture, "Wellington's Victory," was scored for a mechanical monster, called the Panharmonicon, invented by Beethoven's friend Johann Maelzel. It ran by pulleys and air-pressure, incorporated forty-seven instruments, and never had a fair chance, because Beethoven and Maelzel got into a fight, which prevented the première. Mercury and Victor both have put the work on records. Victor has used Beethoven's orchestral adaptation. Mercury has added real cannon.

The thing is not a bore. In fact it is quite exciting, as the French come up from one side, rat-a-tat-tat, playing "Malbrouck s'en va t'en Guerre" ("The Bear Went Over the Mountain") and the British appear against them with "Rule, Britannia!" and some very fine side-drumming.

Stay with Beethoven a minute, to help us into the realm of chamber music. Symphonists are worthy people, great gospellers, but the symphonist's private journal, for his proven friends, is the string quartet. Three years before Beethoven saluted Wellington with noise, he put his own most personal anguish and victory into the Quartet No. 11, Opus 95. The Budapest Quartet have newly made this for Columbia. After listening to it you will understand why my reaction now has to be what yours will be then—a plain silence; there are no right words.

Follow this quickly with the Schubert *Octet for Winds and Strings.* Here by London and the Vienna Octet, is the sweetest stereo record (and it comes monophonically too) I have ever heard. It is beautiful as a morning flower's unfolding, when sun strikes dew against the colours. Yet it has also a great strength and presence; the devoted players are so close and so real you feel like speaking to them when the work is done.

Today's recording often can give this effect. Another instance has been Maureen Forrester in her first recorded song recital, a Victor disc. My wife put this record on, being a contralto herself, and said: "She is the best since Schumann-Heink." I agreed, but answered: "It sounds like Town Hall," meaning *the* Town Hall, the one on West 43rd Street, where young musicians' hopes are built, and sometimes their hearts broken. She conned the jacket notes and said: "It *is* Town Hall." I insert this purely as a gratuity to RCA's engineers, to whom I now will bow whenever I meet them. It is astonishing what a proper spacing and levelling of a pair of microphones can do to assist a natural loveliness of tone.

Miss Forrester is justly Canada's joy, and Brahms and Schumann have long earned our fond memories, but there always are a couple of gentlemen with wool-rimmed earphones (and something worthy between them, too) who also deserve an occasional thought.

I mention quickly the fun spun by *Mort Sahl at the hungry i,* the magnificence of Kirsten Flagstad's Wagner songs, the wonders of the Bach *B Minor Mass* at the hands of Hermann Scherchen, the jollity of Richard Dyer-Bennet singing "The Vicar of Bray," the lofting English brightness of Power Biggs and Sir Adrian Boult playing Handel's organ concerti in the little church at little Great Packington in the Forest of Arden, the Gothic thunder of Marcel Dupré and his countryman Paul Paray bringing Saint-Saëns to life in Detroit, or the sparkle of "Rigs of Marlowe," played for Vox—in *The English Country Dancing Master*—by a happy young couple named Schulze, with a harpsichord they built themselves because they wanted one. It sounds fine, too.

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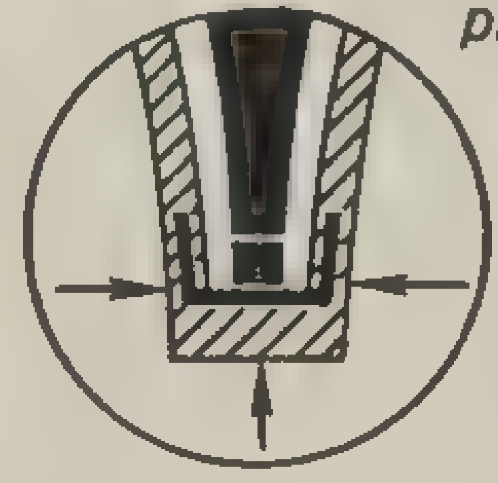

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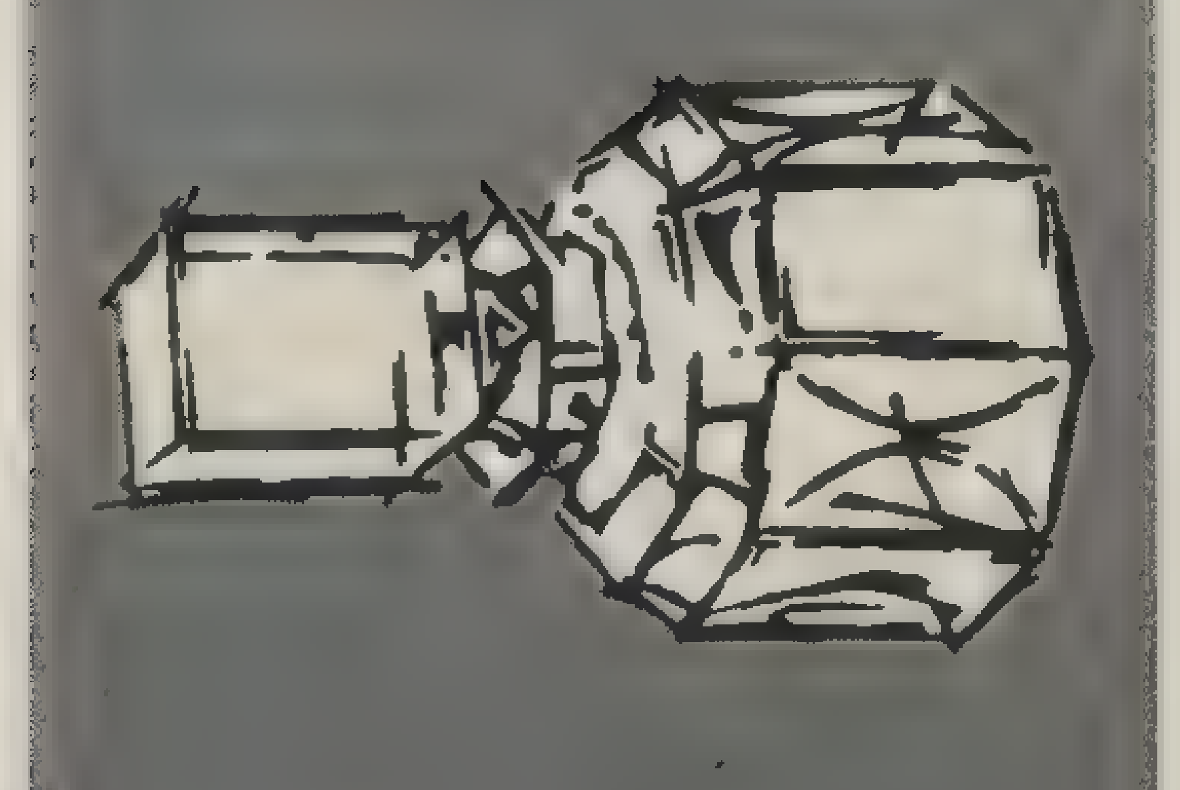

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DASHING PRESENTS

(Continued from page 152)

art of painting furniture *à la façon ancienne* for $72.50. In her more advanced courses come such techniques as how to lacquer and distress, how to marbleize, simulate tortoise shell, malachite, and lapis lazuli.) . . . For a woman with a heavy travelling schedule: one of the lightest and most compact cosmetic cases we've seen—about the size of an attaché case. Elizabeth Arden makes it in simulated leather, and trigs it out with a battery of her cosmetics, all for $17.50 and tax. While we're on the subject of travelling, we'd like to call your attention to a slender silk umbrella which has a watch on its handle and is short enough to slip into a suitcase. Bergdorf Goodman has it, in many colours, for $17 and tax. . . . And how about a tiny flashlight with a Florentine gilt finish? Bright Star makes this for $6. And Saks Fifth Avenue is the place. (This store's Gift Shop, by the way, is also the place to find an absolute dream of a fruit cake called Till's—lots of butter, lots of fruit. It's homemade in Baltimore, and in that city you can buy it at Hutzler's. $4 or so for a two-pounder.) . . . Dashing present for—curiously enough—almost anyone: *The World of Mathematics*—four volumes, now in paperback, edited by James R. Newman, containing a staggering amount of thoroughly unboring writing on the subject of mathematics. Lewis Carroll, Jonathan Swift, and Russell Maloney are among the authors present. And in volume two, there is a commentary on Sir Arthur Stanley Eddington that begins with the most riveting sentence we've read since the one about Aunt Dot and the camel in *The Towers of Trebizond:* "I believe there are 15, 747, 724, 136, 275, 002, 577, 605, 653, 961, 181, 555, 468, 044, 717, 914, 527, 116, 709, 366, 231, 425, 076, 185, 631, 031, 296 protons in the universe and the same number of electrons." (Now if that doesn't revive the art of reading aloud, we don't know what will.) Boxed, the collection is about $10. . . . Men, we're convinced, are why gift certificates were born—a kind of sop to those women who go all to pieces about men's presents. Nonsense. Nothing wrong with a certificate, but right here we've a reservoir of dashing present-ideas—man-tested, every one. (Do keep in mind, though, that for many men exchanging it is half the fun of a present; piques their browsing instincts, we suppose.) To get to the point: Beautiful, plain white handkerchiefs, initialled or not. Knize in New York has them starting at around $1.25. But the pride of this shop is the hand-woven, hand-spun, hand-rolled linen handkerchiefs that they import from France, and for which they ask a cool $36 apiece. (Allow a week for initialling.) Knize is also the home of what has been called one of the few really *comfortable* belts in the whole world—woven elastic; in all the right colours; $5.50. From the same source: an attractive nylon umbrella with a ferrule and handle that unscrew. The umbrella, you see, is then proper suitcase size. Neat? (Before we shut that suitcase, one word about some hangers also designed to make the traveller's lot an easier one. These are plastic cloth, inflatable, and plump up to just the right dimensions for, say, a drip-dry shirt. Deflated, they take as much space as a squished-up sock; 3 for $3, and they're all over the place.) . . . At David Webb in New York, the thing to look for is a pair of gold hoop cuff links; the only comparable simplicity is an old-fashioned wedding band. Simple price, too: about $20. . . . Anyone for electric razors? The kind made by Sunbeam has three real blade-type blades, and at least three impeccably close-shaven men we know swear that this is IT. . . . As for a man with a terrace or a spot of garden, our advice is to proceed without delay to Erkins in New York. Object: one of their charming German bronze fountainheads that jet water about in endlessly fascinating patterns. These gear to small recirculating pump-and-valve attachments, and the whole setup can run as little as $35.50. (It can also run considerably higher; the fountainheads that perform more elaborately are, naturally, more expensive. But then, these make quite a splash.) Erkins can also provide the fountain in which all this plashing about will take place, and these too run a gamut of prices—right up to $1,000.

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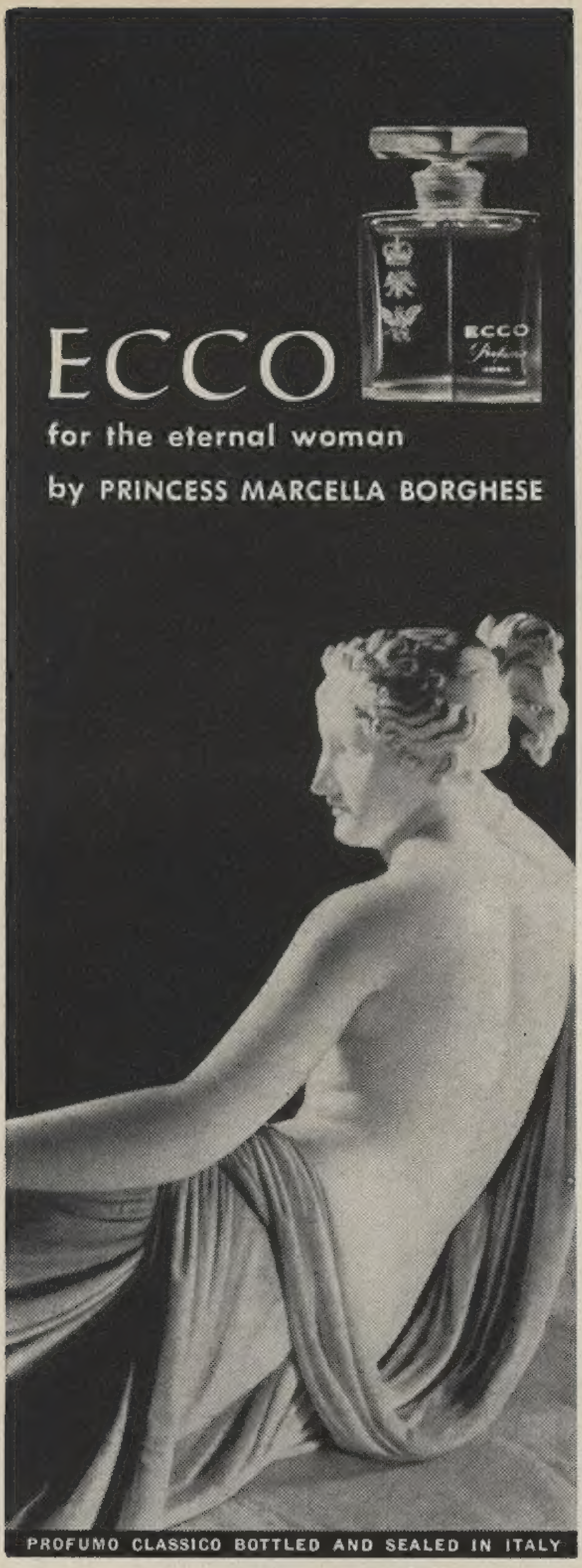

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MAKE-UP PLAN

(Continued from page 123)

the skin's own tone, perhaps even blended especially for you. For evening this season there's a tendency to more ivory-to-beige pallor that calls for a paler base.

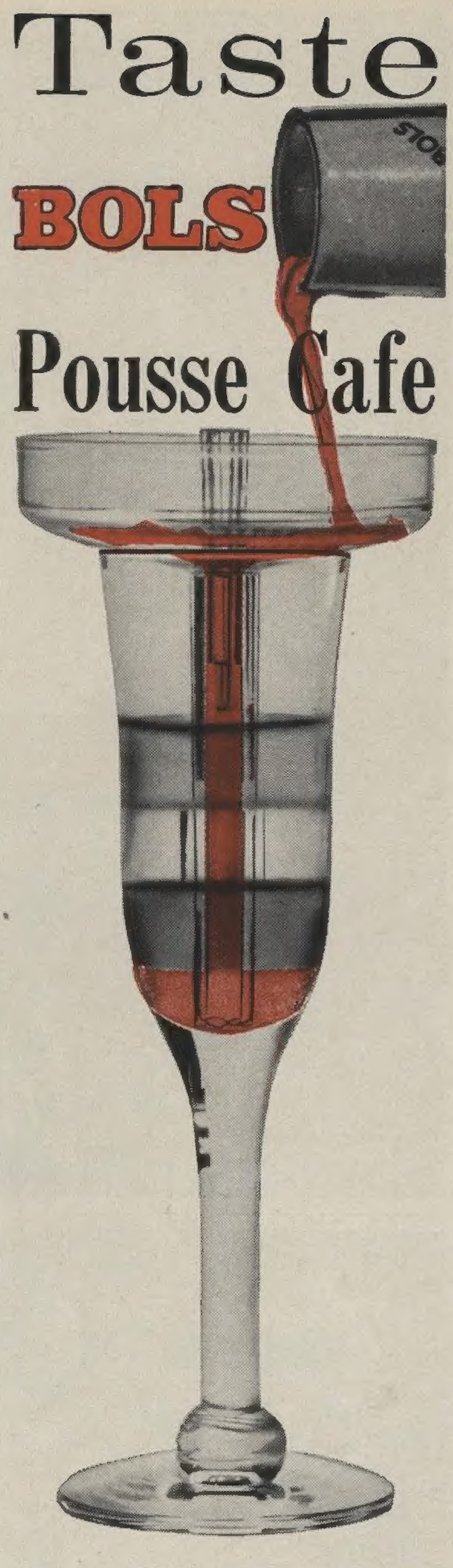
The next cosmetic is rouge (3) which is getting more and more converts this way: the most sparing smidges of paste or stick rouge blended high from cheekbone to temple. None of those Betty Boop circles of cherry-red mid-cheek; the point is the faintest blush, never recognizable as rouge, but good emphasis for eyes and a highlight for the face. There's one of those "it's you" theories going around now about rouge—just one right colour forever and ever.

What goes on next is everywoman's right guess—face powder (4). When grandmothers rolled their own out of hard starch, powder didn't have any colour in it and there's a move back to unpigmented powder. The reason's a good one—to eliminate tints and elements that heat, wear, or pore-oiliness discolour in time. The unpigmented powders reduce shine and give the face a smooth look. For the colour loyalists, there's still a colossal selection of tinted powder. When made to order for your own skin, the weight, holding power, as well as the shade can be controlled. To be sure of the powder shade, allow ten minutes after application; face paint like any other kind of paint has to mellow and adjust to the atmosphere.

So much for the laying of a firm make-up basic structure. It's the accessories that separate a good all-around make-up from either the too theatrical or sissy kind. The eye described here is a subtle but not shy eye, opened with colour, delineated and spaced. It starts with a whitened cream or stick version of an eye shadow (5) that is the closest to your own eye colour; apply with a fine-pointed brush to the lower eyelid rim (the inner rim, above the lower lash). Sounds like drawing an awfully thin line but it's just such lines that need defining. The upper reaches of the eye take first, right beneath the eyebrow, an arc of beige-grey eye shadow (6)—pearly for evening—blended down to the crease of the upper lid, just about where the eyeball begins. This is the point where cosmetics take on an extra spatial dimension, widening the horizon of the eye. Three or four dots of jet black eye shadow (7), applied with the thin brush, go in the socket line and are blended softly into the entire crease to give depth to the socket and lengthen the line. More colour now, a routine eye shadow (8), green, blue, grey, or what have you. This is shaded across the area between the crease and eyelashes and widened out at the sides towards the temples. It's italicized like some key words in a paragraph with a liquid underliner of the same colour deepened in tone (9). A course in Chinese calligraphy isn't required to draw this; take a hand mirror at book-reading distance, look down into it, and with a brush lightly dipped in the liquid draw a line straight along the upper eyelash, out at the sides a little. It works. On top of this bright line to give it a patina goes another liquid line (10) of brown or grey. Too, the darker line is a daytime softener to the more brilliant colour beneath. Mascara (11) follows, worked from close in to the lash line upward. Wand mascara doesn't drool even in the worst weather, but it's inclined to bead a bit more than cake and should be combed out to untangle the beading. If lashes aren't the long, lush kind, a finger-tipful of powder after the first coat of mascara will give them a better batting average, forms a fuller base for a second coat. The last cosmetic on the subtle eye is eyebrow pencil (12), never started right where the eyebrows begin but about a quarter of an inch short of their beginning. Feather stroking—not one long, unbroken, unnatural line—with a sharp-pointed pencil along the entire arc of the brow, filling in where the denseness isn't right, is the way to get everything definite and silky. A stiff brush will then blur everything to realism. (Mascara, by the way, brushed on very lightly so that only the hair not the underskin is touched can replace the pencil work, especially on full, already well-defined brows.)

Moving the focus from the eye to the lips involves first a lipstick pencil (13) which outlines the mouth shape precisely and helps fence in the spread of creamy lipstick. Exaggerating the plunge between the upper lip's bow and drawing with the pencil right into the corners of the mouth in a

(Continued on page 188)



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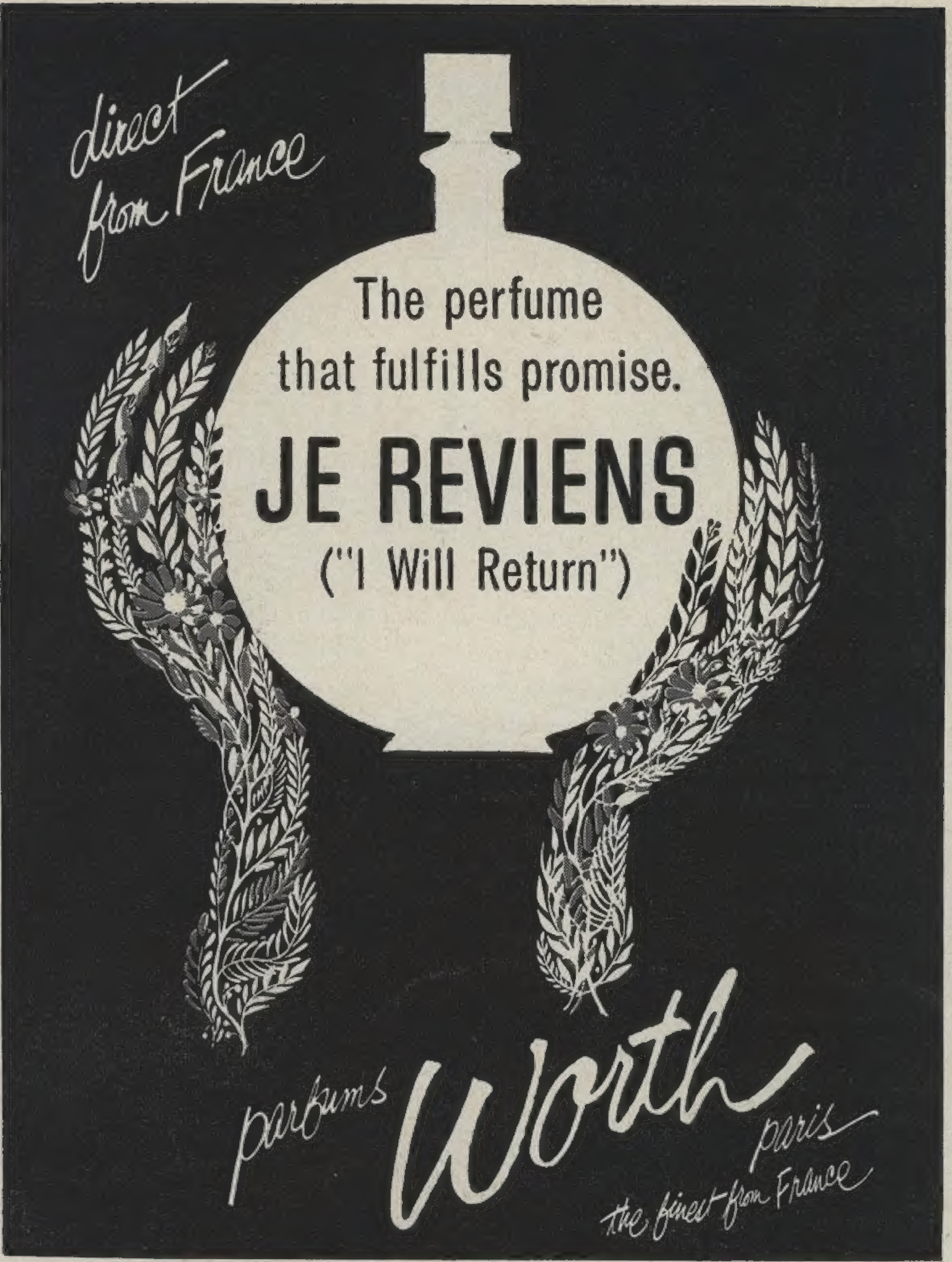

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CHRISTMAS SPIRITS

(*Continued from page 168*)

SWISS MULLED WINE

One drink

1 cup red wine
4 cloves
1 pinch of pepper
1 jigger kirsch

Heat the wine with the cloves and pepper. Pour the kirsch into a tall glass, then the hot wine. Hold glass with a napkin.

SCOTCH MILK PUNCH

One drink

1 teaspoon sugar
1 ounce Scotch
1 ounce medium rum
1 cup milk
Nutmeg

Shake the sugar, Scotch, rum, and milk with cracked ice. Pour into a tall glass. Grate some nutmeg on top.

FLAMING PEACH

One drink

1 whole white freestone peach
  (canned)
4 cloves
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 cup Bordeaux wine
2 tablespoons brandy

Stick cloves in the peach and heat it with a teaspoon of sugar, plus the lemon juice and wine. Bring to a boil, but do not boil. Put the peach in a heavy, heated glass, pouring 1 tablespoon of brandy over it. Fill with hot wine, and float remaining brandy. Flame it.

CHAMPAGNE PUNCH

Thirty-two drinks

1 lemon, sliced thin
1 orange, sliced thin
1 box fresh raspberries, or
  ½ box frozen
4 pieces cucumber rind
4 jiggers brandy
4 jiggers apricot liqueur
4 bottles champagne
1 pint bottle soda water

Pour everything over a block of ice in a punch bowl and ladle into punch glasses.

GRAND MARNIER COCKTAIL

One drink

1 dash of bitters
A few dashes of Curaçao
½ ounce cognac
1½ ounces Grand Marnier
Orange peel

Shake with ice cubes, strain into 5-ounce champagne glass, serve with orange peel.

FRAMBERRY SHRUB

One drink

1 liqueur glass Framberry
½ wine glass of cognac
Lemon peel

Put the Framberry and cognac into a heated glass and fill three-quarters full with boiling water. Add lemon peel. Mix with spoon.

MAKE-UP PLAN

(*Continued from page 187*)

line that doesn't stop until it's overtaken itself where it began, are two of the surest techniques to a well-shaped mouth. In colouring in the shape, the lipstick (14) shade and tone are important. A too strong lipstick can wash out the colour of eyes, especially if they aren't very bright to start with. For a two-hundred-watt highlight on the mouth, white lipstick and/or lip gloss (15) brushed on only the fullest part of the lower lip (after red) is pretty dazzling—what we call heavy artillery make-up.

The last cosmetic is an astringent (16), sprayed mistily all over the face to fix the powder down and, at the same time, pick up lights—great, too, for keeping powder on the arms or back for evening. A fire-hose supply could put out the glow on the new face, so until you learn to meter the spray gently, it might be best to spray a bit on a tissue, touching that lightly to open areas of the face—forehead, cheeks, nose, chin; or to use a cotton square dipped in astringent. The impression should now be clear and lasting, a look to keep about you. EDITOR'S NOTE: *Make-up lessons similar to the one above can be had in New York at Jon Pierre, Diedre, and Goubaud de Paris. There is no charge for the lesson but cosmetics, of course, have to be paid for. At cosmetic counters in most department stores across the country, there are make-up consultants (for other cosmetics) to advise you on colours and techniques, but they usually are not allowed to apply make-up for you.*

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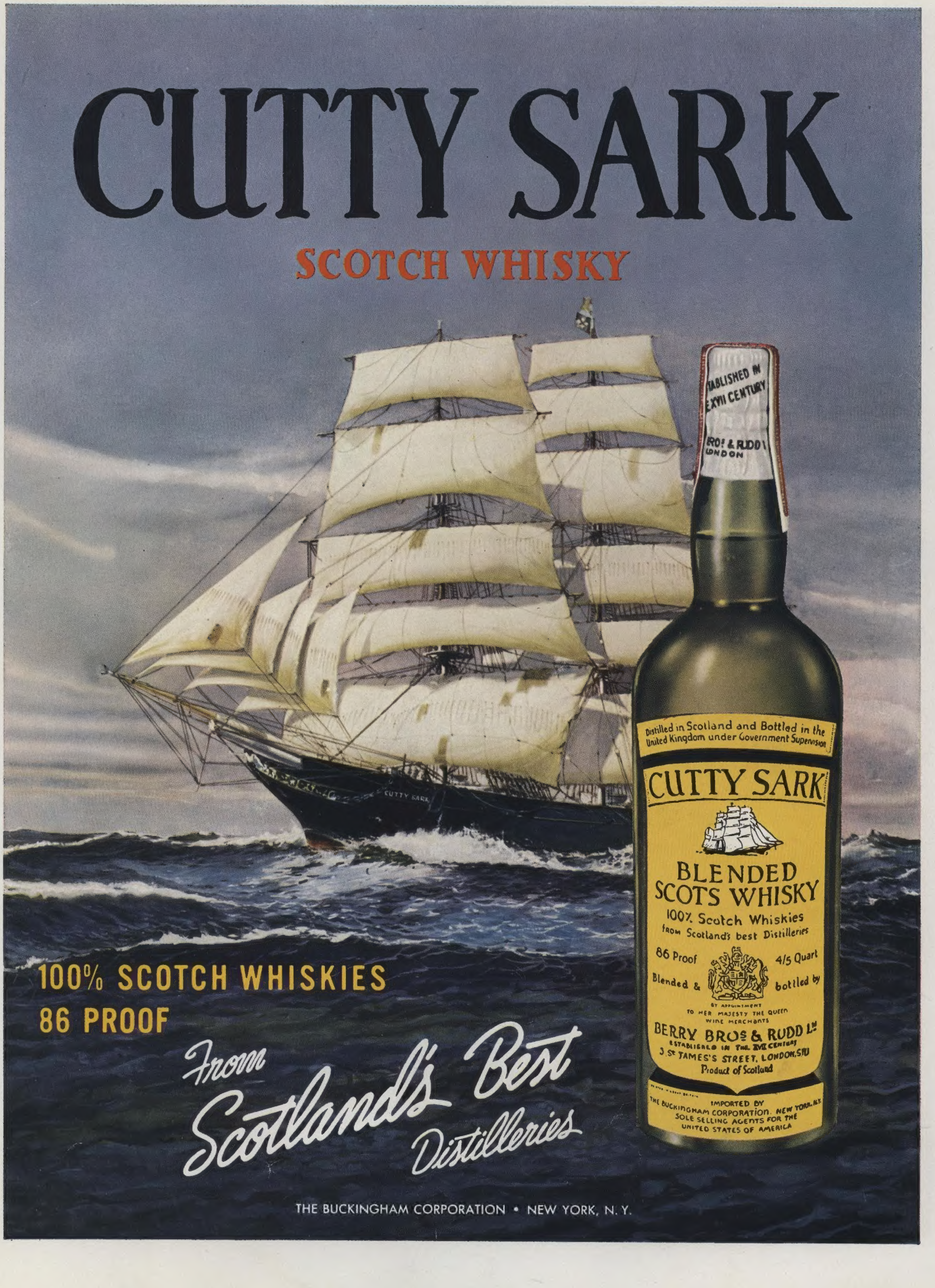
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